

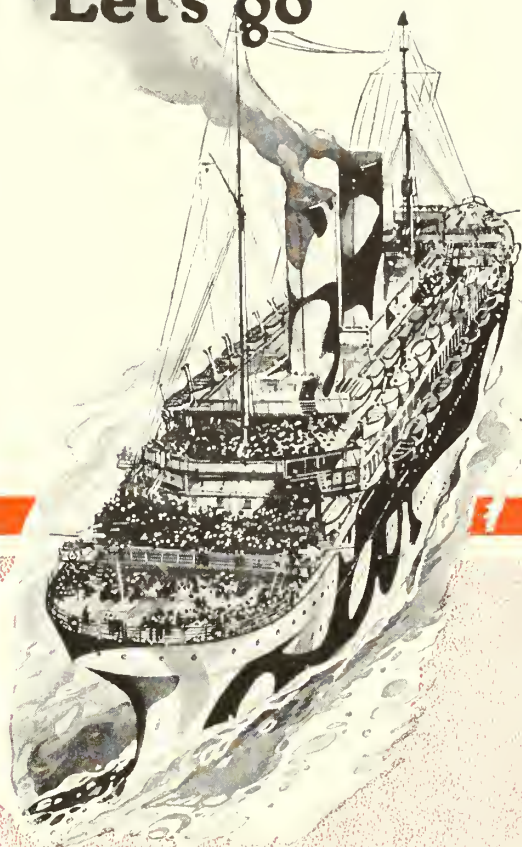
# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Leonard H. Nason • John Drinkwater • Marshall Field III  
Grantland Rice • William Slavens McNutt • Marquis James



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# The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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## A PATRIOTIC CALENDAR FOR JUNE

1st: Kentucky admitted to the Union, 1792; Tennessee, 1796—2d: Lieutenant Hobson sinks collier *Merrimac* to blockade Santiago harbor, 1898—3d: National Guard federalized, 1916—4th: Treaty of peace with Tripoli signed, 1805—5th: Ten million men register under Selective Service Law, 1917—6th: American and French troops open attack against Germans in Belleau Wood, 1918—7th: Treaty of Tordesillas, basis of Spanish claim to all the Americas except Brazil, signed, 1494—8th: Andrew Jackson, seventh President, dies, 1845—9th: Second *Lusitania* note transmitted to Germany, 1915—10th: Battle of Big Bethel fought, first conflict of Civil War on Virginia soil, 1861—11th: Comstock silver lode discovered in Nevada, 1859—12th: Iowa organized as a territory, 1838—13th: General Pershing arrives in France, 1917—14th: Stars and Stripes adopted as the American flag, 1777—15th: Great Britain relinquishes claim to Oregon, 1846—16th: Grant begins general assault against Lee at Petersburg, 1864—17th: Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775—18th: United States declares war against Great Britain, 1812—19th: U. S. S. *Kearsarge* sinks C. S. S. *Alabama*, 1864—20th: U. S. S. *Charleston* captures Guam, 1898—21st: Cyrus McCormick secures patent on his reaper, 1834—22d: Survivors of Greely Arctic expedition found by relief party, 1884—23d: Department of Labor established, 1888—24th: Navy General Staff created, 1915—25th: Custer and his command wiped out at Little Big Horn, 1876—26th: Virginia ratifies the Constitution, 1788—27th: United States clipper *Dreadnought* sails from New York to Queenstown in twelve days, 1859—28th: Peace treaty ending World War signed at Versailles, 1919—29th: Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization created, 1906—30th: Pacific fleet placed on par with Atlantic fleet, 1919.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

T. H. LAINE, *Advertising Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

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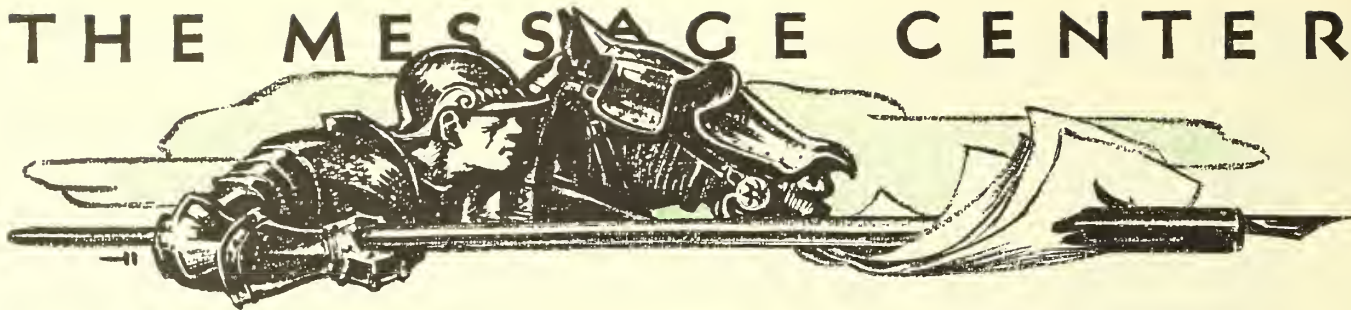
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# The FLORSHEIM SHOE



# THE MESSAGE CENTER



**J**UST in time to get under the wire for this month's Message Center arrives a suspiciously small envelope bearing a Paris postmark and enclosing the following message: "The Misses Jane and Priscilla Nason announce the arrival of their brother, Leonard Hastings Junior." Young Mr. Nason joins the human race in good season. By the time of the Paris convention he ought to be able to be propped up and extend the right thumb of fellowship. (P. S.: Save this copy of the Monthly, kid, and see what you think of the old man as a story teller.)

**W**E ONCE heard John Drinkwater lecture, and he said that wherever he went in this country he was invariably asked two questions. We have forgotten one of them, but the other was how he pronounced his name—"as if," he added, "I pronounced it any differently from the way in which it is spelled." Mr. Drinkwater is a British poet and playwright whose fame is soundly established in both fields. In America he is probably most widely known as the author of "Abraham Lincoln," a play which should be on the required list of everyone to whom America means anything.

**S**INCE "Why I Stayed in the Army" is a pretty personal story, and strictly accurate, the author of it rightly prefers that his name be not blazoned forth in half-inch letters. He is a first lieutenant in the Regular Army, and to those who have been associated with him, commissioned or otherwise, his identity will hardly be a secret. All they've got to do is get a complete roster of the Army and cross off every name that doesn't represent the father of twins.

**F**REDERICK PALMER tells us he has read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" entire, which makes six Legionnaires (including Gene Tunney, who was instrumental in starting the census) on our special Tunney-Gibbon honor roll. Mr. Gibbon, first name Edward, must not be confused with Mr. Gibbons, first name Tom, whom Mr. Tunney had to dispose of on his way to the championship. Mr. Palmer, by the way, has recently enjoyed a trip with the fleet, and tells about it in the June *World's Work*. We hope nobody missed his "Looking Back with Pershing Ten Years After" in the April 2d *Saturday Evening Post*. Some of the disclosures in it, straight

from the lips of J. J. P. himself, are of sensational interest. Mr. Palmer asked the general, for instance, if, at the conference between Foch, Pétain and Pershing on September 2, 1918, at which the Meuse-Argonne offensive was decided upon, "the possibility that the war might be brought to an end in '18" was suggested by anyone present. "No—the contrary," replied Pershing.

**F**IVE correspondents tell us of four additional statues erected while the recipients of the honor were still alive, bringing the total to thirteen. W. L. Castleman, Commander of Post 368, Melrose Park, Illinois, and Thomas C. Wilkerson of Jefferson Post, Louisville, Kentucky, describe the equestrian statue of General John B. Castleman of Civil and Spanish War fame which was erected at the entrance to Cherokee Park, Louisville, in 1913. General Castleman died in 1918. Colonel Lewis of Thomas Dismuke Post, Houston, Texas, writes in order "to add the name of Sam P. Cochran of Dallas, Inspector General for the State of Texas for the Scottish Rite of Masonry." The statue is in Mr. Cochran's home city. Stanley T. Hubbard of Mount Vernon (New York) Post adds the name of Andrew Dickson White, first president of Cornell University, a statue of whom was unveiled on the Cornell campus, at Ithaca, New York, some twelve years ago. Dr. White died in 1918. John S. Mayfield writes from Washington, D. C., to tell us that at Puyallup, Washington, is a statue of Ezra Meeker, pioneer of the Oregon Trail. Any more?

**P. T. FAGRIE** of Umpqua Post, Roseburg, Oregon, offers a reasonable objection to a statement in William Slavens McNutt's story "A Pass to Paris" which appeared in the April issue. "When McNutt says that a couple of lumberjacks here in Oregon stood up before a bar and guzzled beer," he writes, "I have to disagree with him. They may have found the proper kind of spirits, but Oregon was then and is yet what is supposed to be a bone-dry State, whatever that means." Well, here's Mr. McNutt again this month in a guaranteed bomb-proof story, because it relates a real experience of his.

**C**HARLES PHELPS CUSHING is a native of Missouri and lived there for twenty-five years. He knows his Ozarks. He is also about the best living authority on A. E. F. photographs, having been photo news editor

of the A. E. F., stationed at the Signal Corps laboratory at Vincennes, where every official photograph taken in France was developed. He was a first lieutenant of Marines. He has served on the staffs of the *Kansas City Star*, *Collier's* and the *Stars and Stripes*. In the fall of 1917 he was editor, proprietor and circulation manager of the *Amex Marine*, which he believes was beaten to the honor of being the first A. E. F. newspaper only by the *Spiker* and the *Oo-la-la Times*, published by two of the early arriving Railway Engineer regiments.

**G**RANTLAND RICE, native Tennesseean and nationally known authority on sports, in his A. E. F. days (sergeant, later first looey) produced some of the best war verse that was ever pasted on the wall of an Adrian barracks. Marshall Field III, born in Chicago (it seems hardly necessary to point that out), is a New York investment banker. Enlisting as a private in 1917, he was promoted through the grades to captain, serving with the 122d Field Artillery of the 33d Division. The life and times of Watson B. Miller appeared on page fifty-six of the May issue. In that issue Mr. Miller wrote a piece called "Two Months to Go." In the next issue he will not write one called "No Months to Go." If you haven't attended to your insurance by July 2d it won't be Watson B. Miller's fault. Alexander Gardiner, a native of Massachusetts, is a former Brown University quarterback, a walking encyclopedia of sports data, and an ex-member (private second class) of Battery B, 41st Artillery, C. A. C., stationed at Fort Monroe, Virginia. To learn all about Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch turn to the Keeping Step Department.

**I**N JULY (which issue, by the way, will begin the second year of The American Legion Monthly): "There's Only One Kind of Americanism," by Rupert Hughes; "Reilly's Battery," an epic incident in the history of the Field Artillery, by Fairfax Downey; "The Two that Killed the Twenty," by Herbert Ravenal Sass, a stirring narrative of the oldest Indian days; "You and Your Bank," by Arthur Reynolds of Chicago; short stories by Samuel Scoville, Jr., and Karl W. Detzer.

*The Editor*



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# TEN YEARS LATER

*By Grantland Rice*

*Decoration by Herbert M. Stoops*



What has become of them—ten seasons later,  
Ten seasons after they started for France?  
Cowboy and lawyer, clerk, farmer and waiter,  
Young ones and old ones who turned to war's dance?

Just a bit older—and just a bit grayer,  
Some of them faintly remember the thrill;  
Some have grown sadder and some few are gayer,  
And some are but dust by the side of the hill.

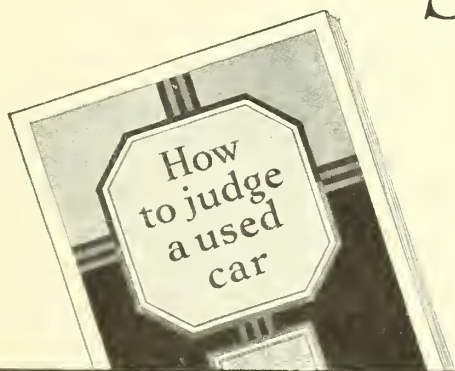
Ten years ago the bugles were calling,  
And yet it was back in an age that is dead;  
Where only the rain and the big shells were falling  
And Time was a stream where the water ran red.

What has become of them—where is their glory,  
Off for the barracks and trenches abode?  
Some still remember the thrill of their story,  
And some are but dust by the side of the road.



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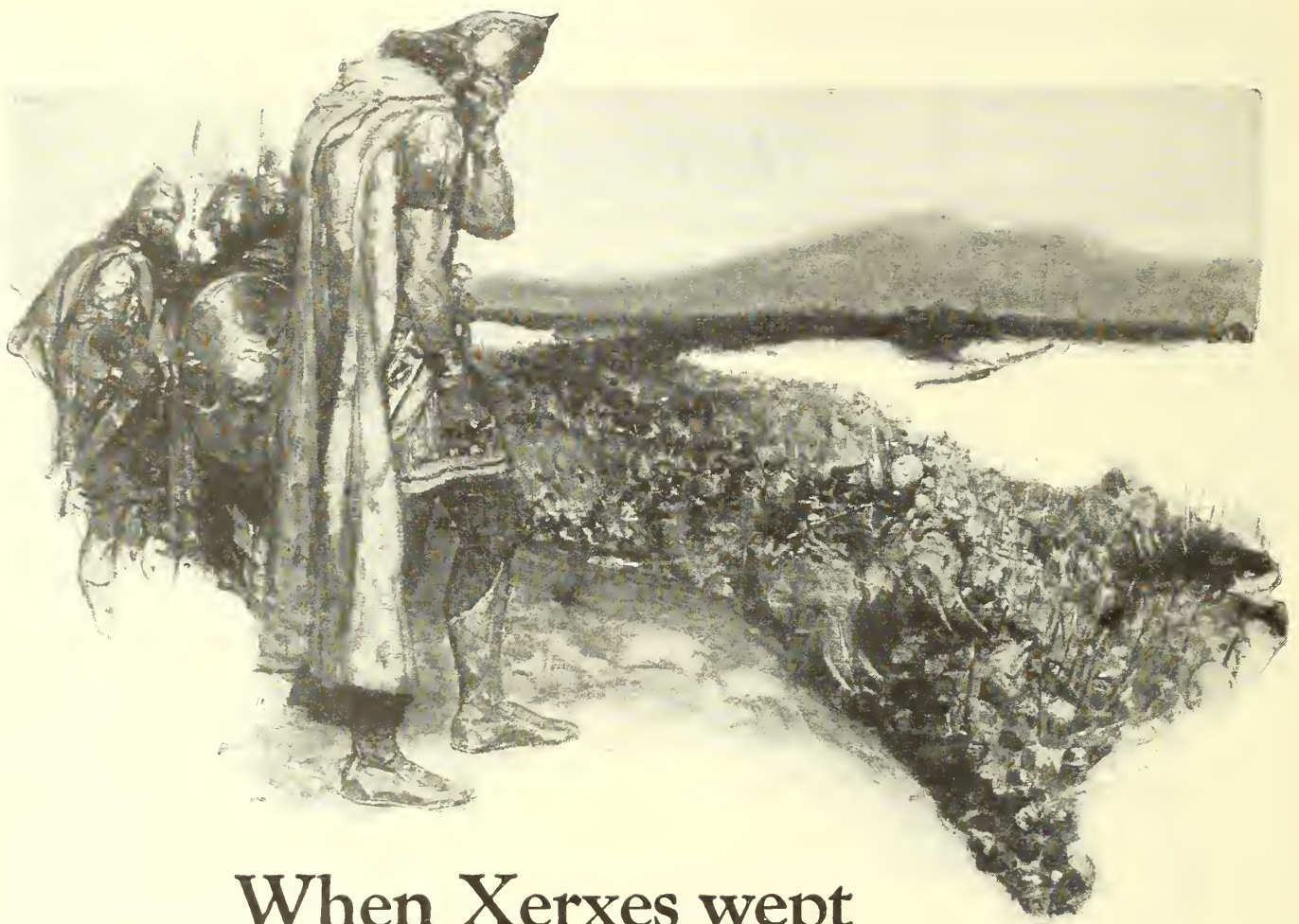
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# S T U D E B A K E R

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## When Xerxes wept

THE Great Persian ruler gazed from a hill-top upon his vast army of a million men. It was the largest army that had ever existed. And he turned away with tears in his eyes because in a hundred years all trace of it would be gone. That army was a symbol of power, destructive and transient.



This mammoth steam turbine with a total capacity of 208,000 kilowatts (280,000 horse power) will be installed in the new station of the State Line Generating Company near Chicago. What a striking contrast between this huge generating unit and the group of home devices it operates—MAZDA lamps, fans, vacuum cleaners, and many others. Yet General Electric makes both.

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# GENERAL ELECTRIC



# TRAVEL ORDERS

By  
Leonard H.  
Nason

Illustrations by  
Kenneth Camp



**A** WIDE treeless plain shimmered in the heat, the heat waves rose from it as from a griddle, the ground seemed to quiver as though an earthquake were in progress. The plain was criss-crossed with railroad tracks, on the far side were numbers of long wooden sheds, painted red, and in the center a huge enclosure of barbed wire. On the far side of the barbed wire enclosure was a line of black, weather-beaten huts, their doors sagging, and the cheese-cloth that served as glass in their windows torn and ragged. Toward these huts a half dozen men dragged their weary feet.

*"What would they go absent for?" repeated the Sidewinder. "Why, they got sick o' bein' run up an' down France in them rattly trains an' gettin' thrown into a hole like this with nothin' to eat but rotten goldfish!"*

The red sheds were the storehouses of a depot of the American Expeditionary Force, the barbed wire fence was a stockade for the retention of prisoners of war, and the six weary men were defenders of democracy, on their way to the straggling huts that formed a rest camp.

The six men panted with the heat. They had no baggage, only a tiny linen bag apiece that held a toothbrush and a razor. Blankets, slicker or overcoat they had not. They slept in their clothes. Their uniforms were those articles of clothing that were issued in hospitals to men going to the replacement camp, second-hand breeches, blouse and cap, bleached an unhealthy green by sterilization, and wrinkled into a thousand folds by the same process. These men had to be careful of their clothes. The seat, knees and elbows would fade away before a stern look, and a man falling to the ground might easily rise and leave his uniform on the earth, so rotten were the seams. The sad company finally arrived at the line of huts.

"Is this here the rest camp?" asked the first of the new men of some others sitting propped against the wall of the first barrack.

"That's what they call it," was the reply.

"Have yuh eat yet?" asked another wanderer.

"Yeh, a half hour ago."

"Wouldn't yuh know it?" cried the six together. They all spoke at once and from the heart. They cursed bitterly, through set teeth, the entire American Expeditionary Force from the Commander-in-Chief down to the M. P. who had misdirected them in the town, and so brought them to this miserable place

by a roundabout way and an hour's extra walking.

"What's the matter now?" asked a soldier who appeared around the corner of a barrack. This one wore the chevrons of a sergeant and it was easy to see by the cleanliness and fit of his clothes that he was not one of the wanderers, but a member of the permanent personnel of the depot. The six newcomers all explained at once, in burning words of one syllable.

"Don't get worried," said the sergeant pleasantly. "We always have a lot of hungry birds coming in at all hours. The cooks look out for that. Right beyond the last hut is the cook shack. Go right down and eat all you want to."

The atmosphere immediately cleared, the newcomers smiled once more, and moved off with alacrity toward the last hut and the cook shack. However, two of the number lagged a little behind, one because he seemed a little tired, and the other to comfort or assist the tired one.

"Come on, Sidewind," said the latter, "didn't you hear the sergeant say we were going to eat? Haven't you got any appetite? Come on, maybe they'll put out a steak."

The tired man replied with a loud harsh laugh, but made no further reply. This man was above the average age of soldiers of the A. E. F. His hair was streaked with gray, his face lined with wrinkles, and from each side of his nose a deep line like a gash ran to the corner of his mouth, which being thin and with bloodless lips made a third line that formed a triangle in the center of his face. His eyes were gray green, as expressionless as those of a fish eight hours out of water. His companion, a young man, wore the stripes of a corporal, and had a frank open countenance, a little white with hospital pallor, and a little drawn from rolling dice with death all spring.

The men arrived with lagging step at the last shack, and saw, beyond, another isolated hut, before which cans of water boiled over a fire built in a pit, and where two men in burlap aprons scrubbed at huge pans. Before the hut sat a man in his undershirt, smoking a cigarette. By the many streaks of grease upon the shirt, by the ancient apron rolled tightly up around the waist, and by the high white cap, one could tell that here was the cook.

The group of wanderers came to a halt, and one of the number stepped up and spoke.

"Well, cook," said he, "how's chances on a little handout?"



The cook inhaled, digested and expelled a large mouthful of smoke. "Ask the mess sergeant," he replied, and regarded the end of his cigarette. The new-comers saddened visibly. They wilted in the heat. One or two swore. Then the young corporal spoke up.

"We've just seen him," said he, "and he sent us down." It was true they had seen a sergeant and he might as well be the mess sergeant as anyone else.

"Lessee your travel orders," said the cook.

"We don't have to show no travel orders to no cook," spoke up the corporal's companion of the hard eyes. "We turned 'em in when we got off the train. Go on in an' rustle us some chow. We ain't set our teeth in anything since we got a meal o' canned termatters at four a. m. this morning."

The cook again inhaled cigarette smoke. He made several rings and watched them fade away. "I got orders," said he finally, "to issue out no chow to no one except they shows their travel orders."

"Listen," spoke up the corporal, "we turned in our travel orders to the office before we came out here. Here are six men just out of hospital, all wounded, and going back to the front again. We haven't had a thing to eat in ten hours and we've been on the train since daylight. We want something to eat. Now for Christ's sake show a little interest."

The cook dragged in the last mouthful of smoke, inspected the butt, snapped it away, and got yawning to his feet. "Well, I'll see what I can do," said he, "but it's against orders to feed guys that ain't got no orders with 'em. They should have give yuh a slip at the office." He turned and went into the cook shack.

"Well, we got some action at last," said the corporal. "I suppose you can't blame these cooks. They got their orders. There are all kinds of AWOL's running around loose, and they can't be too careful. And then after a man has cooked up a dinner for a couple of hundred guys on a hot day like this, he don't relish seeing six more come on the scene. When I explained how we were wounded men he was all right."

"He'd a moved quicker an' most like give us a better dinner if yu'd explained how a good poke in the jaw feels," observed the hard-eyed man.

"You tell 'em, Sidewinder," said the men. They shuffled their feet and sniffed expectantly. From within the cook shack came no pleasant smell of frying meat, no sizzling of potatoes in deep fat—nothing but silence and a smell suggestive of cold dish water that had known the dirty messkits of several hundred men. There was a sudden sound, and the men stiffened. Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Again, thump-thump. Thump-thump. The men growled deeply in their throats.

"The son!" said they. "He's openin' cans!"

The cook was indeed opening cans, and the thumping sound was his cleaver making triangular cuts in the lids, a method quicker and easier than the use of a conventional can opener.



*"I got orders," said the cook finally, "to issue out no chow to no one except they shows their travel orders"*

The cook appeared in the door with a half dozen cans in his arms.

"Here yuh are," said the cook. He handed each man a can, wiped his hands and sat down again by the door. The men looked at their cans. There were red labels and the picture of a fish on each.

"Is this all?" asked the corporal.

"That's all," said the cook.

"No bread?"

"We ain't got none. We put it all out at dinner time."

The hard-eyed man pushed his way through the group about the cook.

"Now looka here," said he, "we been on the train all day an' are all tired out an' everything an' you got the crust to give us a can o' goldfish for our dinner. Goldfish, all bones an' skin! An' us fightin' men off the lines! Why, even the Y. M. C. A. would give a guy a bowl of chocolate. Yuh see this can? Well, watch what I do with it!" He hurled the can to earth with all his might and then leaping in air stamped on it. "There!" he panted, "that's what I do with goldfish!"

"Suit yourself," said the cook. He lighted a cigarette unmoved. One of the cook's police, however, straightened up from the pan he was scrubbing.

"Yuh wanta look out, guy. You'll get yourself put in the can fer dirtyin' up the camp. They's a barrel to throw stuff in if you don't want to eat it."





To this the man with the hard eyes made a bitter and fitting reply and then limped haughtily away.

"He's a nice lad, ain't he?" remarked the cook. "What snake house did he break loose from?"

"Aw, he ain't so bad," said one of the men. "He's takin' pretty good care o' that corporal. If it hadn't been for Sidewinder he'd have been on the salvage pile long ago."

"How come they call him Sidewinder?"

"'Cause o' that limp o' his an' his sideways gait. His wound I guess does it."

"I bet he used to be a shepherd," said a man whose accent marked him as a Westerner. "I've seen them hombres before. They herd around with the sheep all the time and get so they ain't fit fer the company of humans no more. Sheep makes 'em that way, bein' ornery critters themselves. An' then they're most times a little bit off anyways, else they wouldn't be shepherds."

The men looked sadly at the open cans of fish in their hands, the cook smoked, and the men with the burlap aprons scrubbed raspily at the pans. From across the tracks came faint tapping sounds, where the German prisoners broke rocks for the new road. One by one the men began to wander away, some back the way they had come across the hot plain, others into the nearby barracks.

"Eight o'clock, gang, don't forget," called the corporal after

the men. The corporal himself walked around the cook shack in search of a little shade. There was none except where the cook sat and the corporal therefore decided that he would have to go over to the next hut. On his way he passed a garbage bucket into which he hurled his can of goldfish with

an especially loud clank.

In the hut was a row of double deck bunks, and on the dirty bedsack stuffed with straw that served as mattress the corporal lay down.

"Man," said he to himself, "this heat is getting to me. And with no dinner or anything. A spell in hospital sure takes it out of a guy."

Late in the afternoon a great amount of whistling and the sound of running feet mingled with a metallic clattering announced that supper was being served. The corporal did not attend. He had no appetite. Moreover he had a splitting headache, and the little tingling chills that spoke of fever were running up and down his spine.

"Ain't yuh eatin' anything?" asked a voice. The corporal looked up, and though the barracks were already quite dark he could tell by the appearance of the figure beside the bunk that it was the Sidewinder.

"No, I don't feel very well," said the corporal. "I haven't got any appetite. I don't want to be took sick in this hole, so I'm not going to eat."

"That's right," said the Sidewinder, "don't you get sick. You're in charge o' this gang an' if you get sick, where are we?"

"I guess you can look out for yourself," remarked the corporal.

"Huh. If I don't, no one else will, that's a bet. Everyone in the A. E. F. is thinkin' about no one but himself an' I'm doin' it just as strong as anyone. Let the welfare guys look after them as can't look after themselves."

A man came bustling into the barrack. "Where's the corporal that come in this noon from Vittel?" he called. "Where's the corporal that come in with them five fellers?"

"Here!" called the corporal.

"Well, here's your orders for transportation an' everything. I told yuh the train went at eight o'clock, didn't I? Well, don't lose it. You better start roundin' your gang up now. It's after six an' two hours ain't none too much to get 'em together in." He handed the corporal a sheet of paper and hurried away.

"Did you see any of the gang outside?" asked the corporal.

"No, I didn't see a one," said the Sidewinder. "I ain't offerin' no advice without bein' asked, but I'm tellin' yuh they all went over the hill. You won't see a damned one of 'em again."

"Naw," laughed the corporal, "they'll all be around for chow. They haven't had any hot food all day and they wouldn't beat it without a good meal. How could they get any money? They're all just out of hospital and broke."

"Ah, they'd take off their underwear and sell it to some Algerian an' get enough francs to buy an omelet an' a drink an' then away on the first freight they seen."

"Come on, we'll go round them up," said the corporal. He got up and his head reeling just a little, went painfully out to the mess shack, about which a number of men were sitting on the ground, eating from their messkits. He walked all around these



men, looking at each carefully. He didn't seem to recognize any.

"I wouldn't spend no time huntin' 'em," said the Sidewinder. "Thell with 'em. After they been in a stockade a month or two they'll know enough to stick around camp when they're liable to move."

"What would they go absent for?" asked the corporal. "They wouldn't get anything by beating it except to get themselves tried."

"What would they go absent for?" The Sidewinder laughed again his harsh mirthless laugh. "Why, they got sick o' bein' run up an' down France in them rattly trains an' gettin' thrown into a hole like this with nothin' to eat but rotten goldfish! They gone off to get themselves a shot o' likker."

The corporal stood uncertainly by the cook shack door, wondering where the other four men were. He did not seem to hear what the Sidewinder had said.

"I ask yuh," went on the latter, "what the hell is it to us anyway, this here war?"

"We've got to keep the Boche from winning," said the corporal. "They want to clean out France."

"Yuh ain't blamin' 'em for that, are yuh?" asked the Sidewinder. "Next to the Mex there ain't no one needs policin' up like them Frogs. I ain't hankerin' to risk the only life I got protectin' 'em. To hell with them. Good riddance, say I."

THE corporal again seemed not to hear. He absent-mindedly touched his cheeks with the back of his hand. "I'm going to be sick," he remarked, "and the quicker I get out of this oven the better. Maybe it's just the heat. I'm for going to the station and if the other birds haven't got sense enough to come down at traintime, they deserve to stay here."

"Good!" said the Sidewinder. "Come on, we go."

The railroad station was a mile from the camp. It was dark when the two men reached it and a few electric lights shone feebly along the platform. A number of soldiers sat about on the benches, while others paced up and down restlessly, like caged animals. Along the edge of the platform, and about and within the station was a great number of Military Police.

"I don't see any of our gang," said the corporal, "and I tell you the truth, I don't feel like looking for them. I'm what you might call all in. I suppose I ought to try to round them up; it's a dirty trick to leave a man in this dump."

"Don't kid yourself," sneered the other. "When I go over the hill I'll pick a better place than this."

The corporal lay down upon the platform. It was cool there and it seemed to relieve his fever somewhat. More soldiers began to arrive and the corporal could hear them wrangling with the policeman at the door. Suddenly there came the distant shrieking of a locomotive whistle, the glare of a headlight, and a train rattled into the station.

"All aboard!" called an M. P. "Americun Speshul fer Gièvres, Tours an' all stations on the Washout Division! Dining car forward! Open up them doors, now!"

The corporal got painfully to his feet and he and the Sidewinder went over to the train. The cars were the usual third-class type, with a door that opened into each compartment. These compartments were dimly lighted by gas and it could be seen that they were crowded with men. The doors of the compartments remained shut.

"Come on, open up them doors!" called the M. P.'s running alongside the train. The would-be passengers climbed on the running board and essayed to enter the compartments. Clamor ensued, indistinct shouts, the sound of blows, of tearing cloth, breaking glass, rending wood.

"Now just where the hell you think you're goin'?"

"Who wants tuh know?"

"You ain't comin' in this compartment!"

"You ain't man enough to keep me out!"

Some of the doors were opened, but the entrance was blocked by the men already in the compartment.

"Lotta seats in the next car back," said these. "Ain't no room in this one—gwan back a ways."

The men on the platform ran helplessly up and down looking for a place to get a foothold, and it became more and more manifest that there was no getting on that train without a fight.

"Come on, shove back in there!" said the police. "There's lots o' room in there!"

"Come on in an' see!" cried the occupants of the car. They stretched out their hands welcomingly to the police. "Come on in, M. P.!" said they. The M. P.'s demurred. Any one of them that got into one of those compartments would doubtless come

out again bruised in body and mind and deprived of most of his clothing.

"Well, I don't see none of our men," remarked the Sidewinder, "an' I'm goin' to get on this train."

He turned toward the nearest door, one that was still closed, and from the window of which a soldier looked out, an interested spectator of the lively scene on the platform, where the exasperated police were beginning to use their clubs on all and sundry.

"Well, buddy," said the Sidewinder, "how's chances on openin' up the door? The train ain't gonna stay here all night."

"Ain't no room in here," replied the soldier.

With a lithe movement the Sidewinder leaped up on the running board, his arm shot out, seized the other's wrist, there was a howl, a grunt from the Sidewinder, and the other soldier, torn bodily from the compartment, sprawled on the platform.

"There's one less," said the Sidewinder. He opened the door and climbed into the car. "Huh," said he, looking around, "seven men. With me that's eight. Guess we can make room for my corporal here, bein' as he's got the travel order. Come on up, corporal. Nine men ain't too many."

The corporal climbed in and behind him clamored the man that the Sidewinder had pulled from the window. "What's all that?" snarled the Sidewinder. "You was asked to give way and asked decent, an' you wouldn't give way an' so you can go plump to hell. You got a pack in here? Well, it'll be safe unless we want to make some more room. You better go buscar a place in some other car. Any one object to this here?" He looked at all the men in the compartment, but no one showed any interest in their late companion's fate. "Get the hell away from that door!" said the Sidewinder. He kicked at the other man with his hob-nailed foot and then slammed the door. From down the platform came loud howls and increased sounds of conflict as the police shoved men into crowded compartments. From the other side of the compartment wall came the angry grunting and the free and untrammelled language of several men. The occupants of the compartment were resisting invaders inch by inch. A whistle shrieked, doors slammed, and the train began to move, men still clinging to the running boards.

The Sidewinder looked at the men on the seats. There were four men on one, and three on the seat opposite, where the man had sat that had been ejected.

"You c'n give way there," said the Sidewinder to the three, "an' let this here corporal sit by the window. He ain't well an' may wanta heave. You on the other seat, give way fer me, so's I can be near to look after him."

"There ain't no room here," protested the four. "Eight men's all a compartment holds."

"Gonna move or we gonna have an argument?" asked the Sidewinder.

The argument began immediately, three of the four rushing the Sidewinder. All fell. The compartment was small and there were too many men trying to get at one, so that the affair was short. The baggage rack on one side was torn down, one man lost his hat, and another finally retired to sit on his barrack bag against the far door and nurse a bleeding nose. The train was now moving quite rapidly, and the lurching of the car prevented further combat. The men growled, they swayed hither and yon with the movement of the train, but two seats seemed to materialize out of thin air.

"Make yourself at home, corporal," said the Sidewinder. "We got to put in a night here and maybe a day afterward, so we might as well be comfortable."

THE corporal sat down by the window and the other men gradually settled themselves, four on one side, the man on the barrack bag against the far door, and three on the opposite side. The Sidewinder did not sit down, but remained leaning out the window in the door. The train hastened on its way at full speed, that is to say, about twenty miles an hour, but lurching and swaying as though it were going three times as fast. The men in the compartment became silent, and each seemed to retire into himself, as a snail into its shell.

These men were all casuals, men going about France in small groups or alone, going to and from bayonet and gas schools, going to the replacement camp from hospitals, returning to the base from guarding convoys of supplies to the front. They were all indescribably weary, they lay back against the hard wall, they rested their tired heads on their hands and tried to sleep, but the swaying of the train rolled them against each other and kept them awake. Smoke and dirt came in through the broken windows and made them cough, and the pale gas light in the roof





*The would-be passengers climbed on the running board and essayed to enter the compartments. Clamor ensued, indistinct shouts, the sound of blows, of tearing cloth, breaking glass, rending wood*

of the compartment flickered. Their legs were horribly uncomfortable, for the floor was crowded with the men's packs, overcoats, slickers, and rifles.

The corporal was steadily growing worse. The draft from the window chilled him to the bone at one minute, and the next the heat of the compartment was like an oven. He tried to find some position that would let him recline a little, but with nine men in a compartment, sitting knee to knee, there is no room for reclining. The opposite seat was vacant, for the Sidewinder still leaned out the window, although what interested him out there in the night was not plain. He must be nearly all in, thought the corporal. He had also been on the road since daybreak and had had no food. And the strongest man newly come from hospital will feel the effects of an operation and three months in bed.

The train slackened speed, and came to a grinding stop. The distant murmur of many voices, and pounding upon the doors

of the next car announced the arrival of the train at a station, and the desire of more passengers to board. The station was on the opposite side this time, on the side of the corridor that connected the compartments. This corridor had a number of doors in it likewise, and these doors were opened from the outside and the new passengers were in the corridor before the men on the train could get out of their compartments to prevent them. The men in the corridor roamed up and down it, trying to get into a compartment.

"Hey," they said, "how's chances on movin' in a ways?"

"Naw, they's too many men in here now. What the hell do you think we are, sardines?"

"Git away from that door or I'll give yuh a rap on the nose."

"Who, me? Man, you make a pass at me an' I'll turn your neck around so you can spit down your back!"

A sudden scuffle, dull thuds, and (Continued on page 72)



# TOWARD A BETTER WORLD

*By John Drinkwater*

THOSE people in the world who profoundly desire not lethargy, but peace, do well if they remember always that there are others, nimble in wit and constantly devising, who like a row, who cherish the hope that if they go screaming long enough that the other fellow is aching for a fight, the other fellow will in time lose his patience, and the fun will begin. For to these gaily sinister minds fun it is in prospect, and even the bitterest experience—for example, 1914-1918—is apparently insufficient to cure them of the delirium.

It was such a delirium that led to the World War. A century will have to pass before a dispassionate inquiry can be made into the motives engendering that disaster. While it is a matter of living memory it is idle to expect that any of the combatants will accept responsibility for a calamity that was, in fact, the consequence of causes too obscure for anyone, at present in any case, to assess. Nor is this passion for allocating blame any more admirable in international than it is in domestic affairs. The most tiresome person in the world is the one who when anything goes wrong assumes at once that the only necessary thing to do is not to put it right but to find out who can most conveniently be blamed. The blame for the European or World War lies, as history will no doubt ascertain, at the door of Europe or of the world. The war was ultimately the product of generations of rotten diplomacy. In the course of those generations each country has to own to some rotten diplomatist. The best comfort that any of us can take is that in the years nearly preceding the war, and in the events that were its immediate occasion, our statesmen honestly strove for the light.

But when all is said and done, the people who really made the war were those people in all countries who really wanted a war. History is likely to confirm the current opinion that these people were more numerous, or in any case most efficiently organized, in Germany than elsewhere. The spirit of Potsdam sustained itself daily for many years on the conviction that sooner or later it would lead the big battalions into action. Whether or not *Der Tag* was actually a mess-room toast, it was a faith in which the whole military establishment lived. The natural soldier wants to fight, and the assertion that he only means to fight if the other fellow makes him is a subterfuge. Once the row has started thousands of other people will be drawn into it who have no taste for the matter at all, but who may acquit themselves none the less heroically for that. The great war afforded a spectacle of such devotion on an unprecedented scale, and by the time the tragic business was over it may be said that the great majority of people under arms were truly the soldiers in whose vindication Ruskin pleaded that their inspiration was not to kill but to stand by a cause to the death. And those who died were most of them the intrepid victims of those who desired primarily to destroy.

But if these menaces of the world were more numerous in Potsdam than elsewhere, we still have to remember that elsewhere they were to be found also. And they are still active. There are people about us everywhere who are again talking about the possibility of a World War, and again they are doing it with the assumed gravity of old. They speak of it as of a catastrophe which it is beyond the power of human ingenuity to avert. They obstinately refuse to see that it is by them and their like alone that such a catastrophe can come. By plain logic, if everyone in the world were of a mind that there would be no future war no future war would there be. And nothing is easier than to deceive oneself that in nursing the idea of such a war one is only protecting oneself against a fertilizing of this idea in the minds of other people. It may be taken as an axiom in human affairs that when a man begins to talk about the bellicose ambitions of other people he has active bellicose ambitions of his own.

It is for this reason that it is the duty of every decent citizen in the world to discourage all such talk, or, indeed, to behave always as though such talk were not tolerable in reasonable society. It is not uncommon to find people on both sides of the Atlantic who, insensitive to the lessons of the last twelve years, divert themselves with speculation on the chances of dangerous friction between the United States of America and Great Britain.

These criminal lunatics delight in accentuating points of disagreement, and there appear to be no excesses of which they are incapable. Bigots in England, gladly misguided by fanatics in America, and ignorant of all

the finer influences in American policy and finance, chatter about the Shylock of the world and persuade themselves, in face of both reason and evidence, that every American spends his time on schemes for annexing an English shilling to add to his dollar. And, on the other side, I seem to remember a recent declaration by no less intelligent a person than Mr. Mencken that the common English estimate of the United States was in terms of manpower; that we, in fact, thought of Americans as potential cannon fodder in some nefarious designs of our own. Both views are as irresponsible and illiterate as they are revolting.

But it will not do merely to treat them with the disdain that they deserve. This kind of thing has proved itself in the past to be too formidable for any secure dismissal. It is bad opinion, but it is opinion, and it has to be opposed. The only thing with which successfully to oppose it is vision. The convulsions into which misguided international relations have landed us in the past make it imperative that we should see to it that they are misguided no longer. And the first thing is to form some clear conception as to what healthy international relations really are. The despair begotten of disaster has induced a great many honest and benevolent people to formulate a vague doctrine of internationalism. Gradually, we are told, national frontiers, of character no less than of territory, must be erased. This propaganda I believe is hardly less mischievous than the obsessions of the militarists themselves, and nowhere is it being more stupidly exploited than in the relations between the United States and Britain.

These two countries have many things in common we know, and the ties of tradition often invest personal friendship between the peoples of the two countries with an especial charm. But the very fact that we have so much in common, above all that we speak a common language, is full of danger. If it helps us to enjoy each other's society, it also makes it perilously easy for the millions who have had no opportunity of personal intercourse to form all sorts of hasty and erroneous conclusions. The average Englishman, for example, frankly knows nothing about the Spaniards, but the average Englishman thinks that he knows everything about the Americans. And in truth he knows as little about the one as the other. Because he knows what an American is saying when he asks for his hotel bill, he thinks he knows the rest. And since the American asks for his bill not precisely as he would do it himself he infers that an American is in some sort an Englishman who has taken a queer turn. And in the same way the average American, hearing an Englishman ask for *his* bill, say in Kansas City, and being able to understand what he says without quite liking the way he says it, concludes that an Englishman is an American who has got left behind. It need not be added that the small percentage of people on both sides who really have had some international experience do not make these mistakes, but that they are common among the masses in both countries no one who has traveled can doubt. The truth would seem to be that the common tradition, and as I say of language particularly, makes at present more for misunderstanding than otherwise.

What we have to realize, for the coming good of the world, is that Britain and the United States are as definitely distinct nations as, for example, Russia and France. We must not allow the accident of a common speech and of many common institutions to confuse us. That we also have many common aims and standards is a circumstance that may make for universal good, but it can only do this if on both sides they are allowed to develop under the control of a specially national consciousness. The older people and the younger can each contribute much to the experience of the other, but they can only hope to do this so long as the national integrity of both is honored. It cannot be too often urged that the real hope of sound and peaceful relations, not only between these countries but between all, lies not in a weakening of national sentiment, but in its steady growth. No man can be a good citizen of the world until he is first a good



citizen in his own land. Patriotism that seeks aggrandizement of its own country at the expense of others is a discredit to the name. But the patriotism that refreshes itself by a constant sense of the soil in which its ardors are rooted, and by that alone, fosters the only true independence, and with it an emotion which is the best guarantee of peace in the world.

For the man in whom this sense is matured into a daily and living influence finds himself more and more respecting the same high consciousness in others. A steadily increasing joy in his own birthright teaches him the sanctity of that joy in every man. Moreover, as he learns to face with courage the errors and ignorance with which his own natural affection is beset, so also does he learn to be tolerant toward these when they are displayed in other peoples. He begins, in fact, to see how great are the difficulties of life and how largely they are the result of his own limitations, and he falls into a genial habit of making allowances for those difficulties the world over. It is the common experience of mankind that constructive character cannot be formed in anything but close and intimate associations and environment. Each of us is what he is largely by virtue of a narrow round of contacts. There is no misfortune in this. It is, indeed, a circumstance that gives the edge and flavor to almost all fine personality. A facile cosmopolitanism produces nothing but a mannered veneer with no toughness of thought or disposition underneath. To travel the world is a wholesome recreation for mature and intelligent minds, but it is a very questionable preparation for life. Jack of all trades and master of none is an adage that may be applied to our purpose. But I never yet found a master in any craft who did not recognize at its true worth the skill of masters in others.

I need not say that this argument is as far as possible from a plea for national isolation. Interchange of opinions and personal association can do nothing but good, as they can be nothing but increasingly inevitable with the modern development of transport and communication. Some sort of confederation of nations in the interests of universal security must come, just as there is such a confederation on its own scale between the inhabitants of a Dakota or a Dorset village. But because I look upon the Lord Mayor or the publisher, the milkman or the roadmaker, as members in a corporation of which I am one, and though I may be on excellent personal terms with all of them, I do not conceive that I have a right to interfere with their private affairs, or that it is good manners to lecture them upon their idiosyncrasies in consequence. If any of them should become a nuisance to the



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*"The despair begotten of disaster has induced a great many honest and benevolent people to formulate a vague doctrine of internationalism. Gradually, we are told, national frontiers, of character no less than of territory, must be erased. This propaganda I believe is hardly less mischievous than the obsessions of the militarists themselves, and nowhere is it being more stupidly exploited than in the relations between the United States and Britain"*

public, there are means of dealing with him. Otherwise I am quite content that they should each go their own way, so long as they let me go mine. We all find that doing this we get on with a very satisfactory measure of mutual esteem, and often even with personal friendship. And this example of (Continued on page 71)



*"I saw more and more of  
the world. Once I went on  
a rice expedition to French  
Indo-China"*



# WHY I STAYED

*By One*

**T**WENTY days after the Armistice my colonel put me under arrest. My war record had been unimpeachable. I had risen from second lieutenant to captain in less than a year. For a time I had been in command of a battalion. I had not missed a formation or been late to a single drill while the war was in progress. Yet here I was under arrest for missing reveille, on the western front of Hollywood, thousands of miles from the scene of any battle, almost three weeks after the cessation of hostilities.

The colonel called me in to his office the next morning and gave me a long lecture, which he concluded somewhat as follows: "You are an officer in the Regular Army where discipline is paramount. During the excitement of training for battle we had to overlook a great many matters, but now that the war is over we must have some real discipline. Because of your splendid record I am going to release you from arrest and restrict you to the limits of the post for two weeks."

I saluted respectfully and walked out.

"Now that the war is over we must have real discipline." I repeated the colonel's words to myself. Maybe so, but I made up my mind that he would have to discipline somebody else, not me. I refused to quit while undergoing my punishment, but as soon as my two weeks elapsed I would resign, never to hear another reveille nor subject myself to any more disciplinary action.

Now, ten years after war was declared, I am still in the Regular Army, a first lieutenant instead of a captain, happy in my work and proud of the profession I selected accidentally. In the last nine years I have frequently been tempted to return to civil life, but somehow whenever the crucial moment arrived to sever all ties with the Army I found a number of excellent reasons why I should stay.

I found my first and one of my best reasons for staying during those very two weeks of my restriction.

When I returned to my tent after receiving the colonel's edict, I sat right down and wrote out my resignation. I folded the letter in the approved military manner and placed it in a conspicuous place in my trunk locker where I could see it every morning. The day I regained my freedom I intended to take the document to my commanding officer with my compliments and ask him politely to please expedite action.

I had no reason to stay in the Army, anyway. I had joined because of the war. I had taken a Regular Army commission, to be sure, but not because I wanted to follow a military career in peace times. My company commander at Fort Niagara had announced that only the best of the younger candidates would be commissioned in the regular establishment and that they would

be rushed to France. My vanity had been satisfied when I was commissioned, but as for getting overseas—the Army had been false to me. I owed it nothing at all. The sooner I got out of it the better.

As soon as my resignation was accepted I would go home, of course. After seeing my father and mother I would look up some of my old friends. There was Arthur Gordon—I wondered if he had come back from France yet. Then there was Joe Blamer—he had enlisted in the Sixteenth Infantry, a Regular Army regiment, and would probably be among the last to return. And Bill Cox. The last I had heard from him he had had a smash-up in his plane and broken a leg. Name after name of friends, acquaintances and neighbors came to my mind, and without an exception they had all been to France and most of them had seen action. Suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps I would not be quite welcome in the old home town. In fact, I did not see how I could show my face at all.

I had served in the Army since early 1917 and had tried in every manner possible to get overseas. My conscience was clear, but I could not tell everybody my grievances. When I appeared in the city streets with four silver chevrons on the left arm of my blouse while hundreds would be parading around with gold service and wound chevrons, stars, decorations, overseas caps and Sam Browne belts, the whole town would know of my failure. I simply could not go home at all.

I could stay in Los Angeles and get a job. As a matter of fact, one of my corporals promised to give me an opportunity in his real estate company. In a burst of confidence he had come to my tent the night he was discharged and told me that he thought I had the makings of a good salesman and that he would give me a chance in his office. Resign and go to work for my corporal? It sounded rather absurd and I dismissed the matter, although today I understand my ex-corporal is one of the most successful real estate men in the most successful of all real estate cities.

For a while I thought I would go direct to Cambridge and enroll in Harvard Law School. I already had my bachelor of arts degree from Harvard. I had made a good record as an undergraduate and completed the course with very high honors. Before the war I had planned to study law—in fact, ever since I had learned to speak the English language as a child of nine I had made up my mind to become a lawyer. I was still young—just twenty-three. I could easily begin where I had left off in 1917. After graduation I would practice for a few years and then go into politics.

Then I found another obstacle. Some day in the future I saw myself campaigning for office against a man who had served in





*"An old sea captain said  
he would like to take two or  
three cabin passengers at a  
very small rate"*

# *in the* ARMY

## *Who Did*

France, perhaps with distinction. What chance would I stand against him? What chance would any of the also-served stand against those

who had given their blood for their country? Perhaps in time I could live down my military misfortune, I tried to console myself. At any rate, I would try.

I was at the point of writing a letter to the registrar of Harvard Law School for enrollment in the special term that was to open in February for other returned "veterans" when I realized that I had no money for tuition. Such an obstacle had presented itself before, yet I had always managed to find enough jobs in my undergraduate days to pay my way through the college year. The prospects of having to work my way through law school, however, did not hold forth a great appeal.

I saw three years of struggle ahead of me as a student and at least another three years to get on my feet. Perhaps, six years from now, I would be earning no more than my present army pay as a captain. After all, a captain's pay is not so bad. As a matter of fact, I had more luxuries in the Army than I had ever had when I was living in College House or Thayer Hall and eating at Foxcroft as an undergraduate.

The thought of staying in the Army because I was getting three square meals a day made me ashamed of myself. Would I continue to be a soldier merely because I was assured of bread and butter?

Oh, why had the war ever ended? I had been happy as long as it was going on. Perhaps if I had got to France my whole point of view would have changed, but in every plan I formulated I saw signs of failure because I had not served overseas.

I looked back at my army career. For the first time in my life I had led an outdoor existence; for the first time I had started out in a competition from scratch. I did not know anything about the Army, but neither did very many others. I had stood up through the training camp and throughout my service against physical giants, men of wealth and influence, athletes, sons of politicians. Few with previous military training had succeeded in reaching the rank of captain with a permanent commission in the Regular Army. I became quite proud of my accomplishment. A captain in the Regular Army! Why, that was half way up the ladder of a military career! Three higher grades and I would become eligible for appointment as a brigadier general, I argued naively. I was evidently a success in the military profession. Why should I leave it all for a new experiment?

Yet I found it difficult to reconcile myself to service in a peacetime military establishment. "Now that the war is over we must have real discipline." Those words kept ringing in my ears.

I could never be happy in such an army.

For ten days I deliberated and discussed my dilemma with temporary and regular officers, but I found no solution to my problem. On the morning of the eleventh

day I received two letters, one from a friend of mine whose father offered to pay my way through law school on a promissory note, and the other from the War Department informing me that I would be ordered to the Philippine Islands immediately after the first of the year.

I ran to the telegraph office and sent a brief message to the War Department: "Ready to go any time, the sooner the better."

I was going to the Philippines. But would not the transport stop at Vladivostok, and were not troops being mobilized in Manila for service in Siberia? At last I was going to have my war service. I would still be able to appear in the public square and take my place beside the veterans of the Western Front. I was still young, and when my war experience was over I would still have time to go to law school and follow my favorite vocation. And while millions would have reminiscences of France, I would be of the select few who had fought in Siberia. I tore up my resignation and sailed out of San Francisco harbor in February, 1919.

Six months later I was "king of a South Sea Isle." I had an army and a navy at my beck and call. I had a chief of staff to assist me in handling my land forces and I acted as the admiral of the navy myself. My army consisted of two hundred and fifty soldiers, my fleet of five sturdy Filipinos. My soldiers were armed with rifles, bayonets, pistols, machine guns, and heavy artillery pieces that compared favorably with those of any nation of the world. My navy consisted of two ships—a yawl boat manned by my native troops and an immobile battle ship, my concrete kingdom of El Fraile in the middle of Manila Bay.

On this island, which is not more than two hundred yards long and less than half as wide, located between thirty and forty miles from the city of Manila, the United States Government has erected a Gibraltar—Fort Drum—in the shape of a dreadnought with a superstructure of heavy armor and reinforced concrete to command the entrance to the Bay. Here two companies were stationed, and I, as the senior organization commander, took charge of the ship.

Six months after the Armistice I therefore found myself no less than a post commander, with all the dignity and the power that goes with that position. Ever since I had joined the Army I had been saying, "Now if I were the colonel I would do this"—well, here was my chance.

My first official act was to abolish reveille. That formation had always annoyed me anyway, and besides the sun actually "comes up like thunder" down near the Equator. When its first rays touched El Fraile's concrete and reflected into the canvas tents we had erected on deck further sleep became impossible. Taking advantage of the peculiar climatic conditions, I got up



a training schedule to suit my own taste. We got up at the crack of dawn, had our calisthenics and drills in the morning and finished all our work by ten-thirty. Most of the afternoon was devoted to bunk fatigue "by order of the commanding officer." Between two and five in the afternoon the soldiers had to be on their bunks, whether they wanted to sleep or not. I never had any difficulty in enforcing that order.

We had a number of night formations, with searchlight drill as the soldiers' favorite. We found that as the rays of the searchlight beamed on the pacific waters of Manila Bay, schools of fish would be attracted to the light and play in its reflections. We usually lowered our yawl boat and while the observers tracked the target with their instruments, our official fishermen gathered up enough lapu-lapu to last for a few meals.

I became all wrapped up in my empire, and never a thought of leaving my happy kingdom entered my mind. To be sure, I had come to the Philippines in the hope of getting active service in Siberia, but I was just about as far from Vladivostok as I had been from France in 1917-'18. But I had no regrets at having stayed in the Army. I had been in Hawaii, Japan, and Siberia. I had visited any number of interesting places in the Philippines. I was sight-seeing for my country. Moreover, I was stationed at the cross-roads of Eastern and Western civilizations, sitting on a case of dynamite which threatened to go off any minute. Rumors of impending struggles permeated the tropical Philippine atmosphere in 1919—Shantung, Siberia, the Moro country—and I felt that if any crisis developed I would find myself in the vanguard of the American forces. As long as American troops occupied Siberia, the United States, I figured, had not yet returned to the tranquillity of peace.

Shortly after my arrival in the Philippines I had taken command of a mine company. The work differed from anything I had ever known before and my interest was quickly aroused. We acted as soldiers and sailors and could excuse a delinquency in the requirements of either service by pleading our special qualifications in the other.

We had close-order and extended-order drill like doughboys. We handled mobile ancient pre-war three-inch guns which we had to shoot like field artillerymen. We manned permanent fortifications and fired six-inch guns according to coast artillery methods. We manned a mine planter and a flotilla of small gasoline launches, known as D. B. boats, like sailors. We loaded our mines ashore, planted them in the sea and controlled their action from land. All this variety of work required constant attention and study, and having had no technical training I found I had a great deal to learn.

Just as I was beginning to master some of the intricacies of this new soldier-sailor profession we had been ordered to El Fraile.

I had not been looking forward with much pleasure to my assignment to this desert island, but I found my work there of absorbing interest. I ruled my kingdom as a despot, but a benevolent one, and daily paid homage to Plato's suggestions in "The Republic." I also had some vague recollections of Machiavelli's "Prince" to guide me.

A successful prince, he said keeps his people amused, so I arranged for boxing bouts, wrestling matches, amateur vaudeville acts and motion-picture shows—and all gratis. That is, not exactly gratis. Someone had to pay for the fun, so I, as the commanding officer of Fort Drum, directed myself as the post exchange officer of El Fraile to provide the funds for the prizes, and thus I kept the populace amused.

In our small kingdom all the problems of a self-sufficient community presented themselves, and I organized a commission form of government. My college education was being applied practically every day. We had our police and fire departments, our public utilities and public works. We had to purify our own water, manufacture our own ice and create our own electric power. We had no traffic problem except when the mail came in from the United States, about once in four weeks.

Mine was a womanless kingdom, so I found it expedient to be liberal with passes and with holidays. I insisted on the rigid enforcements of the constitution I had drawn up and when I found certain provisions too difficult to carry out I amended my own basic laws. For instance, the day after pay-day many of the soldiers failed to get back to their concrete home on time. Only one boat a day from Manila and two chances to make the El Fraile launch created a difficult situation. The El Fraile "liner" had a limited capacity, and some of the crowd had to be left behind, consequently no one rushed to get a seat. After due deliberation I declared the day after pay-day a public holiday. This obviated preferring charges against anybody for being AWOL and kept my laws from being violated.

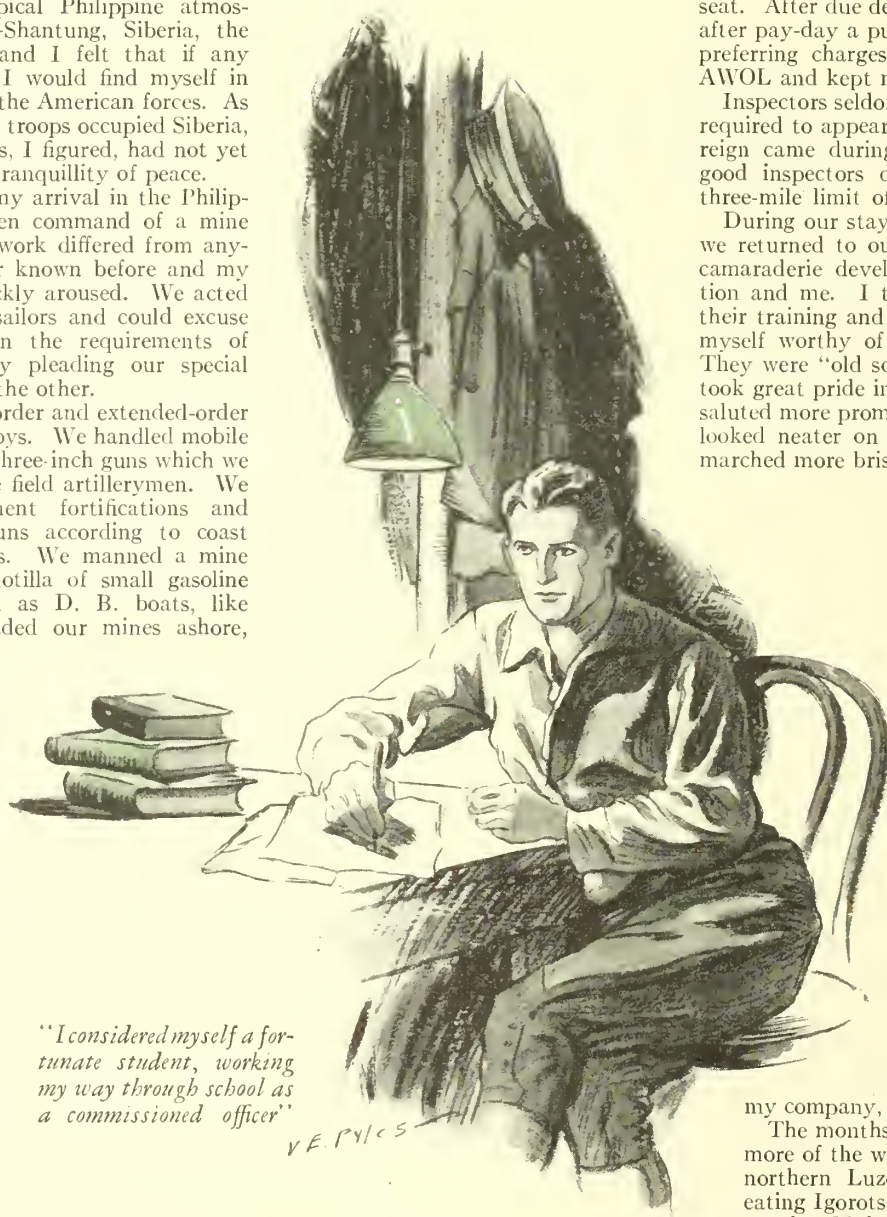
Inspectors seldom came our way. They were required to appear at certain intervals, but my reign came during the typhoon season when good inspectors do not venture beyond the three-mile limit of their home stations.

During our stay in El Fraile and later when we returned to our regular station a spirit of camaraderie developed between my organization and me. I threw my entire energy into their training and welfare and I tried to make myself worthy of their trust and confidence. They were "old soldiers" most of them, and I took great pride in them. I thought my outfit saluted more promptly than any other soldiers, looked neater on pass, shot more accurately, marched more briskly and even held their vino

better than those of any organization in the Islands. Letters from home, reminding me of my ambitions to go to law school, advice from friends here and there that the war was over and life in America had returned to normal, fell on my deaf ears. When I found myself lonesome and longing for home something usually happened in the company. Private Jones had got into a scrape with the Manila police; Sergeant Kelly's wife, who had left him before the war, had found out he was in the Army and was trying to collect the back allotments, or the roof caved in at the barracks.

The Army to me meant my company, nothing else.

The months rolled by. I saw more and more of the world. The Philippines, from northern Luzon, the home of the dog-eating Igorots and squatty Bontocs, down to the Mohammedan peoples of Zamboanga, were covered in my travels. I never missed an opportunity for a trip. Once I went to French Indo-China as a member of the rice expedition for the starving Filipinos. The French colonial government acted as host, and with the Vice-Governor General of the Philippines at the head of our party we received



*"I considered myself a fortunate student, working my way through school as a commissioned officer"*

V.E. Pyle



royal honors. Special trains from Hai-Phong to Hanoi and back, a yacht at our disposal to cruise the Baie d'Along, dinners, parties—well, if this was the peace-time Army I felt I had hit upon the ideal career.

Just as I had made up my mind to stay permanently in the Army a series of misfortunes befell me which rocked my faith in the profession and in my ability to handle my job. First the amoeba germ got into my system and left me flat on my back for weeks. I came out of the hospital just in time for target practice and made a botch of the job. I violated all the principles of firing that I had learned my first month in training camp almost three years ago. I

"sensed" my first salvo for the benefit of the recorder, "Fifteen right." My gunpointer thought I had said "right fifteen," and—maybe I did, who knows?—at any rate the next salvo dropped thirty to the right. I became confused. My gunpointers became bewildered. My shots fell all over the Bay, and out of forty rounds I think I hit the target about five times.

Two weeks later my confidence in mankind in general and certainly in my own ability to pick men received a rude shock when one of my most trusted non-commissioned officers absconded with several hundred pesos belonging to the soldiers, for which I felt morally responsible and insisted upon making good.

June, 1920, rolled around and with it the date for all Regular Army officers to drop down to their permanent grades. The demotions had been going on steadily since the Armistice, but by a combination of lucky circumstances and by my previous record I had held on to my captaincy while officers above me and below me were going down. On June 30th all the officers slated for the final demotion staged an elaborate party at Lerma Park outside of Manila, and promptly at midnight we took off the insignia of our war rank with impressive ceremony. I was on leave for five days and celebrated the "demotion" in good style.

I did not realize fully the significance of my demotion until I came back to my post a first lieutenant and found that the colonel had placed another in command of my company. A number of majors had been reduced to captains, and the colonel had decided that they should be given companies to command ahead of lieutenants. The colonel called in all the demoted captains and assured us that his decision in no way cast a reflection on our ability to handle our jobs.

To me, however, the loss of my company was the hardest blow of all. The Army, I have said, meant my company to me. I had become greatly attached to the soldiers and they had showed in a number of little ways that they had confidence in me. The Army had been stripped suddenly of all its attractions for me.

Well, I had had my fun. It was time to get down to business, I thought. I completed the transfer of my company property to my successor July 10th and went to Manila. I looked up an old sea captain, commanding a tramp steamer, who said he planned to sail for Antwerp via the Suez Canal on July 20th and would like to take two or three cabin passengers at a very small rate. He named his ports of call and his rates and I assured him before I left him that night that not only would I be with him but that I would find him other passengers. He planned to reach Antwerp September 1st. I could get back to New York, I figured, by September 15th and be prepared to enter law school about the 20th. I had saved a little money in the Philippines, at least enough to see me through one year without working. Financially, therefore, I found myself better off than I had been at any time as an undergraduate.

That same night I had to change my plans. As soon as I re-



"... the officers' mess and restaurant, with its Chinese cooks, Mexican dishwashers, Negro waiters, and its international struggles the day after every pay-day"

turned to the post I called in all the bachelor officers who lived in the same quarters with me and described in great detail my contemplated return to the United States via the Suez Canal. Conferences of this sort had become very frequent since the demotion party, and usually they ended with liberal

refreshments, with Vincent, my house-boy, doing the honors.

When he brought in the first round on his tray I noticed an envelope with the familiar design of the cable service.

"Open it and read it aloud, Bob. It must be from your friend in Hongkong again."

"Say, but you are popular! Cable, hey? I suppose that's from your sergeant who went over the hill."

I steadfastly refused to bare any of my secrets to the group—that is, until I had taken a few more. I opened the envelope and read: "Father dead. Please come home. I need you. Mother."

What followed I hardly remember. When the transport sailed for the United States five days later I was aboard, on leave of absence. I was going home, not the hero from battle, but just a loyal son. No other considerations mattered.

At home I found that I had become the chief support of my widowed mother and of my younger sister and brothers. It would take at least two years before I could expect any assistance. My next brother would then graduate from college and try to assume part of the responsibility. Under the circumstances, I decided to stay in the Army, where the pay at least was certain and definite. For the next two years I would be a real soldier, regardless of my own likes and dislikes and then—well, the two years would decide.

Now that the Army had become my vocation by necessity, it immediately lost all its glamour. I was assigned as a student to one of the army schools, and my work there cast no favorable reflections on my past training and education. For the first time in my life I found myself near the tail-end of my class in studies. I tried, but I could not put my heart into my work. A warning call from the commandant brought me around for a while, but at no time did I thoroughly enjoy the course. Outwardly I made light of my failure, but inwardly I felt great disappointment.

My feelings were further injured during the course by my failure to get a promotion. When I arrived at school I had ranked second among the students. By Christmas every man in the class with the exception of two or three of us had received at least one promotion. The promotion bill of 1920 had passed, and to this day there is considerable difference (Continued on page 66)



# THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO BRAWLEY

By William Slavens McNutt

*Illustration by Rico Tomaso*

**T**HIS isn't a story. As best I can write it it's a true word portrait of an old man I met by chance and a

report of the things he told me of himself as I ferried him across a stretch of the Colorado Desert in a roadster. I got quite a kick out of meeting the old boy and hearing him talk. I pass on the circumstances of the meeting and the impression of him I got—just as I got it—in the hope that you who read may envision and appreciate him as I did.

I first saw him on the road ahead of me as I drove out of Redlands, California—a white-bearded, erect old boy in a wrinkled suit with a pack on his back and a sack in his hand, stumping briskly along the paved road in the direction of the desert. I invited him to ride and inspected him carefully as he climbed in beside me. He was ragged but clean. His patched suit was clean; his wrinkled old face was clean; his gnarled, stumpy fingers were clean. An old prospector, this one. The mark of his calling was plain on him. The beard, the clear tanned face, the gentle, wistful blue eyes, the typical inextinguishable child glow lighting his battered old person, a light fed by imperishable hope, a gentle fanatic hope of a golden glory waiting just over the next ridge, around the next bend, a little further on. Just a little further! Pathetic! And yet one wonders whether pity or envy is due.

"Where you heading?" I asked him.

"Think I'll stop off at Brawley," he said.

The voice was gentle, high in pitch. There was a faint bit of brogue. Brawley, where he thought he would stop off, was one hundred and twenty miles distant, most of the way across one of the dryest, loveliest, most desolate deserts in the West.

"Want to git located for the winter," he explained. "I been tendin' lawns up in Riverside an' San Berdoo."

We rolled by the green irrigated orchards and on out and down to the desert, the land of sand and sage and greasewood. Bare mountain ranges flanked us right and left. Save for the paved highway and the cars thereon, the desert was the desert of a dead yesterday, the land of Indians and Spanish priests and venture-some goldseekers.

"I ain't been down in here for twenty-five years," my companion told me. "I never thought them days I'd be scootin' along here in a thing like this."

"Prospector?" I asked.

"Mostly," he said. "I been tendin' lawns now for five, six year. I got started at it one winter an' I been at it ever since. Just got in the habit o' doin' it. I've tended lawns at some fine places. One lawn I took care of up in Sacramento they say the woman that owned it was worth more'n a million dollars. I tended some nice ones in Santa Barbara too, an' Los Angeles. I tend 'em some place for a while till I git tired of it an' then I move on."

Ten miles further into the desert. "Them's rough mountains," he said, with a gesture that included the ranges on both sides. "Ain't ever been half prospected. So dry an' so hard to git in here in the old days. An' now the old-timers have most all died off—poor old fellows—an' the young men won't take the trouble to go look for it. They can make good money doin' somethin' else. An' then they ain't hard like the old fellows was. They git out in the hills an' little things kill 'em off. Ain't no prospectors any more much. You can't tell what might be in them hills if you go look for it."

Another ten miles. Then: "You know I think when I git some money together some time I'll go over to Nevada and prospect a while. I know some likely country over in there ain't been half looked over. I think I'll do that some time. Can't tell what a fellow might find over in there if he just went lookin' for it."

I asked him if he was a native son.

"No," he said. "Born an' raised in Ohio. Just north o' Youngstown. My father he had a little coal mine in there. Never made nothin' out of it, but I mined there some an' when I growed

up an' come West I drifted into minin' again. I never made nothin' at it though. Worked like a wolf too. I don't know why I

never had any luck. Seen fellows get rich right alongside o' me, but I never did hit it."

We passed a topless old flivver full of Indians.

"Good lookin' Indians them," he said. "Big an' tall, ain't they? They remind me some o' them Zulus over in Africa."

"You in Africa?" I asked.

"Dubbin' around prospectin' over there," he explained. "I might o' hit somethin' maybe, only the English got fightin' with them Boers an' everything got mixed up. Johannesburg was a real good camp."

"You in that war?" I asked.

"No sirree!" he said emphatically. "I wouldn't like it in an army. It ain't the fightin' I'd mind so much, but you can't come an' go like you want. I hate to be tied down. I hear some o' these old fellows say they're sorry 'cause they never had a wife or any kids or a home. I ain't that way a bit. The way I am no woman can ever say I starved her an' no kids can blame me 'cause I didn't bring 'em up right an' I got no place I got to stay in just 'cause I own it. I'm glad I didn't ever get married. I spose I would have if I'd ever been around where women was, but I ain't. I been lucky that way anyhow."

Another hour of desert. Then, far ahead, we saw a speck on the road that was not a car. My companion's face lit with interest.

"What's that comin'?" he asked eagerly. "That ain't a jackass on the road, is it?"

It was. A jackass packed with a desert miner's outfit, pick and shovel and gold pan, grub and water, a dusty, mournful jackass led by a tall, straight, high-booted, leather-faced man. They were a living picture out of a dead past, those two.

"Whee! Look at 'em!" my companion shrilled excitedly. He halloaed and waved as we passed. The man with the jackass grinned, waved back and went striding on. The old fellow with me twisted in the seat to look back.

"Look at 'em!" he exclaimed. "Just look at 'em! They're as much out o' place on this road as—as—as elephants would be, ain't they? Just look at 'em!"

I looked at him instead. There were tears in his pale, red-rimmed blue eyes.

"That's what I ought to be doin'," he said savagely. "Yes, sir. I got down in them damn valleys five, six year ago an' got tendin' lawns! A man gets soft down in them valleys. Then too you git old—I ain't really old. I can walk my forty miles a day right now if I got to. Yes, sir! But I ain't young like I used to be. I'm hardy, but somehow when you git my age you don't get out an' take chances like you do when you're young. Them damn valleys! I don't know how I got into the habit o' tendin' them lawns. I just got into the habit."

We arrived in the town of Indio. A real oasis in a real desert. Water there. Miles of green. Acres of date palms. Below sea level and scorching hot. My companion was wonderstruck.

"Nothin' here but the station when I come through before," he said. "Not even a store. Just a station an' a lot o' Indians. If anybody'd told me there'd be things growin' here—An' a town! A real town! An' dates! It's funny to pick 'em off the tree an' eat 'em, ain't it? You know since I been down in them valleys tendin' lawns I been goin' to the libraries nights an' readin'. I like to read. I like to read about things they had in Egypt. Solomon an' Cleopatra an' all that bunch. They had glories, but you know I think we got more glories right now than ever they had. Huh? If the River Nile was to run through here now I bet there'd be more glories than there ever was when Cleopatra an' them was alive. Course they had glories then. I ain't sayin' they didn't. But we got 'em too, ain't we? I bet them old people would pop their eyes if they seen what we got!"





*"He was ragged but clean. His patched suit was clean; his wrinkled old face was clean; his gnarled, stumpy fingers were clean. An old prospector, this one. The mark of his calling was plain on him"*

The green of Indio and the surrounding irrigated territory grew small behind us, was swallowed up in the desert distance. The blue of the Salton Sea appeared on our left. Mile after mile of 'dobe flats. Then sand and greasewood again and the green of irrigation once more. A few miles outside of Brawley I stopped the car, got out and unpacked my camera.

"Get in front of the car there and I'll take your picture," I told him.

"Say!" he exclaimed delightedly, grinning wide. "Will you do that? You know that's one thing I ain't ever had done. No, sir. I been meanin' to get my picture took for years, but I ain't ever got around to it. Wait a minute now. Let me know when you're goin' to do it. Where shall I git?"

I got him planted. He straightened back as though I were going to shoot him with a rifle. His pose was that of a man defying death.

"Ain't any way I could get one of those, is there?" he asked eagerly.

I took his mail address, the address of a friend tied down by a home he owns.

"He keeps my mail for me if any comes," the old fellow explained. "I generally get around to his place every year or so an' git what's there for me, if there is any."

We got into the car and I drove on toward Brawley. "Wish I'd looked more prosperous when you took it," he said regretfully. "I've had some good suits in my time."

I drove into Brawley and asked him where he wanted to get out. "Any place," he said. "One place's good as another."

I drew up at the curb and he clambered out, threw his pack over his shoulder and took his sack in his hand.

"I'll mail that picture as soon as it's developed," I assured him. "No hurry," he said mildly. "I may 'Continued on page 95)



# BETTER BE

*By*

Marshall Field III

*Illustration by  
Underwood and Underwood*

**I**T HAPPENS on the average of once a week in our office. Someone who has never done business with us walks in and hands over an envelope which contains several stock certificates engraved in gorgeous blues and golds and blacks.

"I wish to sell this stock and buy bonds with the proceeds," the customer confidently announces.

And we have then the unpleasant task of telling him or her—usually, be it confessed, it is him—that his stock is worth little if anything.

Only the reputable investment banker to whom people come with their financial troubles can know, I suspect, how actively the salesmen of worthless or questionable stocks ply their trade. We know because folks bring the stocks to us with every expectation that we can sell the certificates at face value and convert the proceeds into conservative securities.

If the bad news were not almost invariably a major loss to the victim, the ingenuous credulity of people would be almost comic. As it is, when we have to tell a man of small means that what he bought with ten years' savings is worthless, it comes perilously close to the edge of stark tragedy. If the victim is a widow who has been trapped into buying worthless securities with insurance money that would have kept her from want, the situation is even worse.

After anyone has spent his money for a poor investment nobody can do much for him. It is like going to a lawyer for advice about a contract after it has been signed. He can do little about it then. Neither can we do much for the man who, had he come to us in advance of purchasing, would have been told, "Don't buy. It's a sure loss."

Any banker or reputable investment dealer will go to a good deal of trouble just to get the facts for anyone who pays him the compliment of asking his advice. And certainly any inexperienced investor—by which I mean anyone who has not had the investing of at least \$100,000 over a period of five years with a minimum of loss—cannot afford to miss this chance for help. Before he pays or agrees to pay out investment money, he should ask the opinion of a conservative banker.

If he has access to the office of a bond house of high standing, then he can walk in, lay the facts before a man competent to judge them, and be assured of sound advice. Almost every city of ten thousand population or more has such an investment dealer. And the smaller towns all have banks and trust companies.

The judgment of a small-town banker about investments is sound, almost without exception. It is hard work to sell such a banker any bond except the very best. It is part of our business to sell bonds to banks as investments of their own funds. Anyone who has tried this in a small community knows that the country banker has to be shown.

Another test which is of more value in some States than in others is to check up—not to take the salesman's unsupported

word for it, but to find out through a bank or through the public authorities—whether the proposed purchase has been passed by the "blue sky commission" of the State. In some States the blue sky laws are enforced rather laxly, with a result which is almost negligible. The high-grade investment banker goes to a lot of trouble and expense to submit his conservative securities for approval. The questionable operator blithely ignores the blue sky law, and sells his certificates without bothering to get the permission of the state authorities. So it is a fairly good test of a security to learn if it has passed the blue sky requirements. If a salesman offers something which has not been submitted, then the chances are excellent that it is either fraudulent or at best very risky.

Not only the small investor makes these mistakes. Recently one of our salesmen obtained a new customer for our firm, a woman whose husband had left her a sizeable estate. She asked our man to tell her about the value of the securities her husband's safe-deposit box had contained. He brought the list to the office.

It was simple to value about two-thirds of her holdings. They were high-grade stocks and bonds, some better than others, but all of known market value. And this section of her list was worth about \$150,000.

But the rest was not so easy. This was almost all stock





# S A F E



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certificates of which neither the salesman nor our office expert had ever heard. So the valuator in the office asked the salesman to bring the actual certificates to him.

A few days later the salesman tossed a bundle on the office man's desk.

"What's that, somebody's laundry?" inquired the valuator.

"No, it's Mrs. So-and-so's stocks that you wanted to see."

It took several weeks to complete the check-up. There are books published which list many obsolete corporations—and in these were found records of a few of the companies whose stocks were part of the "laundry package." To find out about others it was necessary to write to the secretary of state in the State in which the company was chartered, as shown on the stock certificate. After a world of work, the valuation was complete.

The face value of the stocks was about \$75,000. Only one set of these certificates had any actual value. They were so-called fractional shares, certificates which had been issued as stock dividends many years before. The company which issued them was a railroad which had been absorbed by a larger road thirty-five years ago. The absorbing company had in turn been consolidated with one of the great trunk railroads of the East. With the accrued dividends which the company had never been able to pay because it had no trace of the owner, these fractional

shares were worth about \$300. The trunk line bought them gladly, to retire them. Every other share of stock in the lot was worth its weight as waste paper, and not a cent more.

Probably the man who originally bought these risky stocks knew what he was about. His proportion of one dollar of risky speculation to two dollars of safe investment strikes me as a bit high for sound judgment. But let's give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he intended to take a chance with one-third of the money he could save. That was his privilege—though it is a safe guess that he thought most of these purchases were investments rather than speculations.

Just what is the difference between investment and speculation? This question is tremendously important to anyone of modest circumstances, for if he gets the two confused he is heading straight for financial disaster. And unfortunately, the distinction is frequently misunderstood.

To make an arbitrary distinction, investment is that use of funds which looks to perfect safety and a moderate rate of return for its compensation, while speculation is that which sacrifices a good share of the safety for the sake of what it is hoped will be a very large return. The investor has a right to feel injured if he loses any part of his principal or of his income from it. The speculator, having given up his money's safety in the hope of making more by it than he could with perfect safety, should admit that he simply used the wrong kind of judgment if his speculation ends

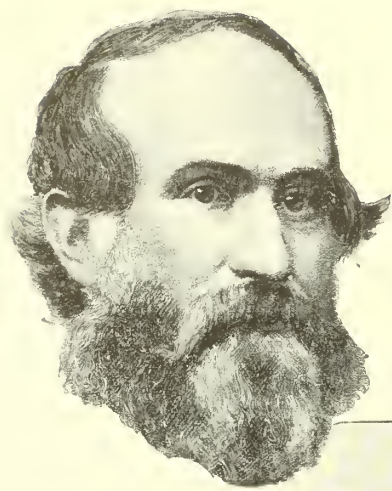
by his losing part or all of the money he put in it.

An investment in United States Government bonds is the extreme of safe investment—and therefore it is impossible to buy these securities at a price which will yield the investor a large rate of interest on his money. Purchasing stocks on margin is at the other extreme, a sheer speculation. If it goes well, the speculator makes a lot of money in comparison with what he has put up in the transaction. If it goes wrong, he loses part or all of the money he has put up. In either instance, the dividends which the company pays on the stock the speculator bought is of little consequence in his calculations. He is after a big profit; and if he guesses right, he makes it. Otherwise he may lose his shirt.

In between these two extremes fall most of the opportunities which are offered the man with a little or a lot of money to invest. And if one were to undertake even a sketchy outline of the various types of investment securities, he would need as much space as is in a large book. A good many books have, in fact, been written which deal with this sole subject.

Investing may, for someone with a great deal of money and correspondingly complex conditions to meet, be a difficult problem. For an investor of modest sums, however, it need not be complicated. Only a few precautions need to be unfailingly observed. If he takes care in these respects, (*Continued on page 74*)





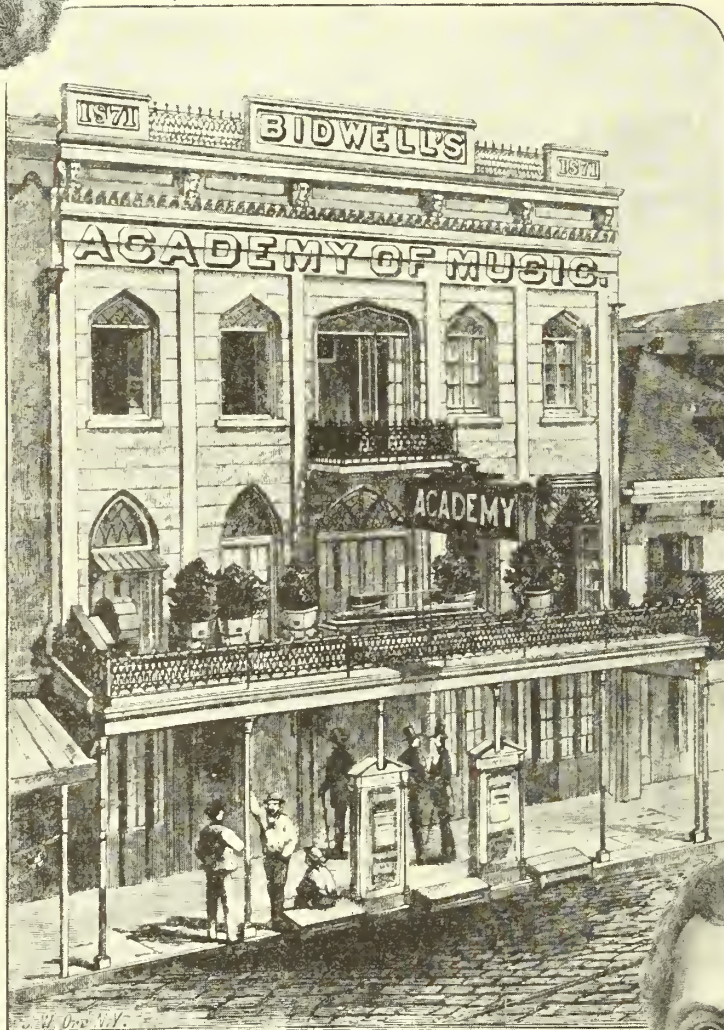
# First Prize \$600,000

**P**AST all precedent!" the newspapers said. "Over Two Millions Distributed."

"The Louisiana State Lottery Company," the advertisement went on to relate, "incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution by OVERWHELMING POPULAR VOTE" had doubled its stakes. The capital prize in the "Grand Extraordinary" semi-annual drawing henceforth would be \$600,000; other prizes, \$1,518,000. The capital prize in the monthly drawing would be \$300,000; other prizes, \$754,000. The daily drawing remained unchanged. It would not be possible to win more than \$30,000 on a single ticket.

The notice of this change of policy appeared in the papers in all parts of the country. For this attention the lottery company paid three or four times the going advertising rates, which was one way it had of showing its friendship for the press. The big news was clipped out and hung in the windows of bar-rooms, pool halls, hotels and barber shops, and in November of 1888 the country had something to talk about besides the election of Benjamin Harrison.

"The Mammoth Drawing," continued this high-priced publicity, speaking of the semi-annual event, "will take place at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1888." One hundred thousand tickets were offered at \$40 each. But if one did not care to invest that amount in a chance to win a half million plus, he might buy a half ticket for half as much, a quarter ticket for ten dollars, an eighth for five dollars or as little as a fortieth for a dollar. "A splendid Chance for a



*The Academy of Music, New Orleans, where the winning numbers were drawn while a whole nation listened to the telegraph instruments that clicked out the result. On the platform at the drawing sat Generals Jubal A. Early (upper corner) and P. G. T. Beauregard (lower), lending by their official presence an air of eminent respectability to "the richest lottery the world has ever seen before or since"*

FORTUNE" was thus placed within the reach of nearly everyone.

And if one did not win the capital prize, or a fractional interest therein, there were 3,145 additional prizes in which he might share. The amounts of these were from \$300,000 down to \$200. Each of the 3,146 prizes was capable of division into forty parts, making 125,840 possible chances to participate in a distribution of \$2,118,800—the richest lottery the world has ever seen before or since. Four national banks of New Orleans, over the signatures of their presidents, guaranteed the prompt payment of every prize-winning ticket.

The drawing would be on the square. "We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves and that the same are conducted with honesty and fairness and in good faith . . ."

This statement bore the signatures of two men whose names meant something to Americans in 1888, and which

are known, though in a different connection, to every school boy now. They were P. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, late of the Confederate Army. Both were graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. were good church-was a Catholic Presbyterian.

The generals men. Beauregard and Early was a

The hundred thousand Each bore a serial number, ceptible of division into the country was papered to win the 125,840 fractional prizes. The system by which these tickets were distributed was the product of much labor and money. It covered the United States. Where there were no laws against lotteries, or a lax enforcement of them, chances were sold openly. Concessions in such rich jurisdictions as Chicago,

tickets were all sold. and as each was susforty parts, in reality with four million chances

The system by which these tickets were distributed was the product of much labor and money. It covered the United States. Where there were no laws against lotteries, or a lax enforcement of them, chances were sold openly. Concessions in such rich jurisdictions as Chicago,





# By Marquis James

New York, Montreal, San Francisco and Boston commanded large sums. Agents in "open" territory received a ten percent commission on tickets sold. Where the sales were made under cover the commission is said to have been fifteen percent. But regardless of the law tickets could always be had by writing direct to the New Orleans National Bank.

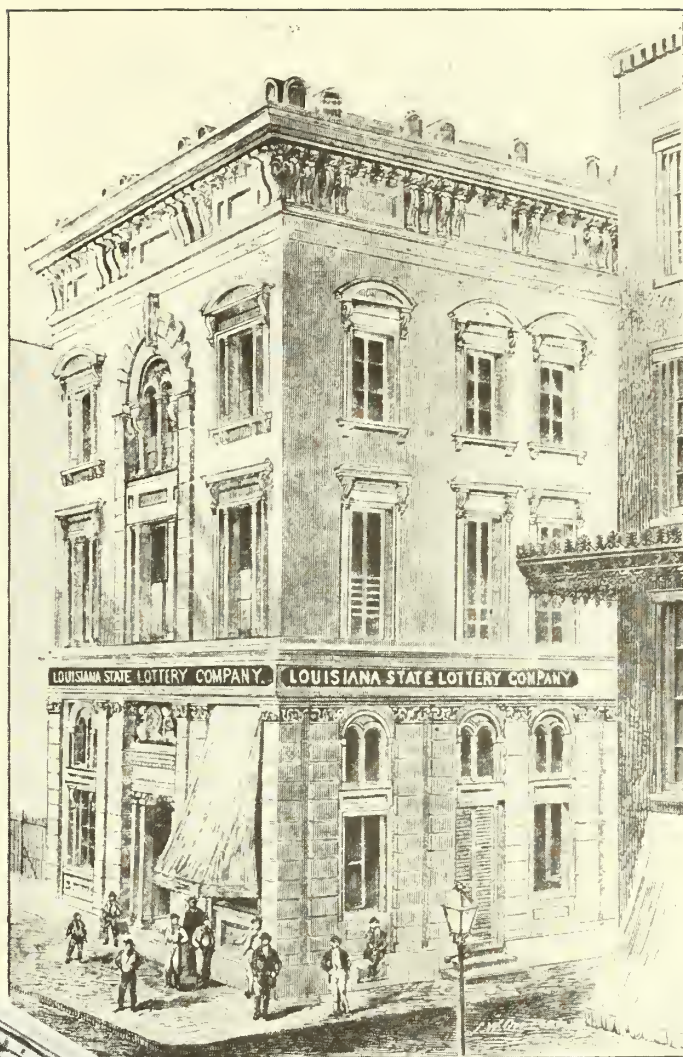
Seven thousand tickets, or seven percent of the total, were reserved for sale in New Orleans. This was held by some to be a tribute to the speculative proclivities of the New Orleansians. Later, when the nation-wide fight against the lottery got into its stride, it was cited by the Nordic purists as an example of the depraved instincts of a population sprung largely from French rather than Anglo-Saxon stock. This argument would not have been so impressive, however, had it been publicly known at the time that the same number of tickets were regularly disposed of in Boston.

The lottery being a state institution in Louisiana the sale of tickets there was as legal as the sale of postage stamps. In the city of New Orleans they were more easily purchased than postage stamps. One could get them at hotel newsstands, barber shops, cigar stores, ladies' hair-dressing parlors and the corner grocer's. Vendors made the rounds of office buildings and shops. Many were women. "E. J. Lannes, corner Camp and Girod Street," advertised the "Lucky Corner to buy Louisiana State Lottery Tickets," having "sold 48 prizes" in a single drawing.

The sale of tickets closed promptly throughout the country at eleven o'clock on the morning of a drawing. In New Orleans these were days of stirring anticipation. The eighteenth of December, 1888, which inaugurated the drawing for the capital award of \$600,000, was an undeclared holiday. Christmas was a week off and the Yuletide spirit was in the air. The galleried sidewalks of Canal Street were thronged. The town was full of tourists. The ticket shops were crowded. Solicitors were making their last rounds. By noon people were gathering outside of the Academy of Music where fortune's favorites were to be chosen. Another crowd formed about the opaque-windowed headquarters of the lottery company in St. Charles Street, which enclosed a Spanish courtyard where an alligator dozed in the sunlit waters of a marble fountain. The first ceremonies of the day took place within the company's offices. Two distinguished-looking gentlemen approached a great steel vault, the doors of which were sealed with wax impressed with the mark of signet rings initialed B. and E. Generals Beauregard and Early inspected the seals and broke them. They twirled the knobs of a lock to which they alone knew the combination. When the doors swung open the generals entered the safe and directed assistants to remove two stout leather pouches which also were locked and sealed. These seals were examined and broken.

One of the pouches was much larger than the other. It contained what looked to be innumerable capsules about as big around as one's little finger and an inch long. They were poured into a hollow glass wheel which was five feet in diameter. The smaller pouch contained similar capsules, although not nearly so many of them. These were transferred to a glass wheel about eighteen inches in diameter.

Big and little wheels were sealed and placed on vans and transported to the Academy of Music. It was now approaching four o'clock. The place was filled, save for a few late arrivals—ladies who came in carriages and were escorted to boxes reserved for them. On the stroke of four the two wheels, mounted on rolling carriages, were pushed upon the stage—the big wheel on one side and the little wheel on the other. An erect figure of medium height, carefully dressed but not over-dressed after the manner of twenty years before, walked out, bowed slightly to the audience and seated himself in an easy chair beside the little wheel.



Headquarters of the Louisiana State Lottery Company in the days of its greatest prosperity. At its zenith the lottery received eight thousand letters a day—a third of the entire business of the New Orleans post office. The tickers had all the impressiveness of a government bond

His imperial con- his dark skin the easy manner of hum of admiration none other than General

Beauregard. white hair and white im- trusted conspicuously with and alert dark eyes. He had a man of the world. A little swept the audience. This was

On the other side there emerged a brisk figure in an ill-fitting suit. He was more than six feet tall despite a stoop. He walked with long strides. He had a shock of white hair and a white beard covered his chest. He was a big-boned, large-framed, strong-featured man with blue eyes, a ruddy face and prodigious hands and feet—a man of action rather than a man of meditation. This was Jubal Early—Ol' Jube to the Valley of Virginia. He jerked a nod to the spectators and sat beside the large wheel.

An official of the lottery company appeared and explained the meaning of what was about to happen. The big wheel was the number wheel, he said. It contained one hundred thousand capsules each of which was numbered. The little wheel was the prize wheel. It contained a capsule for every prize that was to be awarded, excepting the approximation and terminal prizes, as will appear. Numbers would be drawn alternately from the





*An incident in the 1874 fighting which sought to determine which of Louisiana's two state governments was to survive, as depicted by a Harper's Weekly artist. Lottery money was in the coffers of both factions*

wheels, until those in the small wheel were entirely exhausted.

Two Negroes turned handles that revolved the wheels and mixed the capsules up. Two boys in knee pants from a local asylum for the blind were led on the stage. The wheels were stopped, a slide drawn back and one of the blind boys drew a capsule from the number wheel. An official opened the capsule and drew out a roll of paper an inch wide and six inches long. He unrolled the paper and read off the numeral that was printed on it. Then he showed the number to the audience.

No record exists of the sequence in which the numbers were drawn at this or any of the other big drawings, but assume it was No. 13,343, which was one of the actual numbers drawn. No. 13,343 is announced.

Then the blind boy at the prize wheel draws out a capsule. An attendant opens it and reads off: "Eight hundred dollars. Number one three three four three wins eight hundred dollars."

Granting that each of the sixteen hundred spectators was a ticket holder, as doubtless most were, the chances of someone being present to see his number drawn are not worth computing. Nevertheless in the long and checkered life of the lottery that sometimes happened.

The drawing moved swiftly and smoothly. Another capsule from the number wheel, another from the prize wheel—on and on. After twenty drawings the wheels were closed for a spin. From time to time Generals Beauregard and Early rose from their chairs and walked about the stage to stretch their legs, or chat with a visitor. Occasionally they received a number from one of the blind boys, opened it and passed it on to an assistant to announce to the audience. The generals themselves never addressed the spectators. They simply lent their presence to the drawing as a guarantee of fairness and a part of the feat of showmanship that made the Louisiana Lottery the greatest in the world.

Presently the number announcer called out: "Six nine seven cipher four," and the prize announcer, who had been droning off two hundred, eight hundred and five thousand dollar awards in a monotone cleared his throat and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to announce that the number just read wins the grand capital prize of six hundred thousand dollars."

A thousand pencils recorded the magic numerals. Tickets were scanned for the hundredth time, but there was no one

present to claim even a fortieth share of the grand capital prize. A good part of the audience left. They had seen what they had come to see.

The drawing continued. The second capital prize of \$300,000, the third capital prize of \$100,000, the fourth of \$50,000 and all the lesser ones were drawn as luck willed and the theatre relinquished for other uses, for New Orleans was also taking chances that evening on "the World's Greatest Tragic Actress, JAN-AUSCHEK! in a Grand Revival of Scott's Grand Musical Drama, 'Meg. Merrilies' . . . Next week Rose Coghlan as 'Jocelyn.'"

The approximation and terminal prizes also had to be figured out. These were consolation awards for getting close to the capital numbers. There were three hundred approximation prizes—one hundred based on each of the first three capital prize-winning numbers. Those who held tickets bearing numbers within fifty either way of the grand capital prize number won \$1,000 each, with lesser awards for getting close to the second and third capital prizes. The grand capital prize number was 69,704. Its approximation prizes were numbers 69,654 to 69,754, inclusive.

There were three-number and two-number terminal prizes, based on the grand capital and second capital prize numbers. In the case of the grand capital prize, all tickets whose numbers ended in 704 won \$800, and all tickets whose numbers ended in 04 won \$200. There were ninety-nine of the former and nine hundred of the latter. Thus if a player hit any way close to the capital combinations he won something. Winning tickets, or fractions thereof, were paid by check when mailed to the lottery office. In New Orleans one could cash a winning lottery ticket at a bank.

The scenes in New Orleans were duplicated in lesser degrees in fifty cities. The winning numbers were telegraphed as drawn, and posted like an inning-by-inning account of a ball game.

The names of comparatively few winners were published, but the newspapers always carried the winning numbers and the company's announcement of where they were sold. It was a policy of the company to sell portions of the same ticket in many States. For instance, Ticket No. 69,704 was held in New York, Boston, Washington, San Francisco, New Orleans, Denver, and in Petaluma, California; Leadville, Colorado; West Hoboken, New Jersey; Wanatah, Indiana; McGregor, Texas; Manora,



Texas, and Hermosillo, Mexico. Real nation-wide distribution.

I have heard of but one instance of a single individual winning more than \$100,000 at a drawing. An itinerant barber in New Orleans cashed a \$300,000 ticket, bought a dozen suits of clothes and took a train for Chicago. A small business man in New Orleans won \$50,000, over-expanded his company and was bankrupt in six months. A Western Congressman won a small prize, but lost the next election. A convict in a Missouri jail won \$15,000, hired a lawyer and was paroled. A New Orleans waitress won enough to study stenography, go to work for an elderly merchant and marry him. A fruit peddler won \$25,000 and sailed for sunny Italy. A proud old Southern gentlewoman earning her bread by surreptitious needlework won \$25,000, gave half to the poor and paid the mortgage on her home. A bank teller failed to win and shot himself.

The Louisiana Lottery entered the field with the authority of precedent behind it. In Colonial times, lotteries were a common means of raising money for public and semi-public purposes. When Thomas Jefferson was writing the Declaration of Independence he was also drafting a bill legalizing a lottery to raise funds for the starving republic. Congress passed the measure but it was not utilized until 1793, when President Washington was trying to make a presentable city of the new capital on the swampy banks of the Potomac. He authorized two lotteries, one to raise money to build a hotel and another to erect six "fine residences." At the same time lotteries were in operation to build churches, hospitals, docks, roads and in one instance to enlarge the library of Harvard College. In 1810 Christ Church of New Orleans cleared \$10,000 on a lottery and in 1810 the Louisiana State Medical Society held a drawing. Similarly the first Presbyterian Church of New Orleans paid off a \$30,000 mortgage and the Grand Lodge of Masons built a hall.

After the Civil War there was a wave of gambling, particularly in the South, which had everything to gain and little to lose. The Kentucky and Alabama lotteries were the big ones, but tickets for the Havana, the Hamburg and Royal Saxon lotteries found a regular sale.

Charles T. Howard of New Orleans came home from the army broke, like everyone else. He obtained the local agency for the Kentucky and Alabama lotteries, and this gave him an idea. It takes a lot of money to start a lottery, but this difficulty was overcome when Mr. Howard talked to John A. Morris, of New York. John A. Morris and his father before him were sporting people. They built the old Morris race track at New York. Morris raised \$100,000 and told Howard to see what he could do. Mr. Howard's plan was an ambitious one. It comprehended an understanding with the state government.

This was in 1868 and the "reconstruction" of Louisiana had just been officially declared complete. The State had been readmitted to the Union, had elected its own officers, and the military rule was at an end. The new governor was Henry Clay

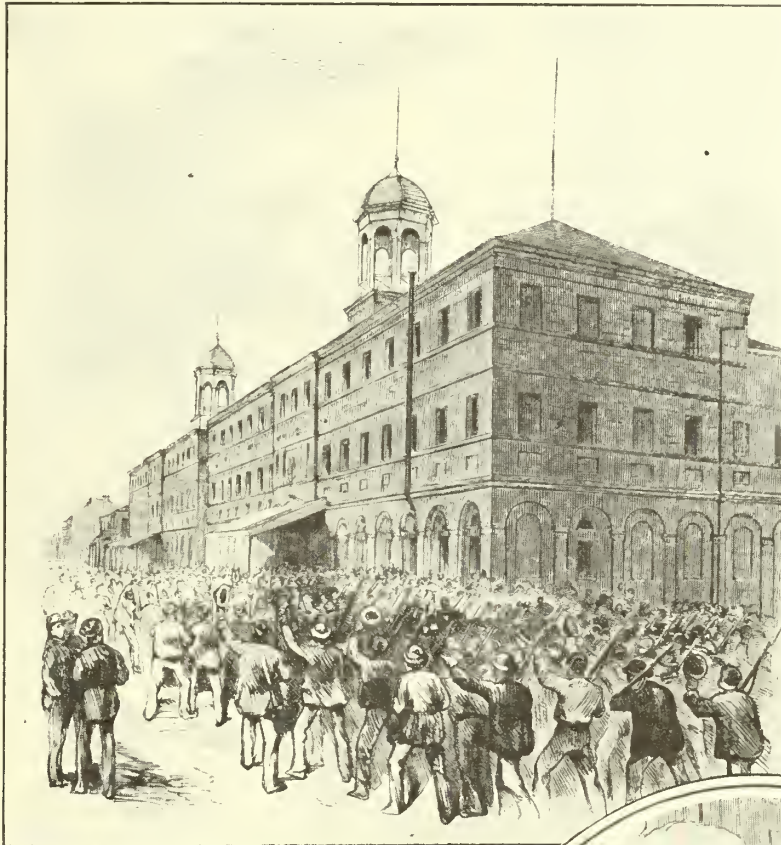
Warmoth, a man of fine education, polished manners and interesting history. He was twenty-nine years old and a native of Illinois. He had been dismissed from the army by Grant, and indicted in Texas for the embezzlement of government cotton, but never tried. He came to New Orleans penniless, made himself a leader of the Negroes and pictured their opportunities under the new regime. He promised to discover a machine that would pump black blood from a man's veins and replace it with white.

One of the processes of the reconstruction was to disfranchise most of the native white voters and to enfranchise their former slaves. The result was that a majority of the electorate was colored, and Mr. Warmoth became the first governor of reconstructed Louisiana. His lieutenant governor was a Negro house painter. Half of the Legislature was colored and the lower state and parish—called county in other States—offices were distributed among white and Negro supporters of Mr. Warmoth, some of whom could not read or write.

The Legislature bought the St. Louis Hotel to meet in. This

was one of the finest buildings in the South. The Governor's namesake, Henry Clay, was once dined there by the fashionable of New Orleans, at one hundred dollars a plate. Sessions of the Legislature were often drunken brawls, and some of the language of the official journal is too unparliamentary to print. The running expenses of one session were \$958,000, or \$113 per day per member. This was not the expense of the state government, but merely the overhead of the Legislature.

The Legislature chartered the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and gave it a monopoly for twenty-five years. The lottery was to pay \$40,000 a year to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, and be exempt from taxes. All other profits ostensibly went to its private incorporators. Actually, however, \$50,000 was expended for favors to



*Scenes in the New Orleans anarchy of 1874. It was not the first time that cotton bales had played a part in Louisiana warfare—Andrew Jackson had found them useful in 1815. From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*



legislative and State officers before the charter was granted, and during the first six years of the lottery's life \$300,000 went to the same sources. This is on the sworn statement of one of the stockholders. The lottery started off (Continued on page 62)



# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth, to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## *For Humanity*

LEGIONNAIRES Noel Davis and Stanton H. Wooster died in the spirit of the pioneers, and the blood of the pioneers is the seed of human progress. Their names are worthy to be linked with those of men in every land and of every time who have perished that some one, some thing, might survive. The New York-Paris flight will be made—may have been made by the time this appears in print. Its accomplishment will mean more than a boast made good, more than a perilous but useless goal achieved. The airplane stands today where the railroad and the steamship stood four generations ago. Every stupendous test which it fulfils, compounded perhaps of a thousand previous failures, widens the possibilities of its usefulness to mankind. It is not without significance that on the day when Commander Davis and Lieutenant Wooster drove gallantly to their doom, American aviators were dropping food and supplies to the beleaguered victims of the flood-swollen Mississippi.

## *A Thought for the Dead—*

TEN years ago this Memorial Day there were no American cemeteries in France. It did not appear likely, to the average citizen, that there would ever be a need for any. The mere announcement of our declaration of war would be almost enough—in addition to that we were going to lend the Allies money, sell them munitions, give them moral support.

Well, we gave them moral support, and put it in the hands of two million men to distribute. And behind the two million were two million others, ready to go if need be—"the last great reserve army of civilization," a British commentator called this two million late in 1918.

And we did need the cemeteries. Beautiful and well tended, they stand today as compelling testimony that America's contribution to the victory was, after all, somewhat more impressive than the three rousing cheers which most of America believed, ten years ago this time, would be sufficient.

Thousands of American pilgrims—men who but for the chance of war might be themselves sleeping at Thiaucourt or Surèsnes or Romagne—will visit those cemeteries in September as a sacred obligation imposed upon them by their attendance at the Paris convention of The American Legion. This does not mean that the September pilgrimage will be an affair of sackcloth and ashes—the men who lie in England and Belgium and France would not like that—any more than it will be, as some timorous prophets foresee it, one grand debauch. It does mean that not

a single visitor to the Paris convention is going to fail to pay homage in at least one cemetery to the men for whom the war did not end.

Memorial Day this year will be above all a moment of advance tribute. The moment of the great personal tribute is four months away.

## *—and a Thought for the Living*

THE best insurance nest egg a World War service man can hold is the Adjusted Compensation Certificate presented to him by the United States Government.

Three and one-half million World War veterans have obtained Adjusted Compensation Certificates—the Government's free insurance policies. They pay no premiums on them.

But the face value of most Adjusted Compensation Certificates is comparatively low.

For the average service man, the Adjusted Compensation Certificate is an insufficient protection against the future to himself and his family. If he realizes his responsibilities toward those dependent upon him, he most certainly will add to his Adjusted Compensation Certificate—his insurance nest egg—additional insurance sufficient to keep his wife and his children or other dependents from suffering should he die or become incapable of supporting them.

No insurance obtainable anywhere is better than that which Uncle Sam will continue to offer to World War veterans until July 2, 1927.

Uncle Sam gives the service man his choice of seven forms of policies, each of them having the same advantages as corresponding policies offered by private companies but costing much less in premiums than the policies offered by private companies.

The man who does not need insurance is rare indeed. The man who persuades himself that he does not need it today probably will repent of his folly in later years when he has to buy insurance at the greatly increased premium rates called for by his added age. While there is still time left to obtain a government insurance policy, therefore, the uninsured World War veteran should make his decision. He should ask himself these four questions:

"In case of my death, what will take the place of my present income, so that my wife and children or other dependents may not suffer?"

"What sum of insurance would provide my wife and children with an income sufficient to meet their needs, bearing in mind that investments at present are yielding low returns?"

"Although my present income enables me to provide for myself and those dependent upon me, how can I best make provision for myself and my family





## SUGGESTED ROUTE FOR RECKLESS DRIVERS

when I have passed the period of my present employability, say by the time I am sixty?

"What can I do to protect myself and my family against the possibility of my becoming wholly disabled by accident or sickness?"

Remember that July 2, 1927, is the last day on which a veteran can get a government insurance policy. If he will be honest with himself no World War veteran will put off a moment longer the job of reinstating his government insurance.

### *One Step Further*

**R**OME was not built in a day, neither was the Panama Canal. It took years to win woman suffrage. Generations were required to effect prohibition, such as it is.

Reform works slowly. Ten years after the World

War the infantryman's pack is reduced to fifty-one pounds as against the seventy-nine of war days. (At that rate the pack ought to disappear entirely by 1946.) And his daily ration allowance is increased from 36.12 cents to fifty cents. This fifty cents is proportioned among various articles of food with hair-trigger exactness. It includes eighteen ounces of beef, six ounces of bacon, one and two-tenths ounces of beans, and so on, down to .5712 ounces of salt, which must require pretty finicky knife-jiggling.

These are worth-while reforms. A lighter pack and a fuller mess-kit—doesn't that epitomize the human struggle throughout the ages? But—

There is a sizeable fly in the ointment (.25 oz.). The condiment can has been retained as part of the soldier's equipment. Why? What is it for? What was it ever for? Why was it ever adopted? Who ever had any use for it?

Can the condiment can!



# As OLD



*An Ozark civic center of a generation ago (above), photographed apparently on a busy Saturday morning. Contrast this picture with the airplane view of the heart of Springfield, the metropolis of the Ozarks, as it looks today*

*By Charles*

Finally, in a rock-strewn valley at the steep edge of a creek-bank, the bumpy declivity descended at a precipitous angle into swift waters of an unknown depth.

"Say! You aren't going to drive us down *that*, are you?" I weakly protested.

The old-timer—he was eighty if he was a day—peered out over the side of his hickory buggy and noted some wheel marks upon the littered stones along the trail.

"Somebody *hez* druv down thar a'ready," he remarked calmly. "Whar man *hez* ben, man kin go. Giddap!"

So, giddap! Where the 40 and 8 of the Show Me State has blazed a trail we'll strive to follow.

First of all, you should know what "Ozarks" are; so I start by telling you that the worn granite rocks of this lofty perch of ours on the tip of Pilot Knob—some six hundred feet above the level of the highway along which the roof-tops of Ironton and the adjacent town of Arcadia Valley cluster—once were glowing lava of the earth's very bottom crust, the Archean; and that the view from here is, in the most literal sense possible, "an old-world scene" if ever you beheld one. The crests of Pilot Knob and its near neighbors have been submerged and lifted from prehistoric seas several times, each occasion to the accompaniment of thunders that would make the detonations of all the depth bombs in the world sound piffling. They have been carved down since by countless millions of years of weathering; until it isn't accurate any longer—despite the misleading labels you usually find upon maps of this region—to describe these Ozarks as "mountains." Strictly speaking, they are only big hills. Or, as a famous general who once was stationed here in Civil War days (and of whom we shall have more to say later) once carefully phrased it, they are "hills rising almost to the dignity of mountains."

And perhaps their great age is one reason why these massive old hills are so lovely. Perhaps your real epicure of landscapes will agree with me in the contention that it requires all these aeons of frost and winds and rains to produce such truly beautiful "mountain scenery." I visit other mountains; they all look alike to me, raw, crude, unfinished. "Age before beauty—and a lot



OUT of a graceful green valley some seventy miles south of St. Louis lifts the forest-clad cone of old Pilot Knob. Solitary it stands, and all the more conspicuous because the other hills around are carved in arches and domes. To the highest tip of its cone I have climbed now, choosing this perch as an appropriate place to try to introduce you to the Ozarks. A great epic of American history began here long ago in earth-shaking chapters. Later these big hills thundered with the roar of civil war. And now more history, just as important, is in the making in the Ozarks at this very moment, literally while you watch.

Even to sketch such an epic in rough outlines will be difficult. Fortunately, there's some help at hand. Also it is a real comfort to know that a dozen other fellows face just as tough a job—for the speakers chosen for an oratorical squad of the 40 and 8 from American Legion posts in the Ozarks of southern Missouri are gamely attempting the identical task. In their own words, they are "out to broadcast some thunder about American history."

Which reminds me of a story, with a heartening bit of Ozark philosophy. A white-bearded old-timer had taken me out for a drive in one of the most rugged sections of southern Missouri. At every rod the formidably rough road kept getting rougher.





*A waterscape in the Ozarks viewed in pre-war days between the ears of a couple of familiar Missourians. A mule-team stage could ford a stream running as deep as the bottom of the wagon bed. Now there's a fine steel bridge at this identical crossing*

## Phelps Cushing

of age," I then assign as the reason why rivals much better famed in the guide-books merely bore me where these venerable Ozarks everlastingly delight. All who admire the gaudy poster effects of stark, jagged pinnacles against the sky are welcome to them. But give me these more restful Ozarks, with their mellow charm of forest-clad arches, their subdued rich colors, as of old tapestries, their flavor as of old wine.

To pass the quarry near Pilot Knob's crest you may have to risk a barrage of dynamite blasts; then the going gets all the meaner as you clamber on up to the highest tip of the cone. But if you are a real epicure of landscapes—and even though you know none of the historical associations enhancing the charms of the place—this final choice sight of a panorama of truly ancient loveliness is worth the risk and effort.

A strong breeze from off the ridges of Taum Sauk and Wildcat Mountain in the Black River wilderness, toward the sunset, ripples the sheets of my note paper as I scribble this. A silky, swishing breeze, bearing along with it great high-piled masses of cumulus. Slowly, these clouds trail their indigo shadows across the breadth of this huge bowl of dark green, which curves away so far to the southward, shading to misty blue at its rims—Arcadia Valley, as charming as its name . . .

Yet at this very spot, so soothing and peaceful now, centered those mighty earth-shaking upheavals which roughened the landscape and thus so profoundly affected the later destiny of the extensive "hill-country sections" of four big States near the heart of America. The orators of our 40 and 8 squad speak of "history thunder." And well they may! For the history of the Ozarks opens with a thunder the like of which has not been heard in the New World for these many millions of years. The deafening barrage which prepared the assault of an A. E. F. army upon the St. Mihiel salient and the explosions of all the ammunition dumps you ever heard, all rolled together, would sound like a mere bumble-bee drone beside this historic big noise.

The earth heaved and was lifted for hundreds of miles around. Almost at the middle of the land which many millions of years later was to become known as the United States, there bulged now a great highland region as vast as the whole area of the



State of New York. The southern half of Missouri, and with it the south tip of Illinois, a big corner of northwestern Arkansas and the adjoining corner of Oklahoma were lifted as a pie would be with the pressure of a fist below its bottom crust. Even the eastern half of Kansas was raised a bit with that shock. Back of that terrific pressure, which centered most heavily here in Iron County, Missouri, was hot molten lava; a few volcanoes probably broke through. But of that the geologists can't be quite certain. No definite traces remain. Too many million years of weathering since have crumbled and washed away the sedimentary rocks once laid down here upon the bottom of prehistoric seas, and have even cut deeply into the granite—once lava—underlying the limestone strata.

Today the highest of all the Ozark hills in Missouri barely touches an elevation of eighteen hundred feet above tide level. This is Taum Sauk, in Iron County, and if you are of the temperament to relish exploring try to reach and climb it. As the crow flies it is not much more than half a dozen miles southwest of Ironton. But the roads, to put it mildly, don't travel as straight in this locality as the crows do; so get up early in the morning if you hope to be back to your Ironton hotel in time for evening chow call.

That great upheaval of the land is of tremendous importance,





for from it dates an isolation, a handicap of centuries, which at last is being overcome only within the past few years. Because of the ruggedness of its countless hills the Ozark section was not alluring to colonization. Main highways and railways alike sheered away from it as long as possible, for all around lay the more inviting prairies and the black loam river bottoms.

Only those folk of a curious stock who scoffed at plains farmers as "prairie hoppers" and were themselves, in turn, derided as "hill-billies" chose to make their homes here. A free life was theirs, with a lasting fascination about it despite all hardships; they loved the hills and elected to dwell here, battling against every handicap of isolation. Undeniably, this fascination of the hills is powerful. That curious fellow, Legionnaire Alvin C. York, of whom you read in these pages not long ago, is an example with which you are already familiar. He spurns an easy fortune to stay on in Pall Mall, Tennessee, waging a battle there against longer odds of success than the one he fought in France. Why does he do it? And why do these Ozark brethren of his, many of the same "mountaineer" stock (originally from Virginia and the Carolinas), feel the same way about it?

And there are some others of us, too, who, though we live remote from the scene—and I am one, a city dweller—are likewise deeply fascinated by the hill country. But don't ask us why! I was trying to analyze the fascination which the Ozarks have held for so many years over me, when along came a letter to the editor of *The American Legion Monthly* from a real Ozarker who had been puzzling over the same question. Harry Argerbright, his name; Rhea, Arkansas, his address; member of Hagan R. Baety Post of the Legion at Lincoln, the nearest railway town, his credentials.

"I know the Ozarks by heart, so to speak," he writes, "having spent a number of years in them, living here, owning my home here. I have traveled over these Ozarks by car, by horseback,

by canoe, and hiked and camped along their trails."

He describes the Ozark hills of Arkansas, "rising gently in places to form knobs and peaks; in others broadening into large plateaus; again, breaking into undulating ridges, with fertile valleys between." Of the beauty of the Ozark landscape he boasts next that it "cannot be surpassed by any other playgrounds of the nation." He tells of the hills, "wooded with evergreens and broad-leaves, with pines appearing as bands of deeper green. Along some of the streams are mighty cliffs with tousled cedars and scraggly pines clinging to their unfriendly sides. Everywhere are springs, the purity of whose waters is unsurpassed. In the valleys of Ozarkland are dashing streams, broken by rapids and beautiful waterfalls." And then he came to that same matter which was troubling me so much, the fascination of the hill country; and, though he avows himself not a professional writer he launches into a rhapsody with as much real eloquence in it as any Thoreau ever put into a description of his favorite Walden:

"Who can explain fully the lure of Ozarkland? You must have fished its streams, floated in a canoe upon its rivers through the blue magic of its moonlight, trod over its trails in the sweet freshness of early morning. You must sleep night after night beneath its sparkling stars—then just a little you will understand the charm of Ozarkland—a charm that lies in the misty tenderness of springtime, a charm of full-blossomed summer beauty and the amazing gold and purple pageantry of flaming autumn."

Now, perhaps, you sense what we mean?

Unfortunately, the ruggedness of the landscape, contributing so much to the charm of this region, was a formidable handicap to development. Thus, even so late as the eve of the Civil War, the Ozarks were practically without any railway service. Along the northern edge of the region a line extended from St. Louis to a little beyond Missouri's capital, Jefferson City. From St.



*A typical bit of Ozark scenery. The building is a shelter from blasts—black powder, not blizzards. Below, the miller of an old Ozark water-power mill—a good type of the Ozarker of a generation back*



Louis southwest another line reached only one hundred and ten miles to Rolla. And to the south the head of steel was Iron-ton, here at the foot of Pilot Knob.

Now Missouri, it is claimed by the orators of the 40 and 8 squad of the Show Me State, has never been accorded even a small fraction of the distinction due her as "the critical battle-ground of the Civil War." That war, they declare, was won in the West; with Missouri as its most important terrain; and with soldiers who won their spurs in Missouri emerging finally as the greatest leaders of the Union cause. They offer to prove it.

You can see with one glance at the map, they argue, how important Missouri was strategically. Here was the portal to the West and Southwest; here the Verdun guarding the lines of communication to the gold of California and to nearer precious mines—many within Missouri's own boundaries—of copper, iron and lead. Hold this State, all the more important because the sympathies of its people were almost evenly divided between the North and the South, and at the very outset you have your opposition in grave difficulties, for you have him flanked.

In command of the Union forces sent to defend the railhead and the iron mines at Pilot Knob in the first summer of the war was a former West Point graduate, whose career thus far had been both undistinguished and unhappy. His service in the Mexican War had been a thankless Q.M. assignment. After that he had retired from the Army because his pay seemed to him too pitifully insufficient to support his family. But worse was to follow, the bitterest period of all—six years when he dwelt in a log cabin upon his wife's farm in St. Louis County, Missouri, so S. O. L. that often he had to resort to chopping wood and peddling it in St. Louis to keep from starving to death. At the time the Civil War broke out he had been living for some months in Illinois. There he raised a regiment of volunteers and was sent back to Missouri, a colonel, to make a fresh start in life.

His first adventure here as a commander was chiefly important because of the "valuable lesson" it taught him. He was ordered to the Salt River near Florida, Missouri, Mark Twain's old home town—and young Lieutenant Samuel Clemens was among the Southern troops there put to flight. The lieutenant gives a humorous account of the affair and of why he kept on going West as far as the Rockies.

Our Union colonel, we may add, confesses just as frankly that his own heart was in his throat: "As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp,

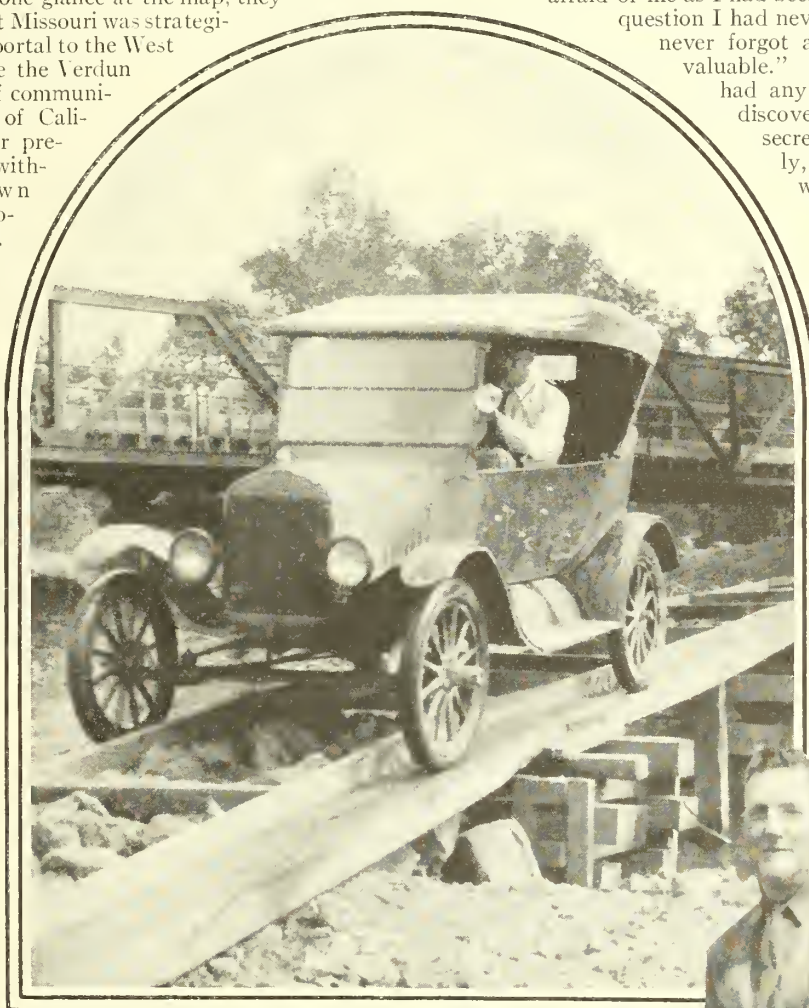
and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached the point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me then at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the

question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward . . . The lesson was valuable." In short, nobody after that ever had any Indian sign on him. He had discovered for himself one of the secrets revealed to Napoleon: namely, that it is rare to find generals willing to fight battles.

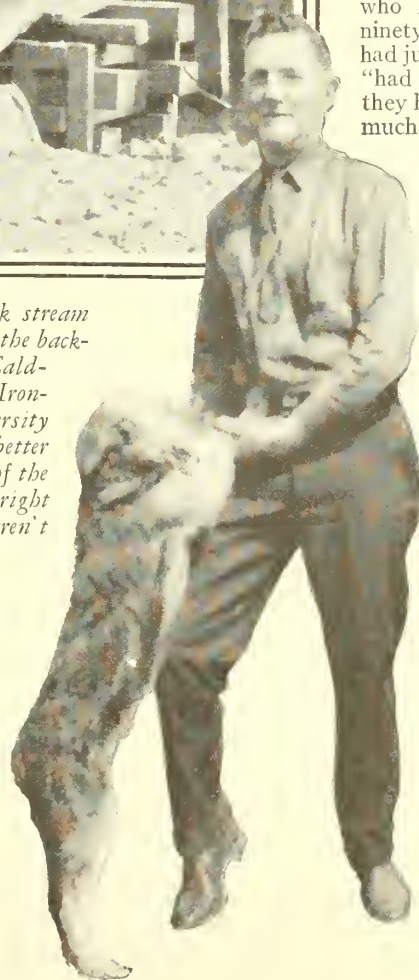
So when in August he found himself in command at Iron-ton, and again in a nerve-trying situation, he once more decided to take the aggressive. Though a veteran of the Mexican War, he never had commanded troops in the field. Moreover, he had been out of service for so long that the arms had changed and a new book of tactics been adopted. When he was in West Point he had not shone as a tactician. "My standing in that brand of studies had been near the foot of the class." Now he was suddenly promoted to brigadier general, and found that half his brigade was made up of volunteer troops who had enlisted only for ninety days and whose time had just expired. These men "had no clothing but what they had volunteered in, and much of this was so worn

that it would hardly stay on." To make matters appear worst of all, the Southern general opposing him was none other than Hardee, celebrated as the author of the book of tactics used by both armies, a work which our newly-appointed brigadier never found time to study.

Undaunted by all this, the commander who had learned his "valuable lesson" at Salt River promptly dismissed his ninety-day men, placing his whole dependence upon his old regiment of neighbors from Illinois. In ten days he was prepared for any attack; then, when none appeared, he dispatched (Continued on page 80)



*An ingenious temporary crossing of an Ozark stream pending the completion of the bridge shown in the background. At the wheel, safe in port, is J. C. Caldwell, Adjutant of Edward Wendell Post of Iron-ton, agricultural extension agent of the University of Missouri, "circuit rider for the gospel of better farming." At right, a wholesome example of the Ozarker of today: Legionnaire Harry Argerbright of Rhea, Arkansas—no, all of the Ozarks aren't in Missouri*





# THEY

## CHAPTERS I—XVI IN BRIEF

**R**ECITING the story of his service in the World War for the benefit of his two companions on a California ranch, The Professor, a horse who received a whiff of gas at Cantigny and a total of nineteen wounds, has told of how his owner, Sergeant Ern Givens, and Pat Rogan, a stable sergeant at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, had been busted and transferred from the —th Field Artillery to the Remount Service because of insubordination following run-ins with the camp commander. Soon after their transfer the battery is ordered to entrain for overseas, and their former battery commander, Lieutenant Burwell, an old friend of Rogan's and the man through whom Givens entered the service, comes to bid them good-bye. Rogan has assured Burwell that through an assistant adjutant general whose life he saved when that officer was a shavetail in Cuba, both Rogan and Givens will get to France, probably with a shipment of horses, and will take with them The Professor, who cannot legally be taken aboard the transport as he is not the property of the Government. Rogan plans to take with him also Tip, a little pack mule who has been with him in most of his campaigns. The Professor's half-brother, who closely resembles him, shows up at Remount, a government horse, and Rogan plans to substitute The Professor for the other when the horses are picked for overseas.

## CHAPTER XVII

**F**OR three days I had been unable to continue my story. That old touch of gas wouldn't permit of interminable yarning with Charles O'Malley and Taffy, and when The Commanding Officer, The Skipper and The Top got back from the Tia Juana races, The Top noticed I was wheezing slightly. So he kept me in my box stall and gargled my throat with some hellish stuff that somehow did me a lot of good. On the fourth day I stood my morning exercise as well as I ever had, so once more I was turned loose with my friends.

O'Malley bade me a curt good-morning and led the way to our old rendezvous in the brook under the weeping willow tree.

"Enrico's gone," he informed me, with a malicious grin. "When The Top got back, he took one look at the box stalls and another at the manure pile and made up his mind none of us had been stabled during his absence. So Enrico got the gate."

"And a root in the tail from The Top's cork toe," Taffy chuckled. "Anybody who can fool The Top has to know something."

"The Top learned his stuff in a hard school, my son," I told the little Welshman. "This morning I heard him ask The Skipper to write to the commandant of the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill and request the commandant to keep his eye open for some good old stable sergeant who is about to retire. A retired stable sergeant is the loneliest man on earth unless he can get a job working with horses in civil life. Our Top wants an assistant he can trust and one who knows his business. So—"

"When ye're voice failed ye, Prof," O'Malley interrupted, "you and Tip were about to be sint to France. Glory be, I haven't slept for five consecutive minutes this last three days, I'm that intherested in the shtory of ye're army career. Carry

on, ye gossoon, or ye'll be the death of me."

"Tip had just passed the veterinary and you were to double for your half-brother," Taffy reminded me. "What happened after that?"

Well, (I took up my story again) when the horses and mules selected for overseas service had all been congregated in certain corrals, all the stock-trains in the world commenced pulling in on the siding near the Remount Station. I can smell them yet! They had evidently come down from Kansas City and had recently carried steers, sheep and hogs. A detail went over and cleaned them out with spades, hoes and brooms, then washed them out and sprayed them all over with disinfectant. Then the horses and mules were led in one by one. About thirty animals were allotted to each car, which made a snug fit all around and enabled all the animals to stand up comfortably without danger of being thrown down when the car jerked or swayed around a curve. Also, the animals were packed in so snugly that none of them could lie down, even if the spirit had moved them, which it didn't, for all of them knew instinctively that to lie down might have fatal consequences.

Before loading the animals were given a big feed and all the water they could drink, and when the last car was loaded the train pulled out promptly. I saw Tip going aboard with some of his brethren. Nobody had to lead that old warrior up the ramp, or prod him on the rump to get him inside the car, for Tip was an experienced traveler. Indeed, in his day, he had traveled on flat cars! I saw Rogan rubbing old Tip's mealy nose just before they parted; then Rogan gave Tip a slap on the rump and yelled: "Good-bye, Tip. Take good care of yourself, boy, and preserve order among these rookies. I'll see you again in Mobile."

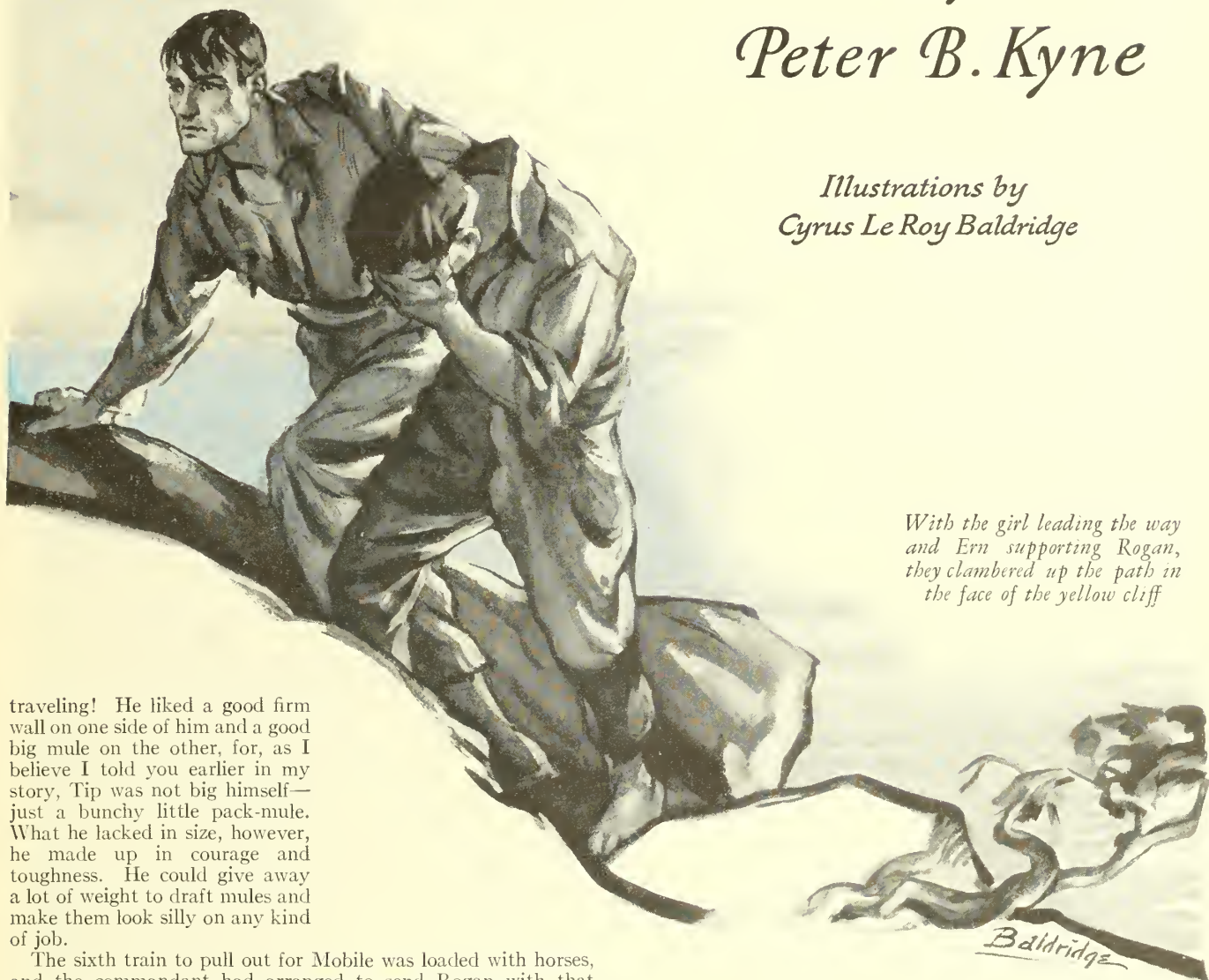
"You bet!" Tip brayed, and kicked up his old heels for very joy. "Surest thing you know, amigo." Then he nodded to me, ran up the ramp and took position at the extreme end of the car. Trust old Tip to find the best and safest spot for comfortable



# ALSO SERVE

By  
*Peter B. Kyne*

*Illustrations by  
Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge*



*With the girl leading the way  
and Ern supporting Rogan,  
they clambered up the path in  
the face of the yellow cliff*

traveling! He liked a good firm wall on one side of him and a good big mule on the other, for, as I believe I told you earlier in my story, Tip was not big himself—just a buncy little pack-mule. What he lacked in size, however, he made up in courage and toughness. He could give away a lot of weight to draft mules and make them look silly on any kind of job.

The sixth train to pull out for Mobile was loaded with horses, and the commandant had arranged to send Rogan with that train. He had made Rogan a lance corporal and placed him in charge, with permission to select his own men for the detail. So, of course, Ern Givens was the first man selected. The men all had their kits down at the loading corrals, ready to move out as soon as the train should be loaded.

Well, when they had thirty horses in the last car, Rogan gave a nod to one of his men, who walked up to the lieutenant in charge of the loading and asked him to look at one of the horses picked for shipment, but which appeared to be slightly unwell. So the looie walked away and no sooner was his back turned than my half-brother, who had been loaded last, was led down into the corral again by Rogan. Off came my saddle and bridle; while Rogan slipped the bridle on my half-brother, Ern Givens cinched the saddle on him and I saw very clearly what was expected of me. There was no time for fooling. I had to substitute for my half-brother before the lieutenant returned, so I just ran up the ramp and took my place at the end of the car as I had seen Tip do. They had the car locked before the lieutenant came back.

Ern Givens walked up to the officer, leading my half-brother, and saluted. "Will the lieutenant be good enough to ride my horse back to the Remount Station and turn him over to the commanding officer with my compliments?" he inquired.

"Certainly, Private Givens," said the officer, and forked my half-brother without a moment's hesitation. He had seen Ern

riding his own horse for days and it never occurred to him to look at my half-brother's hoof brand and discover that I had been substituted for him in the car! He merely said good-bye to Rogan and his detail, cautioned them to behave themselves, gave them their transportation, travel orders and expense money and rode away. Rogan promptly hustled his detail into the caboose at the end of the train, and signaled the engineer; as the train started Rogan swung up onto the caboose steps and we were headed for France.

Half way to Mobile the train was stopped and unloaded. We were all put into corrals, where we rolled and ate and drank our fill, for we were both hungry and thirsty, not having had either food or water thus far en route. Rogan inspected every horse as he came down the ramp. A few had received minor scratches and abrasions, but all in all the shipment was in fine shape. Ern caught me as I came down, led me to water and then to the fence, where he tied me and hung a nose bag on me. It was heavy with moist bran and crushed black oats.

Many a time, in the days that followed when I had been as much as three days without food, did I think of that delicious repast. Ern was pretty wolfish himself at the time, as I heard him remark to Rogan. They had managed to get hot coffee at intervals, but their food had been government straight—hard-



tack, gold fish, canned beans and monkey meat. Ern said he wanted a whole apple pie and a beefsteak as big as a blacksmith's apron, with French fried potatoes on the side, but like a true horseman, he thought first of his horse. While I munched my fodder he got a currycomb and brush out of his haversack and groomed me thoroughly, Rogan meanwhile having gone off to the telegraph station for any possible orders that might be sent him en route.

He returned with a placid countenance. "I've got a wire from the major, Ernie," he announced. "His orders arrived just after we left and he's ordered overseas. He thanked me for working me pull in his behalf and stated that for our kindness in lavin' him The Professor's brother and takin' a civilian horse on a government train he do be under additional obligation, since he can now ship Booby on the next thrain an' have him for his own use in France, an' no questions asked. He wished us luck wit' The Professor an' says he hopes to arrive in Mobile in time to help us in our illicit enterprize."

Ern grinned all over. "One of the best hombres in uniform, that major," he declared. "He's a human being."

They waited until I had finished my mash, then Ern turned me loose to nibble hay out of a rack, while he and Rogan and the detail went off to find a restaurant. The empty train pulled in on a siding and we rested in that town forty-eight hours; when we got aboard again we were all feeling as fit as fiddles.

Two days later we pulled in to Mobile and detrained. The corral we were herded into was next a mule corral and almost the first mule I sighted was Old Tip. I neighed at him and he trotted up and nosed me over the fence.

"Well, kid," he queried, "how about you?"

I informed him I was quite fit and added that I had had journeys on trains before.

Tip had kept his long ears cocked and was, as usual, filled with the latest military news, for he had been in Mobile three days ahead of us.

"We sail on the transport *Ishtar*—that is, we mules do," he announced. "Horses are to follow on another boat. Nobody knows to what French port we are bound, but who the hell cares, so long as we get there and find something doing."

I was disappointed. I had hoped to make the voyage across the sea in company with Tip, for with the exception of Dandy I had made no other close friends in the service. I voiced my sense of regret that Tip and I should be parted.

"I wouldn't bank too heavily on that yet, Prof," the old scoundrel assured me. "Rogan is a powerful person and he has a special interest in me, for some reason or other. I never knew a soldier to have as much affection for a mule as Rogan has for me. I suppose it's just for old sake's sake. Here he comes now."

"Hey, Tip, ye ould walloper," Rogan shouted, and came over and rubbed Tip's nose. "So they're going to ship the mules on the *Ishtar*, are they? Well, faith thin, there's one mule they'll lave behind to follow on a horse transport."

He climbed over the fence, looked cautiously around to see that he was not observed, and then plucked a hair from Tip's tail. Next he got out a small bottle of alcohol and washed the hair in it, (I learned subsequently that this was to disinfect it) then threaded the hair through the head of a long, slim needle, picked up Tip's off front foot and ran the needle under the hide of the fetlock from left to right and drew the hair through. Then, with a small pair of scissors he snipped the hair off on

each side and set Tip's foot down. It took about a minute.

"That'll make ye as lame as a dog be mornin', Tip, me jewel," he announced, "an' no lame mule will go aboard the *Ishtar*. Whin she's gone I'll pull that hair out and in an hour ye'll be as well as ever ye were—seein' which I'll mintion the fact to the commandin' officer an' take ye aboard the horse transport, where I can keep an eye on ye, ye ould divil, for I've a great notion to see ye do ye're full thirty years av service an' be retired wit' the honor ye deserve."

He walked away about his business. Tip rolled a comical eye at me, and I burst out laughing, as who would not?

"Can you beat that hombre?" Tip demanded.

I decided it couldn't be done.

## CHAPTER XVIII

SURE enough, Tip was dog lame in the morning. His fetlock was very painful and feverish and a trifle swelled. Presently men entered the corral, tethered the mules together and led them off to the dock, and, of course, it was Rogan who discovered Tip's condition and promptly reported it to the veterinary in charge.

Now, I want to tell you something about veterinaries. When the automobile came in veterinaries started going out. The country just couldn't use as many as it did formerly so when the war broke out any veterinary that had a sheepskin from a veterinary hospital was given a commission. In fact, a lot of ex-livery stable men were commissioned as veterinaries and, I daresay, some good capable army farriers. Rogan used to say that a real veterinary was as scarce as hair on a lizard, and that the average veterinary contented himself with giving a sick horse a dose of salts, complete rest and a lot of poulticing.

I imagine Rogan was more than half right, for the veterinary he brought over to see Tip was much mystified. He finally decided that Tip had strained a tendon and marked him off the passenger list. Of course the wise Rogan argued with him, declaring Tip would be all right in a day or two, that it was nothing serious, but of course that was merely Rogan's strategy, and it worked. The veterinary gave him a cold look and asked him what the devil HE knew about the diseases of the horse. Then he accused Rogan of impudence and bade him mind his own business, after which, to prove what a smart veterinary HE was he walked away without investigating Tip's fetlock as closely as he should have. Rogan chuckled. Then he whistled "Caissons Rolling Along," which was infallible evidence that he was entirely satisfied with the way things were going.

Well, the *Ishtar* loaded and pulled away from the dock that night and the next morning the soldiers started getting the horses down to the same dock to load on a ship called the *Tecumseh*. As each horse was led up to the gangplank the soldier leading him would stop, lift up his foot and read his brand aloud, and a clerk at the loading officer's desk beside the gangplank would repeat it aloud—whereupon the loading officer would check that brand off on the passenger list.

"I hadn't any idea they'd be so particular about a mere horse," O'Malley interrupted.

A mere horse costs money and when he's shipped there must be a record of the shipment (I reminded O'Malley). A horse is government property and the officer in whose charge he is is responsible for him. If he loses him he must pay the Government the value of the horse, else the Government will deduct it from his pay. Our major was in Mobile by now and still in charge of that animal shipment; consequently he would be responsible for every head of stock until he should receive a receipt from the loading officer; after that, of course, his responsibility would cease and become the responsibility of the commanding



*Solemnly Ern lifted up my foot  
and called out the brand*





*"A little bit more, brother, a little bit more. Don't quit on me, little horse"*

officer of that horse transport. That's the way it goes in the Army.

The major was standing at the loading officer's desk when Ern Givens led me out of line and approached the gangplank. Solemnly he lifted up my foot, rubbed some imaginary dirt off it and called out the brand that was on the hoof of my half-brother, left behind in the Remount Station in Oklahoma. The clerk repeated it. "Check," said the loading officer, and Ern Givens ran up the gangplank with me, along the deck and down a cleated ramp to the deck below. Here we found Rogan, who directed Ern to place me in a stall close to the end of the ramp. It wasn't really a stall, but a sort of framework made of two-by-four pine scantling bolted together and very strong. There was just room enough for me to stand in it comfortably. In front of me was a galvanized iron manger, with one corner divided into a compartment for water. A cross section of planed scantling met my breast, and when I was well into my place Rogan and Ern bolted another cross section of scantling in place across my

quarters. I was perfectly comfortable, but I could move neither from side to side nor backward or forward. In front of me there was a little alleyway and across that I could see a long line of horses' heads, facing me. The alley was filled with stacked grain and from somewhere in the distance I could smell alfalfa hay.

"What did the major say?" Rogan inquired.

"Nothing, Pat."

"God bless him for that. I pulled the hair out of Tip's fetlock last night and he was no longer lame this morning, so I had the major up to look at him. Then the major had the veterinary up and the result is Tip's been ordered shipped with this lot of horses. Do you now, Ernie, like the good man, go out on the dock and get Tip aboard, whilst I shtay here and see to it that nobody puts a horse in Tip's shtall?"

In about ten minutes old Tip came mincing down the ramp behind Ern and was billeted next to me.

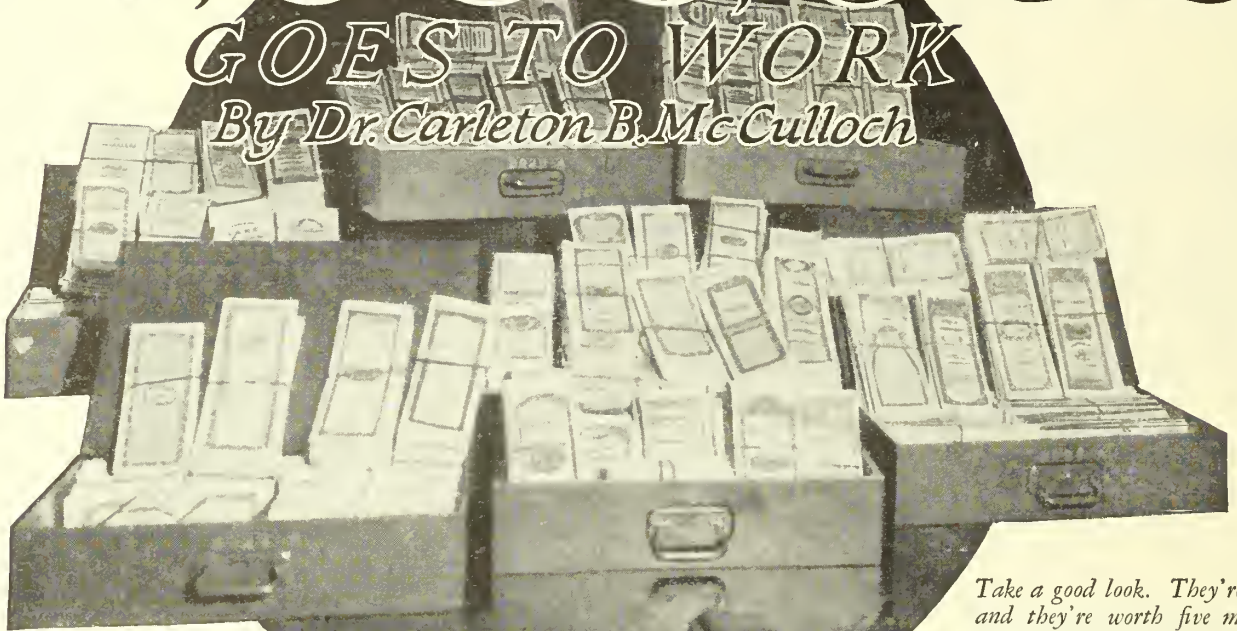
"Well, well, well," he brayed. "So (Continued on page 88)



# \$5,000,000

## GOES TO WORK

By Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch



*Take a good look. They're real, and they're worth five million dollars—they are the securities that make up The American Legion Endowment Fund for disabled veterans and orphans of World War service men*

**A**FTER you've got five million dollars, what do you do with it? How do you make it

work for you? Can you guarantee to keep it intact for years?

If you are J. Henry Croesus, American millionaire, one of the thousands of millionaires which this country of ours has grown, you don't have much trouble answering those two questions. Getting the five million dollars is the hardest part of the task. After you have got it, all you have to do is to discipline it, teach it to stay where you put it and to keep working instead of remaining idle. Happily, modern economics and finance have provided the machinery for making your dollars work for you, whether you have only a few of them, or, like Mr. Croesus, five million of them.

Almost everybody knows the means which have been provided for putting a few dollars to work—the savings bank, paying interest at three or four percent, the building and loan association, which will pay interest somewhat higher than the savings bank pays, a mortgage on your neighbor's home or farm, which usually pays more than you can get in bank or in building and loan interest.

But how about mass production of earnings on savings? What do you do when you have five million dollars on hand which you can't keep idle, which must be put to work to provide you with the money you need for whatever happens to be your big purpose in life?

These are the questions which might have been asked by The American Legion not much more than a year ago when it counted up all the contributions it had received for The American Legion Endowment Fund—contributions obtained in a country-wide campaign, contributions given by tens of thousands of Legionnaires and other citizens. They have been answered. Today, The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation has put five million dollars to work. It has every single one of the five million dollars in harness, toiling night and day to produce the money needed each year for carrying out the Legion's activities on behalf of disabled service men of the World War and the orphaned and needy children of veterans.

Several doubly-locked steel boxes in Indianapolis hold more than five million dollars' worth of bonds belonging to the Endowment Fund. These boxes are stored in the huge safety vault of an Indianapolis bank, in which they are protected night and day by solid walls of steel and guarded by uniformed and armed men.

Under the plan adopted when this fund was raised, the five million dollars will remain a perpetual trust fund. It will be used for helping disabled service men and orphaned and needy

children of veterans as long as service men of the World War and their children are still living. Long hence, perhaps three-quarters of a century or more, a new use for the fund will be found—one in keeping with the present purpose—so that today's dollars will never stop working. The President of the United States, whoever he may happen to be when the day for decision comes, will select the new uses for the fund. And in the meantime, the five million dollars go right on day after day earning the money with which the Legion is carrying on its work of helping the disabled men in and out of hospitals and the growing numbers of service men's children who need the Legion's supporting hand.

No intricate problems of finance are involved in putting five million dollars to work and keeping them at work. The problem of The American Legion Endowment Fund trustees is the same in principle as the problem of the man who has saved a few thousands of dollars from his salary. First, there is the necessity of keeping the principal, the whole sum, intact and as nearly safe as human precaution can suggest. Second, there is the necessity of obtaining from the whole sum, as large a yield, or income, as safety will permit. Third, there is the necessity of the proper physical care of the securities which represent the Legion's accumulated money.

Above all, in the handling of the Legion's big trust fund, we observe the power inherent in money to reproduce itself—the fact that money, like tangible property such as a house or farm, may be rented to others for an agreed return, a return which we call interest.

Who invented interest? Two kinds of people want to know—those who have money invested, and those who have borrowed. Those who have money think the man who invented interest should be placed on the same roster as Marconi, Thomas A. Edison, Robert Fulton, and the Wright brothers. Those who owe money would classify him in the same category as Attila the Hun, Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, grasshoppers in Kansas, and the bubonic plague.

The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation belongs in the first division, the class which regards interest as a mighty good thing, because every single dollar of the five million, which has been so generously contributed in and out of the Legion, is hard at work, earning its pro rata of interest to be applied for the purpose of helping the service man and his dependents.

Where did all these dollars come from? They came from every State in the Union, from all our foreign possessions, and from good



and loyal Legionnaires in Argentine, Brazil, the British Isles, Canada, Cuba, and far Cathay. War-torn France contributed, as did also distant Japan, and this sacred trust with its accretions will be maintained unimpaired, employed for the purpose for which it was given, until the youngest Legionnaire is dead, and until his youngest grandchild has been gathered to his fathers.

The trustee of this fund, the Endowment Fund Corporation, has three duties, guarding the treasure, making it work, and seeing to it that the earnings are properly expended.

Guarding the treasure means that so far as is humanly possible, no money shall ever be lost by unwise investment, and that no dollar of the principal shall be expended for any purpose whatsoever. Furthermore, that neither moth nor rust shall corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Keeping the money at work—that's the second essential. The Endowment Corporation, bearing in mind the parable of the talents, has these dollars at work in every State in the Union. The articles of incorporation provide very definitely that investments shall be made only in national, state, county, and other similar governmental obligations, and also in first mortgages on improved real estate to the extent of not over forty percent of the fair appraised value. As a matter of practice, however, the investments have been confined almost entirely to the first named class. Up to the present time, owing to the post-war process of land deflation, mortgage investments have been felt lacking in that absolute security which a trust fund of this nature should demand. So down in the vaults of the depository, the Fletcher-American National Bank, are boxes and boxes of the bonds of various governmental units, all believed to be absolutely gilt-edged, with the honor of each community behind each bond in addition to its intrinsic wealth.

Safety has been the first consideration in making these investments, and great care has been taken to study the security behind each bond. If a county or city has bond obligations outstanding in excess of what experience has shown to be a proper ratio to the assessed valuation of the property, such bonds have been avoided, even if the interest return would be such as to make them otherwise attractive, because communities no less than individuals have been known to go broke. It is on record in the past that interest payments have been deferred or gone delinquent, and in some instances bonds themselves have actually been repudiated and the holders thereof have lost their money. Optimistic cities and towns have over-estimated their future growth and issued securities which were a mortgage on the future, unjustified in the eyes of careful financiers. These are the experiences of the past, and consequently, to safeguard the fund from any such error, every bond purchased is submitted to each of the nine directors for his opinion and with the understanding that if a single one objects, that bond will be exchanged without cost.

Geography comes next. It goes without saying that it would be unwise to concentrate all this money in any one section, and it would also be unfair. An earthquake, a tornado, a conflagration, a drought—any of these might attack a community, but where the fund is spread widely, it is assured against an undue jolt from any of these calamities.

Again, inasmuch as the money has been contributed from every State in the Union, it is proper and just that the investment, in a measure at least, should be turned back to that community by buying its securities. This does not mean, however, that this can be done in the exact proportion in which subscriptions were made. There are certain highly organized sections of the East where money is so plentiful and cheap that the interest return is perhaps only slightly over three percent, and it would be manifestly unprofitable to have too great a proportion of the funds earning such a low income. On the other hand, as intimated above, there are sections which have been heavy contributors where the outstanding bonded indebtedness is so large that securities have to be issued at high rates of interest in order to attract investors. It would be obviously unwise for the fund to be tempted by a large interest return in such a section. Thus it

will be seen that geography figures very decidedly in the investment of these moneys.

It would be interesting, perhaps, to know just what these dollars are doing in the various sections of the United States and its possessions.

"In that land of dozey dreams, peaceful, happy Philippines," as the Spanish War soldiers used to sing, 175,000 of these Endowment dollars are invested in improvement works of the Government. Down in Porto Rico, government irrigation bonds employ \$50,000 of our money. Hawaii is represented by an equal amount.

So much for our overseas possessions. Glancing at random over the list of the States, we find Endowment dollars invested in roads in West Virginia, schools in Wisconsin, bridges in old Virginia, and navigation in Texas. Courthouses in Tennessee and sewers in Rhode Island, an armory in Cleveland and highways in North Carolina, appear on the list. The State of New York has an infirmary, and Mississippi has water works, in which the Legion has a lively interest. Paving in Louisiana and roads and bridges in Kentucky are earning money for us. Both Kansas and Illinois are represented by Compensation bonds representing bonuses allotted to the soldiers of those States. A municipal auditorium in Florida, school bonds and water works in California, also are listed. These are just a few items picked at random from the list of securities, representing, as set forth



*Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, sergeant of the guard over the six metal boxes shown on the opposite page and their contents, outflanks a coupon preparatory to a frontal attack*

above, every single State of the Union, and covering, as to kind, roads and bridges, incinerators, sanitation, coliseums, soldiers' compensation, general improvement, sewage purification, water works, land appropriation, hospitals and so forth.

It should be borne always in mind that not one of them is a private institution, but on the contrary, all are the formal obligations of the State or community represented, and the legality of their issue has been approved by the highest legal authorities obtainable—authorities on whose opinion the bonds were originally purchased outright by the bond house which took them over.

It is, of course, the intention to hold these securities until they shall be paid at maturity. For this reason, fluctuations up or down of their market price are of no consequence. The current





*Beneficiaries of The American Legion Endowment Fund and of Dr. McCulloch's activity with shears*

price today may be more than the bonds cost, and tomorrow may be less, but inasmuch as there is no intention of trading in them, daily changes in value mean but little.

Most of these securities could be sold today at a considerable profit over the price originally paid for them, but nothing would be gained thereby, inasmuch as the proceeds of the sale would immediately have to be reinvested, and it would be necessary to pay a correspondingly advanced price for what might be purchased.

Every possible safeguard is thrown around the custody of these securities. No one man has access to them alone. In addition to the usual bolts and bars on any safety deposit vault, two different keys are necessary to get into any of the Endowment Fund boxes, one being held by an officer of the bank, the official depository, and the other by the treasurer of the Endowment Fund. Moreover, heavy bonds are required, and ample insurance is carried against banditry. The present policy of the directors of the corporation calls for two audits yearly made by certified public accountants.

The administration of the trust fund by The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation insures that the safeguards of today will be continued indefinitely. The corporation is controlled by a board of nine directors elected for varied terms by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion. Three of the directors are elected to serve for three years, three for two years and three for a single year. The National Executive Committee each year elects new members to fill vacancies as they occur.

The present directors are Past National Commander James A. Drain, of Washington; Past National Commander John R. McQuigg, of Ohio; Wilder S. Metcalf, of Kansas; James G. Scrugham, of Nevada; Alexander Fitz-Hugh, of Mississippi; A. L. Gates, of New York; Edgar H. Dunlap, of Georgia; Charles H. Cole, of Massachusetts, and Royal A. Stone, of Minnesota.

Past National Commander Drain is president of the corporation. He it was who conceived the plan of establishing the

Endowment Fund in its present form, carrying out a mandate of the Sixth National Convention of the Legion held in St. Paul in 1924, and it was in his term as head of the Legion that the country-wide campaign was begun and completed successfully. Past National Commander McQuigg is vice-president of the corporation. Succeeding Mr. Drain as National Commander, he saw the final efforts of the campaign carried out and the permanent organization of the corporation effected. The secretary and treasurer of the corporation are respectively William Guy Wall and Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, both of Indianapolis.

The directors and officers of the corporation serve without salary. The contract with the bank which is the depository provides that the bank shall derive no profit from the purchase or sale of the Endowment Fund securities and that it shall receive for its services two percent of the net income from the fund. This low cost of administration enables the Legion to do the maximum amount of service with the moneys contributed by its members and friends.

From all of the above, it would appear that so far as is possible to foresee, this money of the corporation, or the bonds representing it, will still be intact one thousand years from now, producing a steady flow of interest to be expended for the objectives called for by the articles of incorporation of the fund.

One final thought. As the years, like the caissons, go rolling along, there will be those soldiers who, though blessed with an abundance of property, are without descendants to whom it can be bequeathed. To what nobler purpose could such inheritances be devoted than for the benefit of their erstwhile comrades in the Great War? The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation will be glad to receive such bequests, and to administer them accordingly. To those for whom the war will never end, those comrades who were permanently disabled, to their children and the needy children of soldiers who never came back this fund is a godsend. Not every needy case can surely be met, and he who gives to the fund may have the satisfaction of knowing that he has assuredly broadened the scope of its power to do good.



*One of ours*



# ❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

ON MEMORIAL DAY a nation pauses in its work for a day to remember. Let no one escape remembering. Call the roll of the dead so all may hear. Every marching man, every bowed head, every flag on a grave means remembering. Taps as if the dead were so near us that they seem arm in arm with us only yesterday; flowers for the dead in the season of flowers when the earth is at its loveliest.

## *Taps and Flowers*

I SHOULD LIKE all who forget on Memorial Day to read a letter from R. L. in Veterans Hospital 63 in Florida. His permanently disabled body is only half living, but his mind is richly living. "On the inside looking out," he says. He sees "beautiful driveways, walks and lawns; good, kind, Christian spirited doctors and nurses, recreation rooms, radio appliances for every bed." Should those who have the health to enjoy all that the dead fought and labored for be less grateful?

## *Inside and Out*

RUSSIA TRIED LUNACY. Now China is trying it. Four hundred million people in China rioting, Bolsheviking, suffering, asking why, stopping work, neglecting to plant spring crops, facing famine the coming winter. From czars and mandarins to anarchy; the recipe is easy for humanity to make a fool of itself. The only advice we can offer is the example of a republic, between Canada and Mexico, which has kept sane for a hundred and fifty years. Keeping sane is the big problem of nations now as always.

## *So Hard to Be Sane*

ALL THOSE WHO believe that argument, preaching and ideas will prevent war, murder and outrage can turn to China, where fleeing merchants and missionaries sought the protection of arms. Force must save China. Force in the form of a disciplined army that will prevail, bring order and a progressive, responsible government insuring that China will give herself a square deal and receive one from other nations.

## *Force Must Mould*

I AM JUST back from a trip that gave me two thrills and a flareback. I have been with our battle fleet away from our coasts where it will defend us. "Do you expect war tomorrow?" I asked. "To be ready for it and thus avoid it," was the answer. For that is the way that the Navy works. Ready to hold the broad expanses of the two seas and the Canal; ready to prevent

## *Stand By the Navy*

war because no enemy will want to release the punch it carries.

Legionnaires who were in the Navy should know that the faith is being kept in peace as in war. Ranks are full; the quality never better. It was the personnel at work that gave me a thrill. The flareback was realizing that the Navy is being crippled by lack of light cruisers and other new construction to be up-to-date in naval tactics. We have been forgetting our Navy. Other nations have not. They have been building. We are not 5-5-3. We are in second place. Do we want to be in third?

IT WAS HAITI, little black republic, that gave me the second thrill, with no flareback, on the trip. Political and private assassinations, continuous revolution, "voodooism," bankruptcy, steady degeneration until Uncle Sam took a hand in showing the Haitians how. Now solvency, a country paying its way, trained native police, new buildings, roads, education, better crops, progress. Such is Uncle Sam's brand of Imperialism which some Little Americans from afar think wicked. On the spot they would turn Big Americans.

## *Haiti Feels Better*

SUCCESS OFTEN DEPENDS upon refusing to be beaten. Twenty million dollars was spent drilling in a new Texas oil field before a ten-thousand-barrel well was struck. Yet other peoples sometimes think our natural resources are so rich that we have only to ladle out wealth into our laps with a spoon. Instead of a threatened oil famine we seem to have plenty for the present. But we shall have to keep on drilling.

## *Kept On Drilling*

A NATIONAL MEMORIAL park is being created in a semi-circle of twelve miles around Fredericksburg, Virginian "cockpit" of the Civil War, where some of its greatest battles were fought, and in one period of nine days 100,000 men were killed and wounded. It will forever honor American courage and last ditch determination; be forever a reminder that Americans must not fight Americans again.

## *Once Is Enough*

SAID A MOTION picture director of a great human star, "If he only earned as much as our dog star who gets no bonanza salary, but only food and kindness." Toddles, a spaniel, and Jack, an Irish terrier—not in the movies—have just received the D. S. C. in the form of gold studded collars with (Continued on page 87)

## *Great Is the Dog*

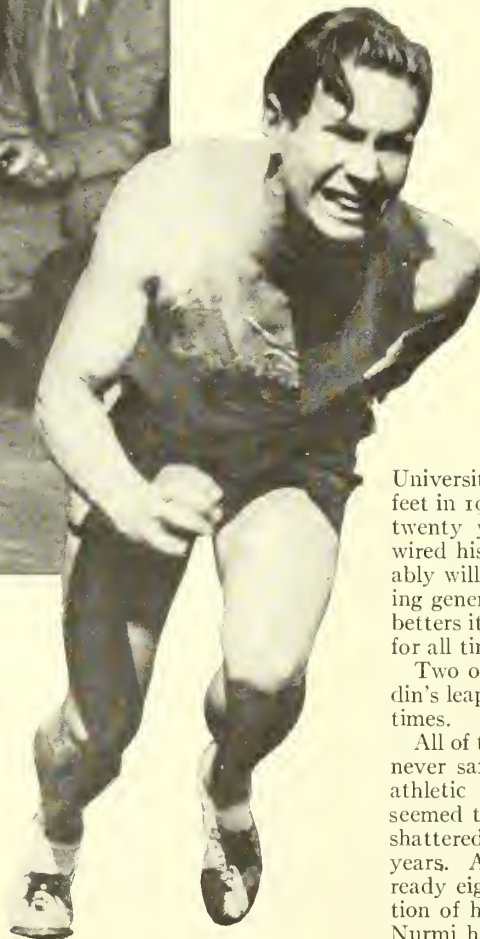


# *A Little* FASTER *A Little*



W. G. George's record of  $4.12\frac{3}{4}$  for the mile stood for twenty-nine years before Norman Taber of Rhode Island, in 1915, cut the Englishman's mark to  $4.12\frac{3}{5}$ —three-twentieths of a second difference. Eight years later Paavo Nurmi of Finland (above) took off over two seconds.

The record of  $9\frac{5}{10}$  for the hundred-yard dash held by Charlie Paddock of California (right) is only three-tenths of a second under the mark made by John Owen, Jr., of the Detroit Athletic Club in 1890—but in the hundred what a whale of a difference a tenth of a second makes!



EARLY in June, 1923, Joie W. Ray of Chicago, one of the best distance runners this country has produced, tried to shatter the then world's record for one mile of four minutes, twelve and three-fifths seconds which Norman S. Taber of Rhode Island had established in 1915. It was on the track which had seen Taber's successful performance that Ray made his attempt, that in the Harvard Stadium at Cambridge, Massachusetts. But the track was heavy from rain, and Ray was not in particularly good form. Not only did he fail to break the record—he did not even win over rather mediocre runners to whom he had given handicaps.

Later that summer Edward J. O'Connor, who is track coach, and a good one, at Purdue University, wrote an article for a newspaper in his home town, Worcester, Massachusetts, commenting on the Ray attempt. O'Connor had had more to do with Taber's success eight years earlier than anyone except Taber himself. While track coach at Brown University he had brought the future record-holder from a plodding mediocrity to the almost unbelievable height of running a tie race in the Intercollegiates with John Paul Jones of Cornell, probably the brightest star in the galaxy of track brilliants that has made the name of Moakley known the world over. On top of this Taber had outrun Jones in the fifteen-hundred meters at the 1912 Olympics, running third to A. N. S. Jackson of Oxford, later to be his team-mate on a record-smashing Oxford relay team. A year after his return from England, with O'Connor again training him, he had set up the new world's mile record.

So O'Connor was qualified to say something about Taber and Ray and the world's record in the mile. After touching on Ray's failure he ventured this prophecy:

"My private opinion is that if anyone breaks the world's record for one mile, he will do it in competition rather than being paced. I will conclude by saying that most of us who are alive today will be long since dead when the new youth turns the trick."

Forty days later one Paavo Nurmi of Finland turned the trick in a race at Stockholm, Sweden. His time was  $4.10\frac{2}{5}$ . Half of the O'Connor prediction was correct. Nurmi was not paced. But the record was broken.

When Gourdin of Harvard University cleared better than twenty-five feet in 1921, smashing a mark that had lasted twenty years, an enthusiastic sports writer wired his newspaper: "Gourdin's mark probably will remain a target for athletes of coming generations to shoot at, unless he himself betters it before he lays away his spiked shoes for all time."

Two other Americans have bettered Gourdin's leap and one of them has done it several times.

All of this is by way of illustrating that it is never safe to prophesy exactly how long an athletic record will last. Mr. O'Connor seemed to be on safe ground. His pupil had shattered a mark that had stood twenty-nine years. As he wrote, the Taber record was already eight years old and gave every indication of holding on to a ripe old age. Paavo Nurmi had won the ten-thousand-meter run



By Alexander Gardiner

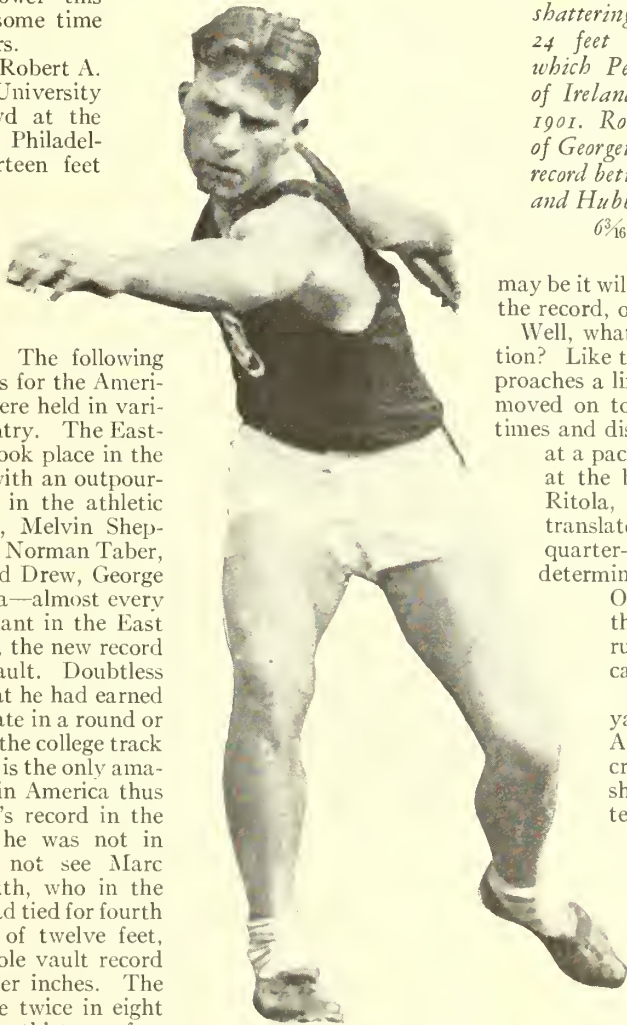
# FARTHER

in the 1920 Olympics, but—well, the mile record looked safe. Since that time Nurmi and Joie Ray have each run a mile indoors in 4.12, Lloyd Hahn of the Boston A. A. has done 4.12 $\frac{1}{3}$ , and probably nobody today expects that the 4.10 $\frac{2}{3}$  mark will last even as long as Taber's did. The broad jump mark also looked eminently safe at a shade under twenty-five feet until Gourdin smashed it.

Just a few weeks ago a young Swedish school teacher named Edwin Wide, a visitor to our shores, announced calmly that he was going to lower to 8.57 the two-mile record which Nurmi now holds, at 8.58 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Quite Nurmi-like, he told in advance the times he would make at various points in the race. He failed, but imagine the attitude he took toward a record which, before it was made, was soberly declared to be impossible. Experts would not be surprised to see either Nurmi or Wide lower this superlative record some time in the next two years.

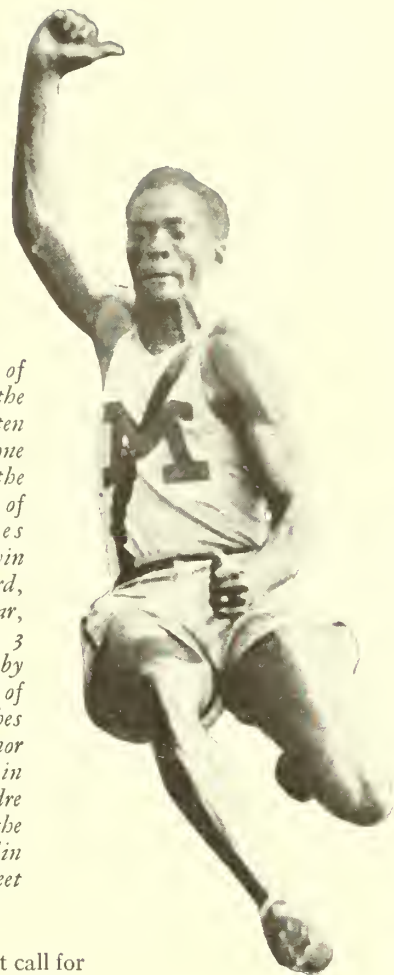
On June 1, 1912, Robert A. Gardner of Yale University electrified the crowd at the Intercollegiates in Philadelphia by doing thirteen feet one inch in the pole vault. He smashed the old record by little more than two inches, but he had laid the thirteen-foot bogie. The following Saturday the tryouts for the American Olympic team were held in various parts of the country. The Eastern section games took place in the Harvard Stadium, with an outpouring of men famous in the athletic world—Abel Kiviat, Melvin Shepard, Ted Meredith, Norman Taber, R. C. Craig, Howard Drew, George L. Horine, Tel Berna—almost every track and field brilliant in the East except Mr. Gardner, the new record holder in the pole vault. Doubtless Mr. Gardner felt that he had earned the right to participate in a round or two of golf now that the college track season was over—he is the only amateur golf champion in America thus far to hold a world's record in the pole vault. Since he was not in Cambridge he did not see Marc Wright of Dartmouth, who in the Philadelphia meet had tied for fourth place with a vault of twelve feet, break the world's pole vault record by one and a quarter inches. The thing had been done twice in eight days! Henceforth thirteen feet would never be anything but par for aspiring pole vaulters.

By the time this article appears fourteen feet may have been scaled—Charles Hoff of Norway has done thirteen feet, eleven and thirteen-sixteenths inches, and Sabin Carr of Yale last February vaulted thirteen feet nine and a quarter inches at an indoor meet. Whatever the new mark



*The world's best discus throw, by Clarence Houser of California, 158 feet, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, represents an improvement of just above a foot over the best previous mark. Houser has a good chance to better Ralph Rose's shot-put mark of 51 feet flat, made in 1909, oldest surviving record among the fifteen standard track and field events*

*De Hart Hubbard of Michigan can run the hundred in under ten seconds, which is one reason why he holds the broad-jump record of 25 feet 10 $\frac{7}{8}$  inches made in 1925. Edwin O. Gourdin of Harvard, another Negro star, jumped 25 feet 3 inches in 1921, thereby shattering the mark of 24 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches which Peter O'Connor of Ireland had set in 1901. Robert Legendre of Georgetown held the record between Gourdin and Hubbard—25 feet 6 $\frac{1}{16}$  inches*



may be it will not be last call for the record, one may be certain.

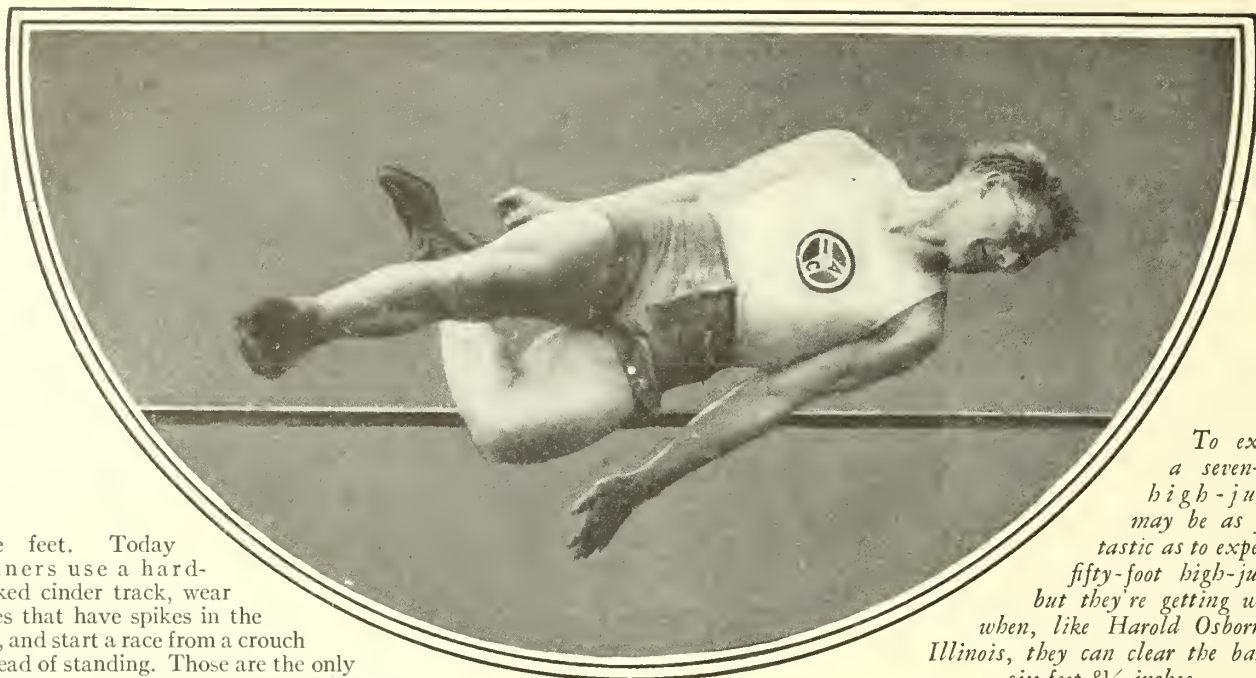
Well, what is last call for records in track and field competition? Like the variable in the algebraic formula that always approaches a limit and never gets there, the records of today have moved on to what would have seemed impossible heights and times and distances a generation ago. The two-mile is now run at a pace that would have been at least fair for the mile run at the beginning of the century. And Nurmi and Willie Ritola, to mention two men in active competition, have translated distance running into terms of the old-time quarter-mile. These men go out at the beginning of a run determined to hold the lead throughout the entire race.

Other runners have adopted this system because under the old method they found themselves far back in the ruck without a chance of winning when the final lap came.

What is the limit of human speed in the hundred yard dash, for instance? Charles W. Paddock of Los Angeles, whom the Amateur Athletic Union five times credited with nine and three-fifths seconds for the short dash, was last fall granted a nine and five-tenths seconds mark. At the same time the A. A. U. abolished, for the time being at least, tenths-seconds watches. So Paddock's record cannot be tied; it must be beat; in other words, it will be necessary for a sprinter to do nine and two-fifths seconds to make any sort of stir in the athletic world. These conditions are duplicated in the two-twenty-yard dash, for which Roland Locke of the University of Nebraska was granted a world's record of twenty and five-tenths seconds. The man that breaks through in the two-twenty will have to do twenty and two-fifths seconds.

The hundred and two-twenty yard dashes come nearer to being like the contests of the ancient Greeks than does anything else in the athletic calendar. The first few of the original Olympic Games had only one event, the dromos, a foot race of nearly two hundred yards in soft sand. The contestants ran in heats, with





*To expect  
a seven-foot  
high-jump  
may be as fan-  
tastic as to expect a  
fifty-foot high-jump,  
but they're getting warm  
when, like Harold Osborn of  
Illinois, they can clear the bar at  
six feet 8¼ inches*

bare feet. Today runners use a hard-packed cinder track, wear shoes that have spikes in the sole, and start a race from a crouch in tead of standing. Those are the only differences. The spiked shoe is a legacy of the middle ages, having been used by wrestlers.

The crouching start is so modern that the man whose claim to having originated it stands up better than that of any other is still alive. He is General Charles H. Sherrill of New York City, who, as a member of the Yale track team, won first place in the short dash at the Intercollegiates in four successive years, 1887-'90. General Sherrill is one of the three American members of the International Olympic Committee, which arranges details of competition at the quadrennial international games.

Sherrill evolved the crouching start as a method of steadying himself, and for no other reason. In several races he had been penalized for false starts, and the crouch kept him better poised. At first he did not realize that the new method of starting made him any faster, but gradually it dawned on him and other athletes that the crouch gave a quicker getaway. In England, which soon adopted this method, the crouch is still called the Sherrill start. A peculiar fact in connection with all this is that the late Mike Murphy, of Yale, Pennsylvania and Olympic Games fame, was in charge of training athletes at Yale while Sherrill was there, and yet five years after Sherrill's graduation, when most runners had adopted the crouching start, Murphy advised a modified standing start as the surest way to become "an A-1 runner."

It was in Washington, D. C., on an October day in 1890, that America first saw the hundred yards indisputably run in less than ten seconds. The feat was performed by John Owen, Jr., of the Detroit Athletic Club, a man of thirty who had been running less than two years. Sherrill was in Europe, but Westing of the Manhattan A. C. of New York, a sure ten-seconds performer, and Luther H. Cary of Princeton Theological Seminary were counted on to beat the Detroit man, whose sensational work in races in the middle West had caused a New York paper to refer to him as "the 9¾-seconds-man-with-the-wind-at-his-back." In the discussion that followed the setting of the new record many Eastern newspapers were inclined to doubt that Owen had really turned the

trick, but the New York *Tribune* accepted the time and made this grave comment in an editorial:

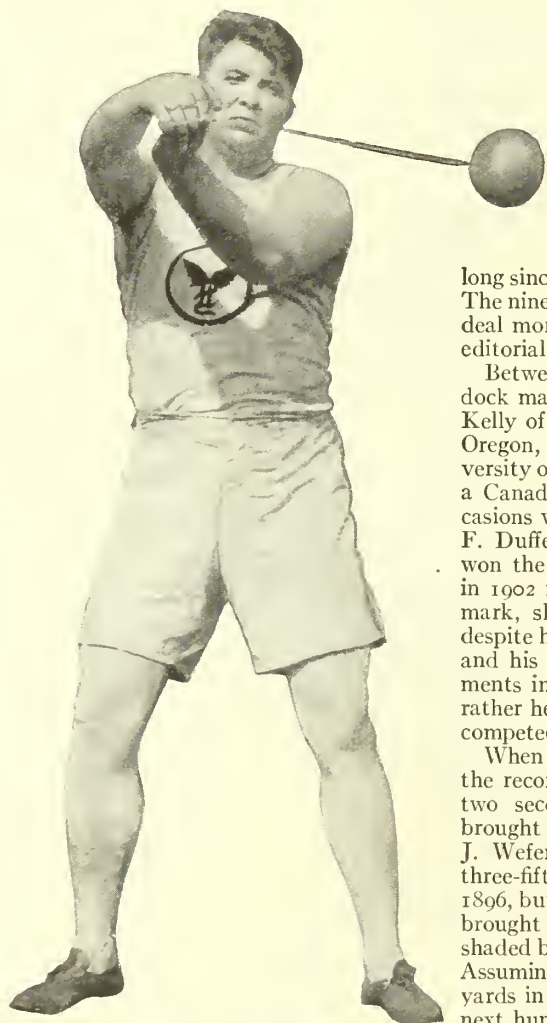
"To cover one hundred yards in ten seconds is a great feat; to make such a record as Owen did on Saturday is an achievement that takes rank, in its way, with the wonderful performances of the heroes of the trotting and racing world—of Maud S. and Salvator. Now, when will the nine-second limit be reached?"

Perhaps it is safe to say that most of us alive today will have been long since dead when that happy day arrives. The nine-second mark certainly looks a great deal more remote today than it did to that editorial writer thirty-six and a half years ago.

Between Owen's 9¼ and the latest Paddock mark stood the 9¾ credited to D. J. Kelly of the Multnomah A. C. of Portland, Oregon, Howard P. Drew of the University of Southern California, Cyril Coaffee, a Canadian, and Paddock, who on five occasions was allowed that time. But Arthur F. Duffey of Georgetown University, who won the short dash at the Intercollegiates in 1902 in 9¾, the first man to make that mark, should be given honorable mention despite his losing his standing as an amateur and his right to the record through statements in a magazine that he had accepted rather heavy expense money in the years he competed in various parts of the world.

When the A. A. U. was organized in 1888 the record for the two-twenty was twenty-two seconds. In 1891 Luther H. Cary brought it down a fifth of a second. Bernard J. Wefers of Georgetown University took three-fifths of a second off Cary's mark, in 1896, but it was not until 1921 that Paddock brought the record to 20¼, which Locke shaded by three-tenths of a second last year. Assuming that Locke ran his first hundred yards in 9¼ seconds, he must have run the next hundred and twenty yards at the rate of eight and eleven-twelfths seconds per hundred yards.

The matter of timing has caused more hard feeling in discussions of the short dashes than any other factor. Back in the 90's, when Americans were showing the way



*Stand from under when Patrick J. Ryan of New York starts to swing the sixteen-pound hammer. He once flung it 189 feet 6½ inches, and the record has stood for fourteen years*



to Englishmen in the hundred and the two-twenty, it was the common thing in England to sneer at "American timing." Visits which American amateur and professional sprinters made to England and Scotland, notably Duffey and Thomas F. Keane, for the past twenty years track coach at Syracuse University, finally brought from Englishmen the admission that Americans were their superiors in the dashes. Duffey cleaned up the amateurs, and Keane, born in England but brought up in Boston, thrice won the Sheffield Handicap, a professional dash that in its day was to sprinting what the Derby is to horse racing. Keane was a remarkable "money runner."

With the rise of Western sprinters the Easterners started the criticism which had been leveled at Americans by the English. Give an Eastern track enthusiast half a chance and he will express grave doubts that Kelly or Drew or Paddock ever did  $9\frac{3}{5}$  for the hundred, let alone the faster time the A. A. U. has given Paddock. The success of California athletes at intercollegiate meets in various parts of the country since the war constitutes a rather effective answer to these critics. The West Coast is developing a race of super-athletes, and bids fair to walk away with most of the records.

An elaborate experiment conducted by English sporting authorities at the Queen's Club, London, in May, 1924, established some interesting facts about sprinting. H. M. Abrahams, who later in that year was to take first place in the one hundred meters at the Olympic Games and tie the record, ran a hundred yards in which his every stride was so carefully noted by a host of observers that they were able to set down the number of strides in each second and the exact length of each stride, and to establish that the inertia of the start in this particular race, in which the runner was caught in the time of  $9\ 92'\ 100$ , lost him thirty-six feet—in other words, with a flying start he could have covered 112 yards in the same time. Toward the end of the race Abrahams was making eleven yards ten inches per second, and had this rate been maintained for the entire hundred yards he would have run the distance in exactly  $8\ 86/100$  seconds.

The A. A. U., in barring for the time being the tenths-seconds watch, was guided by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, with which it is affiliated. The Bureau of Standards of the United States Department of Commerce informs me that not only are tenths-seconds watches accurate, but that it is possible to time accurately to hundredths of seconds, but in the latter case only automatically. If the start and finish of a race are recorded electrically hundredths-seconds watches may be employed. The British use



*Ted Meredith of Pennsylvania held two world records until last year. Then Dr. Otto Peltzer of Germany took the half-mile mark away from him, running the distance in  $1.51\frac{3}{5}$ . But Meredith's mark of  $47\frac{2}{5}$  for the quarter-mile, made in 1916, still stands*



*Charles R. Brookins of Iowa holds the two-twenty-yards hurdles record—23 seconds flat. Just try to run the distance that fast without anything in the way*

these hundredths-seconds watches, and in at least one set of games, those of the Big Ten Conference in 1925, they have been employed in this country. Neither of the two big intercollegiate track associations of the United States has barred the tenths-seconds watch, but for the present any record which cannot be computed in fifths-seconds will not be accepted by the Amateur Athletic Union of this country or the International Amateur Athletic Union with which it is affiliated.

In the 440-yard dash the official world's record is  $47\frac{2}{5}$  seconds, made by Ted Meredith of the University of Pennsylvania twice in 1916. But a mark of forty-seven seconds flat made by Maxwell W. Long of the New York Athletic Club on an old race track at Guttenberg, New Jersey, in 1900 deserves special mention. The race, a straightaway on an old race-track that is said to have sloped upward for the first three-hundred yards, was witnessed by about forty experts. Long had two men pace him in his attempt, one running the first two-twenty yards and the other the second, and his speed was so tremendous that some of the experts convinced some of the newspapermen that had the race been run on a regulation cinder track he would have made it in forty-six seconds. However, it was a straightaway, and therefore cannot get anything but honorable mention. Somewhere between twenty and three hundred yards a man begins to slow down just a trifle, as an examination of the best times for the two events will show, and of course the next hundred and forty yards finds him gripping his corks and giving everything he has. Obviously, the man who gets inside Meredith's record for an oval track will hold the punishing pace of the sprints longer than anyone has yet done and his carry-through at the end will show very little let-down.

Dr. Otto Peltzer of Germany is the present record holder in the 880-yard run. He clipped three-fifths of a second from Ted Meredith's mark in setting up the record of  $1.51\frac{3}{5}$  in England last July. This means that he averaged  $55\frac{1}{5}$  seconds for each quarter mile. Peltzer is likely to better this time this year or next, when the Olympic Games are held in Amsterdam, and we may yet see 1.50 as a mark for the half-mile run.

Nurmi's mark in the mile run may be in for an early beating, perhaps by Nurmi himself. Edwin (Continued on page 60)



# A SALUTARY EPISODE

*Showing How Seriously Some of Us Took Our Rank Ten Years Ago—Even Corporals*

By Wallgren



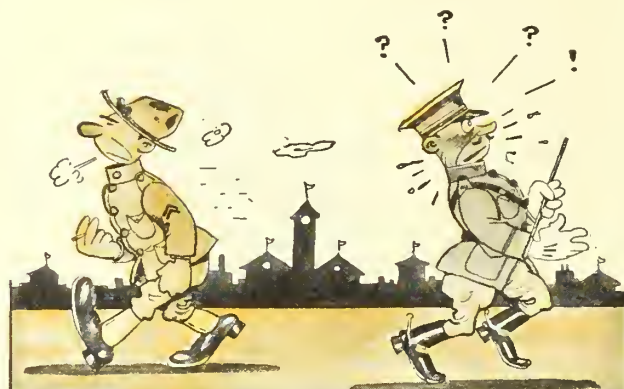
Brand new second loopy: "Gosh! I'm so nervous! This will be my first public appearance as a real officer. I'm all fussed."



"I'll hardly know how to act when an enlisted man salutes me. It will be so thrilling. Mercy!! Here comes one now."



"Oh, goody! He's a corporal; a Regular, I guess. Watch me knock his eye out with a snappy comeback when he throws me a highball!"



"I guess he hasn't noticed me yet—Why, th' sonovagun!! He breezes right by without giving me a tumble! Can you imagine that?!!"



"Say there, young fellow! Wot's th' idea? Don't you never salute officers?!!"



"No," replied the crusty corporal, walking on. Wherewith the poor lieutenant fainted—and when he came to the war was over, and here it is 1927 already.



# Bursts and Duds

## WELL, HARDLY!

"You told me before we were married that I would always be in command of your life," upbraided the disillusioned wife, "and now you never kiss me."

"A soldier never kisses his commanding officer," responded the brute.

## OUT OF KILTER



"I'm gettin' me a new gat today," announced a gunman as he leaned against the speakeasy's bar and tossed off a few. "Wot's wrong wit' de old one?" inquired his friend.

"It's gone back on me. All I got last night was a innocent by-stander."

## NULL AND VOID

"The trouble with the motorist is that he doesn't give a damn for the pedestrian."

"Well, after he's hit him the pedestrian usually isn't worth a damn."

## F. O. B.

First Pedestrian (on busy Los Angeles street): "Where on earth does all this traffic come from?"

Second Pedestrian (proving there still are that many): "Mostly from Detroit, I should say."

## PURE MOTIVES

The crook was worried.

"Gosh!" he growled. "I wish I was bothered by kleptomania!"

"Why?" inquired his friend.

"Then I wouldn't be takin' stuff off guys all the time just because I want the jack."

## THE OBSTRUCTION

"Yes, sir!" narrated the motorist. "The old hack quivered a bit, with the motor still running, mind you, came to a dead stop and refused to budge an inch. What do you suppose was the trouble?"

"Rear end?" guessed his friend.

"Darned if I know. But, rear or front end, there he was, right under the front wheels."

## ADVANCE INFORMATION

"Kenneth Joslin Jones," piped the little girl, "I'm going right over and tell your mother what you said!"

"Huh!" snorted the terrible tot. "My mama's in Paris an' by the time you see her again you'll be my step-sister, if you know what I mean!"

## EDITORIAL DIGESTION

"We regret that your apple pie does not meet our immediate needs," rejected the editor to his bride during their first meal, "but we are at all times receptive to cranberry tarts and you will find us a ready market for nut cake. While we are at present paying only moderately in affection after consumption, we hope at an early date to pay more effusively on acceptance."

## AVAST, BELAY!

"They've dropped anchor!" shouted the new yeoman.

"That doesn't surprise me in the least," snapped the even newer yeomanette. "It was hanging over the side all afternoon."

## SPECIALIZATION

During a murder trial a medical witness was being subjected to a severe cross-examination. Finally he refused to answer any more questions.

"Now, now!" he remonstrated. "You're trying to put me in a hole."

"I'm not a doctor," snorted the lawyer. "I can't put you in a hole!"

## AFTERGLOW

"Dear," she gushed, "isn't this romantic?"

"What? That box of matches?"

"Yes, they were licensed the very year we got married!"

## TOO SOON TO TELL



Bert Williams used to say. He approached an intelligent looking individual.

"How's the drinking water here, neighbor?" he asked. "Pure, is it?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," replied the other.

"Oh, you've just moved to town, too?"

"Who, me? Nope—I've lived here forty years."

## NOT EVEN THEN

He was rapidly nearing the end. Calmly discussing the future with his wife, he expressed his readiness to go and a smile of grim humor wreathed his lips.

"This is one time," he gasped, "when I shall have the last word."

"Amen!" his wife ejaculated, as he lapsed into unconsciousness.

## NO EQUALITY AT ALL



prior to it. Good day."

"Now that I've given you a big dinner, are you equal to the job of washing dishes?" asked a housewife.

"Madame," replied the educated tramp, "I'm superior to it. Good day."

## APPEARANCES

A sheik son was back for the holidays and his father was trying to make him feel "at home."

"That's a fine fishing rod you have there, my boy," he said. "I've always wanted one like that which you could take apart and carry in your pocket."

"But, dad," remonstrated the youth, "that's no fishing rod. That's a cigarette holder."

## IN THE COURSE OF THE ARGUMENT

Said he: "But why bring that up again? I thought you'd forgiven and forgotten."

Said she: "But I don't want you to forget that I *have* forgotten and forgiven."

## CONTRARIWISE

Charlotte: "Why do you say Mabel is disagreeable? She never is with me."

Martyn: "But she always sticks up for everyone I want to talk to her about."

## IT ALL DEPENDS

"Is an operation necessary, doctor?" the frightened youth asked.

"Absolutely necessary," the learned man informed him.

"What will it cost?"

"According to your earning capacity—what is your salary?"

"Only twenty dollars a week," confessed the young man.

"On second thought," observed the great physician, wrinkling his brows, "I believe an operation can be dispensed with. Take this pill and get out."

## IN DOUBT



"And where did you come from, my little man?" asked the kindly old lady.

"Well," returned the sophisticated youngster, "with all this fundamentalist versus evolution stir-up that's going on, I must confess that I am quite at sea on the subject."



# ONE Month to Go

## By Watson B. Miller

A FAR-AWAY look came into the eyes of the man sitting at the glass-top desk in an office on the ninth floor of the huge building of the Veterans Bureau in Washington, D. C. From the windows on two sides of his office he could see Washington in springtime—a city of white buildings spread among green parks and sentinelled by endless rows of trees which were just changing from buds to leaves. To the south, across an intervening park, lay the White House, and beyond, the Washington Monument. A glint of sunshine on distant waters—the Potomac—showed to the south also, and beyond the silvery streak of the water rose the slope on which lies the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

Washington in springtime! Outside the warm air was redolent with the breeze-born scent of flowers and heavy with the musky odor of steaming soil. A dreamy day, a day on which one's thoughts would naturally turn to fishing or golf or some such good reason for fleeing from a ninth-floor office. A good day for reverie—for a winged mind to travel back over ten years and several thousand miles and reconstruct the happenings of the earliest fighting days of the American Army in France.

The man was George E. Ijams. He is Assistant Director in charge of the Adjudication Service of the United States Veterans Bureau, of which service the Insurance Division of the Bureau is a part. His name isn't as hard to pronounce as it looks—it rhymes with times.

Colonel Ijams had been an insurance man before the World War. He had entered service to fight with the First Division, but, much to his chagrin, had found himself in France suddenly charged with the task of insuring twenty-seven thousand soldiers of his division who were about to risk their lives in battle. Largely because of the surpassingly successful way he handled that job, he finds himself today at the head of the government division which is trying to induce more than three million World War veterans to reinstate their lapsed government insurance policies of wartime before it is too late to do so—to persuade more than three

million men to come back into Uncle Sam's insurance fold before July 2, 1927, the last day on which Uncle Sam will permit a veteran to reinstate his old policy of wartime or convert the temporary insurance of wartime into one of the permanent forms of government insurance.

Colonel Ijams—in Washington everybody still retains military titles as a matter of course—has been facing an uphill task. For more than seven years the Government, assisted by the Legion, has been giving sound advice on insurance to the four million veterans of the World War armies. But despite the low premiums of the Government, and other exceptional advantages which those policies hold over policies sold by private companies, only

six hundred thousand service men remained holders of Uncle Sam's policies in March of this year. At that time only three months were left in which to persuade the remaining three million or more potential veteran policyholders to protect their rights.

Colonel Ijams was thinking of all this as he sat at his desk—young, vigorous, straightforward, the type of man anyone likes and trusts.

Here was the problem—more than three million men about to lose, perhaps forever, insurance rights which are overwhelmingly valuable to them, but most of them rooted in indifference and apathy, unwilling to make the slight effort which will enable them to protect their families by reinstating their government insurance policies and converting them before it is too late.

Is it any wonder that looking from his windows in Washington, out over the tops of the burgeoning trees to a glorious spring day, Colonel Ijams answered the trumpet call of memory, calling him away from the present backward on the years to 1917 and the American Army's training ground in France.

"I remember," said Colonel Ijams, "those days when it was not hard to sell a service man a government insurance policy. I recall the days of 1917 when the First Division was moving toward the front lines and a few of us were running a race against time and death to protect as many as possible of the men

APPLICATION FOR  
WAR RISK INSURANCE

Organization *Btry A-6th FA* . A. R. P. . January 17, 1918.

All Insurance to take effect from date of signature.

Name and Rank	Birthday	Age	Beneficiary	Address	Am't. Prom.	Signature
			Relationship			
<i>Henry Granitz</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Apr. 13</i> <i>1895</i> <i>23</i>		<i>Frank Granitz</i> <i>Father</i> <i>\$3000</i> <i>Mary Granitz</i> <i>Wife</i> <i>\$3000</i> <i>Ann Granitz</i> <i>Sister</i> <i>\$2000</i> <i>Joe Granitz</i> <i>Brother</i> <i>\$2000</i>	<i>all</i> <i>Illinois</i> <i>Br 47</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.50</i>	<i>Henry Granitz</i>
<i>Refus Hayatt Adams</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Apr. 8</i> <i>1897</i> <i>21</i>		<i>Emily Adams</i> <i>Mother</i>	<i>411 N Jackson St</i> <i>Thomasville</i> <i>Georgia</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.50</i>	<i>Refus Hayatt Adams</i>
<i>Albert Munton</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Feb. 24</i> <i>1884</i> <i>34</i>		<i>Alexander Munton</i> <i>Brother</i>	<i>Laft. California</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>7.50</i>	<i>Albert Munton</i>
<i>Harold Dophittle</i> <i>Sapp</i> <i>Epl.</i>	<i>Oct 6</i> <i>1897</i> <i>27</i>		<i>Lattie Sapp</i> <i>Sister</i>	<i>314 7th St.</i> <i>Urbana</i> <i>Washington</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.70</i>	<i>Harold Dophittle</i>
<i>Henry Thurgens</i> <i>Williams</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>June 10</i> <i>1897</i> <i>21</i>		<i>Howard Elliot Williams</i> <i>Father</i>	<i>Warrenton</i> <i>West Virginia</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.50</i>	<i>Henry Thurgens</i>
<i>Jonas Kudak</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>July 5</i> <i>1893</i> <i>25</i>		<i>John Kudak</i> <i>Brother</i>	<i>Centrales</i> <i>Guineabana</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.60</i>	<i>Jonas Kudak</i>
<i>Rosaquale Mathias</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Sept. 23</i> <i>1897</i> <i>19</i>		<i>Catherine Mathias</i> <i>Mother</i>	<i>1228 2nd Ave</i> <i>Prineville</i> <i>Oregon</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.40</i>	<i>Rosaquale Mathias</i>
<i>Russell Linn Little</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Apr. 22</i> <i>1898</i> <i>20</i>		<i>Maudie Little</i> <i>Sister</i> <i>Mother</i>	<i>512 B Ave</i> <i>San Francisco</i> <i>California</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.40</i>	<i>Russell Linn Little</i>
<i>John Robert Gellis</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Apr. 14</i> <i>1899</i> <i>19</i>		<i>Alie Gellis</i> <i>Mother</i>	<i>18 Water St</i> <i>Leeds</i> <i>England</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>6.40</i>	<i>John Robert Gellis</i>
<i>George Hines</i> <i>Priv.</i>	<i>Sept 7</i> <i>1890</i> <i>27</i>		<i>Elizabeth Hines</i> <i>Mother</i>	<i>1016 4th Ave</i> <i>Carrollton</i> <i>Michigan</i>	<i>10000</i> <i>7.50</i>	<i>George Hines</i>

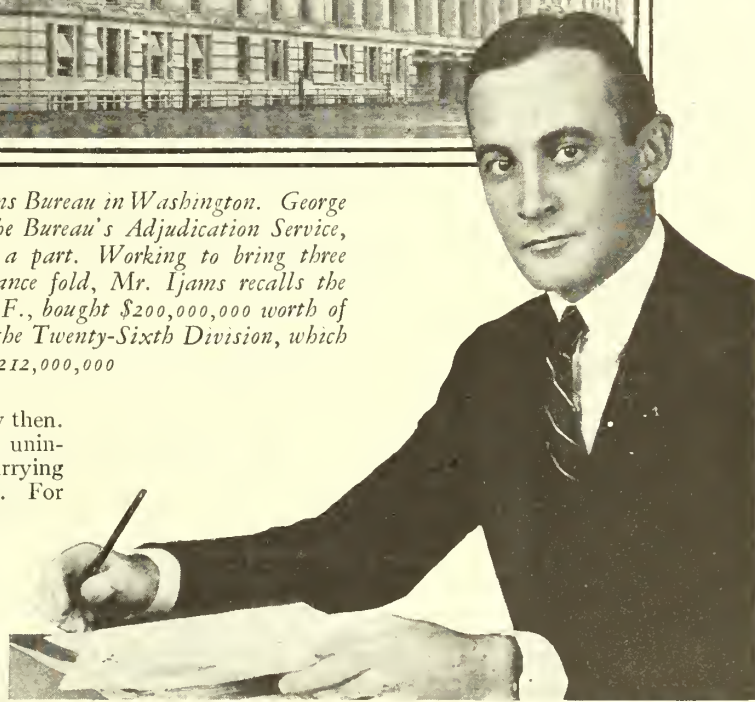
Witnessed by \_\_\_\_\_

One hundred thousand dollars' worth of insurance—just an application sheet for members of Battery A, Sixth Field Artillery, First Division, filled out in a day when insurance did not have to be sold—January 12, 1918. Note that "all insurance" was "to take effect from date of signature." That was more than nine years ago. Today the veteran who has discontinued his wartime insurance has only until July 2, 1927, to reinstate it. For every man who holds one of Uncle Sam's policies there are five eligibles who don't





*The offices of the United States Veterans Bureau in Washington. George E. Ijams is Assistant Director of the Bureau's Adjudication Service, of which the Insurance Division is a part. Working to bring three million veterans back into the insurance fold, Mr. Ijams recalls the time when the First Division, A. E. F., bought \$200,000,000 worth of insurance, a record surpassed only by the Twenty-Sixth Division, which signed up for \$212,000,000*



who were about to go into battle. Selling insurance was easy then.

"Whenever I meet today a World War veteran who is uninsured I recall a little incident of the days when we were hurrying to get our whole division insured before it got into battle. For days we had been traveling at top speed from one outfit to another, exhorting the men to sign up for a policy with Uncle Sam, the premiums to be taken out of their pay. Strangely enough, even on the edge of that furnace of death, with the hot flames reaching out to scorch them, a few men were quite sceptical of the insurance we were offering. For the most part they were men with loosened family ties, men who had no real dependents. But even the sceptical men usually came round when they learned all about the insurance Uncle Sam was offering. Rarely we found a man who had nobody hoping he would come back from the war alive—nobody who was worthy to be the beneficiary of his insurance.

"One day as we rode from one infantry outfit to another I happened to sight an ammunition train in a woods. My map showed that no such outfit had been assigned to that spot, so I hastily turned off the main road, bumped along over a side road and stopped at the train's headquarters.

"I explained my job to a captain—told him his men ought to sign up for insurance as quickly as possible. 'I'll come back this way tomorrow to take applications,' I told him. 'All right,' he answered. 'I'm glad you've come. And, that reminds me—here's a letter from a chap, one of our ammunition truck drivers, who wants to get covered right away.'

"The captain handed me a letter. As I recall, it ran something like this: 'Dear Captain: Last night they dropped a shell about two feet from my wagon which happened to be loaded with high-explosive shells and shrapnel. I have heard that the Government is giving us fellows a chance to take life insurance. I would like to get covered with all this the Government will sell me. I

want it payable to my mother. This will be your authority to make any deduction necessary from my pay.'

"I made a notation, so that I could send a wire to Willard Straight, who was then in charge of the insurance campaign in the A. E. F., and I told the captain the man was insured.

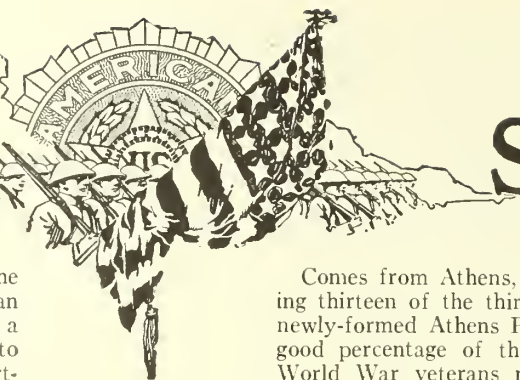
"The next day when I came back to that outfit the captain rushed up in some excitement. 'Did you say, yesterday, that that man was insured?' he asked. 'Yes,' I told him. 'Well, they got him last night,' he added.

"I didn't have to spend much time explaining insurance to that outfit. Every last man signed up as soon as I handed the papers round."

This happening is only one of many which Colonel Ijams remembers when his mind travels back to those days of 1917 when the First Division made the second best insurance record of all the divisions in France. That record was made when the division was scattered through the Gondrecourt area, waiting to move into the front line. In the space of a few weeks, at the hurried solicitation of Colonel Ijams, a lieutenant (Continued on page 76)



# KEEPING STEP



**S**IAMESE Twins Post No. 1 might be the title of Texarkana Post of The American Legion, which has two souls but only a single identity. Soul No. 1 belongs to Texarkana Post No. 58 of the Department of Arkansas, and Soul No. 2 is Texarkana Post No. 25 of the Department of Texas. But in the city of Texarkana, which straddles the borderline between Texas and Arkansas, it is simply Texarkana Post—and it has only one set of officers. The city, however, is governed by two sets of municipal officers. Texarkana Post is the only Legion post which elects two sets of delegates to department conventions. It sends one group to the Texas convention annually, and another to the Arkansas convention.

"Here's something else to tell the rest of the Legion," adds Robert E. Yorke, Commander of the Twelfth District of the Department of Arkansas. "This post owns and operates its own ball park and just now is busy in a campaign to land for Texarkana a joint convention of the Departments of Texas and Arkansas in 1928."

Mr. Yorke says that a good start toward the bi-state convention was made early this year when Legion and Auxiliary officials of both departments gathered in Texarkana to greet Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, National President of the Auxiliary. When one considers that Mrs. F. M. Hardin, President of the Texas Department of the Auxiliary, had to travel more than seven hundred miles to reach Texarkana, he can understand something of Texas's vastness. Mrs. Hardin's home is Harlingen, Texas, near the Mexican Border.

While Mrs. Macauley was in Texarkana a Keeping Step cameraman, under the direction of Mr. Yorke, made the photograph reproduced on this page. Mrs. Macauley is shown standing in the center of State Line Avenue with one foot in Texas and the other in Arkansas. At the right is Mrs. F. M. Hardin, Texas Department President, and at the left is Mrs. Jesse Cox, of Malvern, Arkansas, President of the Department of Arkansas. Other leaders of both southwestern departments appear in the picture.

**I**N VIENNA or Athens, in Havana or Antofagasta—you'll find the Legion carrying on. From the Grand Hotel in Vienna comes a menu card, emblazoned with a rampant and golden lion, a souvenir of the first monthly luncheon of Legionnaires in Austria's capital. "Please pass word along that all Legionnaires who find themselves in Vienna any third Wednesday of any month, are invited to attend our Legion luncheon," writes Henry C. H. Stewart. "Register as a Legionnaire when your passport is O.K.'d," adds Mr. Stewart

Comes from Athens, Greece, a photograph showing thirteen of the thirty-eight charter members of newly-formed Athens Post, which hopes to enroll a good percentage of the fifteen hundred American World War veterans now living in Greece. The photograph was taken on the steps of the Acropolis.

Those shown were J. E. Machotka, S. D. Apostol, Harry Mauricides, Andrew Fethis, Nicholas Poulas, Andrew J. Karnavas, Hercules Naidu, Anthony Blase, Arthur Stamato-poulos, D. E. Bondjuk, Peter A. Panos and N. E. Kalergis.

R. S. Torrance, Commander of Havana (Cuba) Post, sends word that his post in March won a prize of one thousand dollars with the float it exhibited in the annual Havana Carnival Parade. Mr. Torrance recalls that a photograph of the post's float which won first prize of two thousand dollars in last year's parade was published in the Monthly for July,

1926. Incidentally, Mr. Torrance offers to send to any Legionnaire without charge a copy of the souvenir program prepared

by the post for its annual show, "Toot Sweet," given in the Teatro Principal de la Comedia.

The program has ninety pages and tells quite a bit about

Havana Post's many activities. There are a thousand of the programs left, and the first thousand Legionnaires who write for them will get copies, Mr. Torrance promises. The post made a profit of two thousand dollars from its show.

Legionnaire Frederick H. Hofmann, of La Grange (Illinois) Post, now working for the West India Oil Company at Antofagasta, Chile, reports that the visit of the Pan-American good-will flyers was the occasion for a Legion celebration at Mejillones, a small seaport with a lovely bay just north of Antofagasta. He adds that the whole American colony, which had entertained the American air service men, was shocked when news arrived some days later that two of the flyers, Captain C. F. Woolsey and Lieutenant J. W. Benton, had died in the crash of their plane at Buenos Aires, Argentina. Mr. Hofmann sent some photographs

taken during the stay of the flyers at Mejillones, but unfortunately the pictures are not clear enough for reproduction.

These letters from afar are only fresh proof that an American Legion button, whether at home or abroad, is the best kind of a passport to hospitality and new friendships.

**T**WO miles apart in Cook County, Georgia, stand the towns of Adel and Sparks, and sometimes the spiritual gap between them has seemed wider than the space shown by the road map. But since the World War, the towns have been coming closer and closer together, and this has not been due only to improvement of the highway connecting them. It has



*A foothold on two States. Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, National President of the Auxiliary, standing on the state line between Texas and Arkansas at Texarkana. Texas and Texans at the right. Arkansas and Arkansans at the left*



# KEEPING STEP

been due largely to the efforts of Cook County Post of the Legion, which has members in both towns. The growing friendliness between the two towns was attested recently when Cook County Post began a movement for the construction of a community high school building, midway between the towns, to replace the independent schools of both. Another feature of recent get-together efforts by the post was a post meeting held at a tourist camp between the towns.

"The post has done a mighty notable work in cementing friendships of the towns," comments Emory P. Bass, of Valdosta, Commander of the Department of Georgia. "And," adds Mr. Bass, "I note that the post has adopted the custom of giving a paid-subscription to the Monthly to the editor of a local newspaper—a new idea and a good one."

SUMMER or winter, Denver, Colorado, repays the tourist who comes to her by railroad or automobile. It is wonderful to arrive in Denver for the first time during a fiery sunset when black, broken clouds tinged with flame cast shadows on the snowy tops of the mountains that stretch toward distant Pike's Peak. And visitors never forget the mountain drive that takes one from Denver a score of miles through the town of Golden and, up thrilling and steep hairpin curves, to the top of Lookout Mountain.

This year, as for several years past, the Legionnaires from outside Colorado who make the magnificent climb to the top of Lookout Mountain, will find beyond this noted observation post an American Legion center, delightful and beautiful—Chief Hosa Lodge, the mountain home of all the American Legion posts of Denver.

Here, 7,682 feet above sea level, where snows sometimes play in summer, is a long building of rough stones, reminiscent of Alpine architecture, its roofs surmounted by huge stone

chimneys, its doors and windows opening upon a wide terrace. It is a place where visiting Legionnaires—and anybody else—may rest awhile or eat a beefsteak or chicken dinner.

In 1924 the city of Denver turned this building over to the Denver City Council of The American Legion. It had cost \$40,000. In the following year the city constructed an addition to the building to house an American Legion collection of war relics. The Legion council has published illustrated booklets describing the lodge and has distributed these through all the channels of information for tourists.

"We have placed in the lodge a guest register," writes H. Maxwell, City Adjutant of the Denver Legion council. "It is surprising to find the diversity of States and foreign countries our visitors represent."

Everyone who has the habit of getting away from his own doorstep occasionally will visit Denver eventually, so put down Chief Hosa Lodge as a place you hope to see sometime.

NO mosquitoes or hay fever," proclaims Arthur J. Stuart Post of Lubec, Maine, advertising the merits of Diamond Point Tourist Camp, which it maintains at the easternmost jumping-off place of the United States. "The tip end of the United States" it calls its camp, which is only three miles from West Quoddy Head Lighthouse, famed as the exact point where land ends. The camp site is within pebble-tossing distance of the Canadian border.

When Stuart Post selected its camp site several years ago and started out to tell the rest of the Legion about it, it had no idea that the eyes of the whole United States would soon be turning toward Passamaquoddy Bay. Chance decreed that the camp site should be but a short walk from the point where the dams and locks of Maine's \$100,000,000 tidal basin, power de-



*Where Denver Legionnaires eat and play in the cool summertime of the Colorado mountains—Chief Hosa Lodge, almost eight thousand feet above sea level, operated as a restaurant and rest camp by Denver City Council of the Legion. Hundreds of Legionnaire tourists visit the lodge each season*



# K E E P I N G S T E P

velopment project will begin. Almost everybody has heard of that project—the proposal to erect huge dams to impound one hundred square miles of the tidal waters of Passamaquoddy Bay to develop electricity in half-million horse-power turbines.

This project, which promises to remain the center of national attention, will require seven years. Its success is expected to result in the industrial transformation of New England.

Stuart Post's description of its camp would make any inlander long for a trip to it. "Lobsters, fish and clams are always available, and there is shore fishing from the bank," the post advises, adding: "Electric lights and pure mineral water are furnished free of charge; stone ovens for outdoor cooking and a cook house for wet weather; boating, bathing and deep sea fishing; ideal place in summer."

**T**HE blood-red poppy of France is more than a memory in Hampton, Virginia, for each year on Memorial Day Hampton Roads Post places on the graves of World War service men real, living French poppies, the descendants of the poppies of the battlefields. Resembling the remembered poppies of France so closely that only a botanist could detect differences, the Hampton poppies are the product of three years of experimentation by I. M. Ganly, chief gardener of the National Soldiers Home in Virginia. They are cultivated and grown each year for the Legion post. Mr. Ganly has named his poppy, "The American Legion." Colonel L. A. Thompson, governor of the Soldiers Home, has assisted the post each year in its program of raising poppies and decorating graves, according to J. A. Nicholas, Adjutant of the Department of Virginia. Have any other posts begun to grow these poppies?

**T**HE Georgia legislature which ninety-seven years ago gave a charter to the Methodist church on the Savannah road, in Burke County, five miles from the city of Waynesboro, couldn't have foreseen the day when the church would become an orphan, bereft of care because of the legislature's own miscalculated thoughtfulness. The legislature deeded to the church one hundred and fifty acres of land and specified that the institution should always be controlled by a self-perpetuating board of trustees.

The anticipated community development about the old church never took place. Ninety-seven years ago members of the congregation came from

Waynesboro itself to attend services; but Waynesboro grew and soon had a church of its own. The old church's trustees found their duties getting lighter and lighter until finally the unused church building seemed wholly forgotten by everybody.

This spring people got to talking about the old church. Despite the fact that it had not been used for services for many years, its roof and walls still stood, sound and beautiful, a perfect example of the best early American architecture. Everybody agreed something should be done to preserve it as a monument. But nobody had any definite idea of how this should be done until Burke Light Infantry Post of The American Legion, of Waynesboro, volunteered to take over the task. Then the church's trustees by vote named the Legion post as new trustees. Legion carpenters, painters and bricklayers quickly began the work of preservation and restoration. On May 11th the post held Memorial Day services and an all-day celebration at the old church to obtain funds needed in the work.

"We expect to hold post meetings in the church and to make it available for services at least once a month," writes H. Clifford Hatcher, a leader of the Waynesboro post and prominent in the Georgia Department.

**H**OW'S this for hands across the continent?" asks Dwight H. Reilly, Adjutant of Frank Patterson Post of Madison, New Jersey, adding:

"Last year Roy H. Anderson Post of Yankton, South Dakota, offered a gold medal as a prize to the Yankton high school boy or girl who submitted the best patriot's flag creed in the competition conducted under the auspices of the Legion's National Americanism Commission. When the post committee studied all the essays submitted it decided that the essay which clearly was entitled to the medal was one which had been written by Miss Florence Shearer. But it discovered that Miss Shearer no longer lived in Yankton—she had moved to Madison, New Jersey. So it came about that Commander Charles E. Muchmore of our post had the pleasure of formally presenting the medal to Miss Shearer at a ceremony held in the Madison high school."

**I**N this age of airplane flights to the North Pole and across the Atlantic, lots of things are changing. But so far nothing has altered our view that if war is



*"A cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." A glimpse through the darkness at the eternal beacon of the Kansas City World War Memorial which was begun with formal ceremonies during the Legion's national convention in Kansas City in 1921 attended by many Allied leaders*



# K E E P I N G S T E P



*Shortly after this photograph was made during an inspection, the New York-to-Paris plane, "The American Legion," crashed to earth in Virginia, killing Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis and his second pilot, Lieutenant Stanton Wooster. In the group are shown Edgar N. Gott, President of the Keystone Aircraft Corporation; Admiral William Moffett, Chief of Naval Aviation; Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant Wooster and Lieutenant Commander Davis*

ever forced upon the United States the man with a rifle will still be the first reliance of our imperilled nation. Recognition of this fact, perhaps, led the Philadelphia national convention of the Legion to indorse the work of the National Rifle Association and urge posts and individual Legionnaires to do what they can to help in the association's program. "The best thing posts can do is to help form a rifle club under the association's auspices," writes Legionnaire M. A. Reckord, Executive Vice-President of the association, who was chairman of the Legion's Military Affairs Committee last year.

"Posts may make rifle and pistol shooting exclusively a post activity or open it up as a community activity. In community activity, for example, the post may help the police department improve its marksmanship with the pistol. Only ten men are needed to start a club under our association's plan. Each club pays \$10 a year as dues. The War Department will issue free certain material which the club needs.

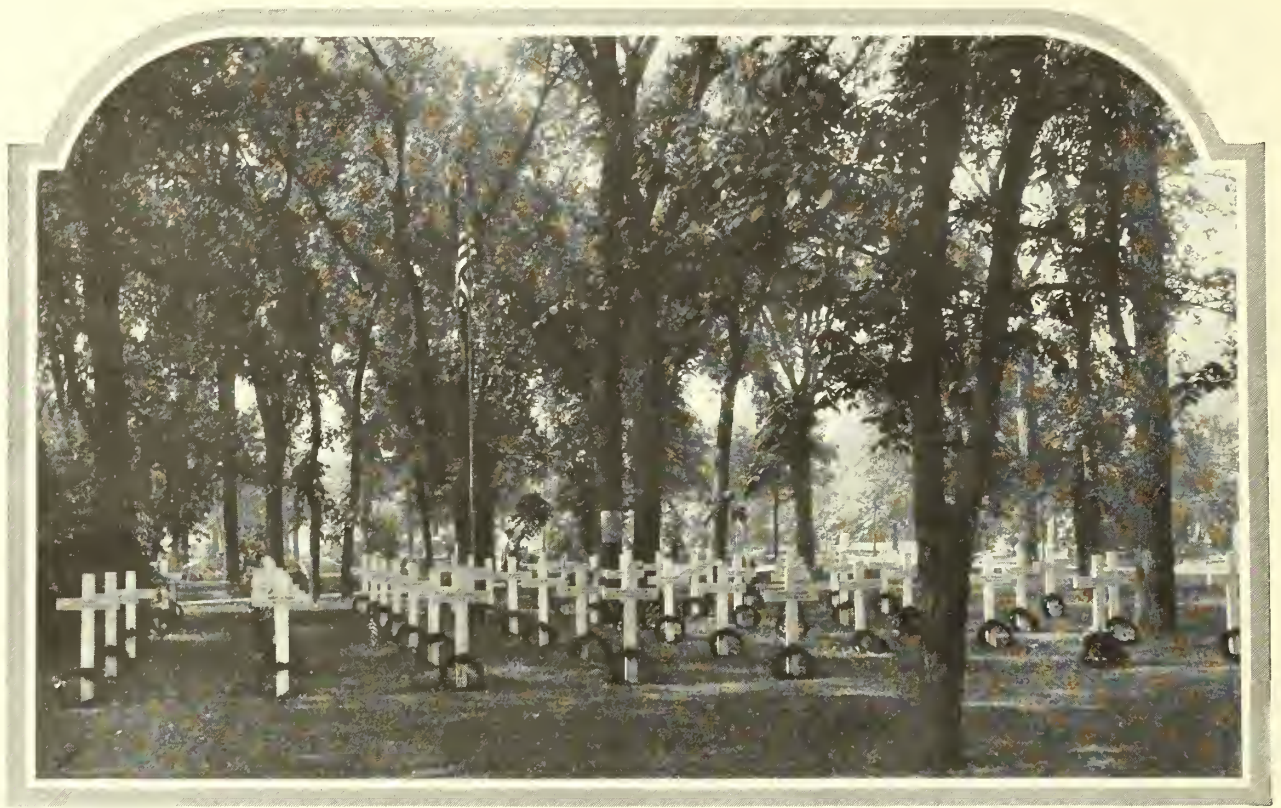
"The National Rifle Association conducts a year 'round series of individual and team matches with the pistol and rifle, the matches being fired on the home ranges of local clubs. These events enable local club members to take part in real national matches without having to spend a cent of their own money for travel. There are many other state, inter-state and international matches each year. So many Legion posts have formed



*Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis, Mrs. Davis and Lieutenant Wooster as they appeared on the day the ill-fated plane was christened*



# KEEPING STEP



*Each Memorial Day this miniature A. E. F. cemetery is given form by Oak Park (Illinois) Post, so that relatives of men buried overseas may know how the far-off crosses look. Each cross bears the name of an Oak Park man who gave his life in the war*

rifle clubs that we expect to be able to conduct all-Legion national championship matches soon. One of the best ways Legion posts can help promote rifle shooting is by establishing community ranges which can be used by high school boys, Boy Scouts, the police department and others. Any post wanting information may write to me at 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C."

**M**ORE than fifteen years have passed since Albert L. Quinn won race after race wearing the colors of his school, Dickinson High School of Jersey City, New Jersey. Quinn, because of the track records he had made while still in school, was appointed the school's athletic instructor after his graduation. In 1917 he gave up his track suit and put on Uncle Sam's uniform. He was killed in France in 1918.

Albert L. Quinn Post of The American Legion in Jersey City believes that Quinn's record should inspire athletes of the school for years to come. The post in 1920 established the Albert L. Quinn Memorial Mile Relay as the feature event of the annual track meet of Dickinson school. "Fifty boys competed in the race this year," reports James H. Clarke, chairman of the post's Memorial Relay Committee.

**C**ALLING attention to "the inescapable responsibility to provide for an adequate national defense," the heads of five organizations of American war veterans united in a formal declaration which was presented to Congress just before Congress adjourned. The declaration, formulated at a meeting held in Washington, demanded that Congress carry out the spirit and intent of the National Defense Act and provide sufficient appropriations to build a Navy equal to that of any other country in the world. "Our national defense must not be crippled under a plea of economy or pacifism," the declaration stated. Besides National Commander Howard P. Savage of The American Legion, those who joined in the declaration

were: James Tanner, Past Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R.; Rice W. Means, Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish War Veterans; Theodore Stitt, Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and John V. Clinnin, National Commander of the Disabled American Veterans.

The declaration included the following definition: "Americanism is an unflinching love of country, loyalty to its institutions and ideals; eagerness to defend it against all enemies; undivided allegiance to the flag; and a desire to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

**W**HEN the Legionnaires of Union Post of Marysville, Ohio, get too old to march in Memorial Day parades, it is not likely that they will be tucked away out of public memory. For a post, like an individual, may be remembered even beyond a lifetime for a single good work.

Union Post has made its place sure in its town's history by establishing American Legion Memorial Park, a tract of twenty-five acres, on Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, at the western edge of its town. An entry arch beckons to the thousands of motorists who pass along the highway.

"The tract is heavily wooded, extremely rolling and has a beautiful little stream winding through it," chronicles Jess M. McAllister, post Americanism Officer. "The post intends to construct drives and shelter houses and stone camp stoves. The stream will be dammed to make a lake in the center of the park for boating and bathing. A children's playground is being laid out. Every organization in Marysville helped our post make its park dream come true."

**Y**OU can tell everybody that the seven posts of Morris County, New Jersey, are going to help put the Legion up to or over the 800,000 mark this year," bulletins D. W. Slee, of Chatham, New Jersey, Morris County Commander. "And pass along the word to any

*(Continued on page 79)*





*Red Arrow Men Capture Mineral Water—The Boys Check Up on Alex the Great—An Old Soldier Joins the Then and Now Gang—Identifying of Unknown Dead Continues—Outfit Notices*

**A**NOTHER of the horrors of war has just been unfolded to us as a result of one of the illustrations for the article, "They'll Be Over," which Legionnaire John A. Level wrote for the February number of the Monthly. The article, you will recall, told of the plans of one former A. E. F.-er to revisit former haunts across the seas during the Legion national convention scheduled for Paris in September. Among the illustrations for the story were two then-and-now pictures of the village of Aincreville—the "then" picture being an official Signal Corps photograph showing two doughboys standing on a pile of barrels in the ruined village. The caption stated in part, "Ninety kegs of beer for the two of us—but the Germans, retreating from Aincreville, had already emptied them before departing. . ."—probably in a premature celebration of victory.

Now for the disclosure of the horror by no one other than one of the men who appeared in the picture, Legionnaire H. C. Peterson, now of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and during the great guerre, of the Signal Platoon, Headquarters Company, 125th Infantry of the Red Arrow Division. Here is what he tells us:

"In the February issue I saw a picture of two buddies standing upon a pile of kegs in a little town known as Aincreville. I at once recognized a buddy of mine and also myself. This picture was taken by a little sawed-off cameraman of the Fifth Division Signal Corps.

My buddy was a man named Kirchoff who hailed from Detroit, Michigan, and is the fellow with the slicker on in the picture. The cameraman also took a picture of us drinking—beer?—no, the kegs as stated in the caption were actually empty. While what we were drinking may have looked like beer, it was mineral water of the same type as our own famous Pluto."

Empty beer kegs and mineral water! It sounded too horrible to believe, so we checked up on the other picture he mentioned, in the official catalogue of Signal Corps pictures of the war and found the following: "American soldiers drinking German mineral water, thousands of bottles of which the enemy had to abandon in their retreat. Aincreville, Meuse, France, November 4, 1918."

**J**UST as we expected, when the annual baseball battle started among the teams in the various leagues, fans among our readers responded to the request in Then and Now in the April issue for information regarding the service of our fellow Legionnaire, Grover Cleveland Alexander. You may remember that O. H. Willard of Holloway, Ohio, told in the January

number of a baseball game played by his outfit of the 35th Engineers with a team of which he thought the pitcher was Alex the Great. This thought of his was exploded by George C. Welch of Denton, Texas, in his letter which appeared in these columns in April reporting that Alex had sailed for home before the game mentioned by Willard was played. We received no more firsthand information regarding the game which had been played at Camp Genicart, near Bordeaux, France, on May 17, 1919, but we have learned more about Alex's wartime service.

First of all we will relay the report from a former fellow-soldier of Grover Cleveland Alexander, Legionnaire John C. Payne of Parnell, Missouri. Says Mr. Payne: "In looking over my April issue of the Monthly, I notice that you are asking for dope regarding the World War service of Alexander, the hero of last year's baseball pennant. As I saw some service along with Alexander, you can pass this along. I was a member of Battery E, 342d Field Artillery, 89th Division, stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas, when Alexander joined our regiment in the spring of 1918, along with several other noted players—in fact, a picked bunch.

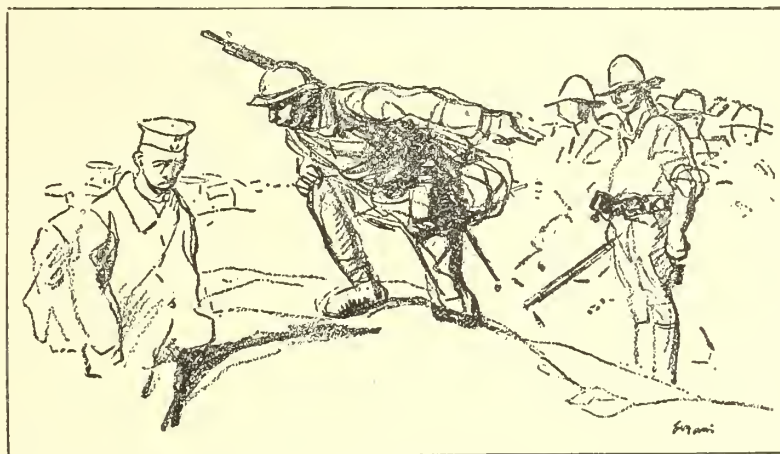
"We sailed from New York on June 28, 1918, and landed in Liverpool, England, July 9th. After several days in those never-to-be-forgotten restless rest camps, we went to Portsmouth and crossed the Channel on the night of July 12th to

LeHavre. A few days more rest (?) and travel and we landed in Camp De Souge, France, just outside of Bordeaux.

"Ball games were played with an Aero Squadron team at Camp Mills, New York, just before we sailed, and at Camp De Souge, with some Headquarters Company. Our ball team won both games, but Alex did not pitch the first one. There were several more games played around Bordeaux before we left for the front during the last week of July, 1918, with Alexander holding the rank of corporal. I cannot say, however, just when he was promoted to sergeant or when he left the battery."

Similar information is contained in a letter from Harry B. Spear of St. Louis, Missouri, who served as a corporal in Headquarters Company of the 342d Field Artillery. He adds the information which we already know, that Alexander left the Army of Occupation before the rest of his outfit in order that he might return to the States in time for spring practice for the 1919 baseball season. Spear also tells us that he had the pleasure of meeting Alexander last October in St. Louis when the 89th Division was holding its annual reunion there during the time of the World Series.

Legionnaire George B. Earner of Chicago, Illinois, is as-



*A 1917 cartoon with a 1927 twist: This drawing, by the famous French cartoonist Forain, which first appeared ten years ago, bore a legend which, in the words of the French soldier doing the talking, can be roughly translated as follows: "Look 'em over! Not tourists, are they?"*





*Among the eighteen hundred bodies resting in the American cemetery at Bony, France, are those of Harmon B. and James O. Vedder, sons of a former president of the Gold Star Mothers Association. Most of the heroes here were 27th and 30th Division men who rendered valiant service in the assault on the famous St. Quentin Canal tunnel*

tounded at the fact that we didn't know Alexander's wartime outfit, because he says in his letter: "I was under the impression that every World War veteran knew that Alex served with the greatest fighting machine in the A. E. F., the 80th

Division." (Yes, Earner served with the 80th as a corporal in Company L, 354th Infantry.) "This man who thinks he hit a home run off old 'Pete' Alexander (as we know him)," he adds, "is all wrong. Alex left France before that game was played. In addition, I would like to say for the benefit of those who do not happen to know, that the 80th Division also had the championship football team of the A. E. F., headed by Pottsy Clark. I don't think that any A. E. F. Division can boast of such athletic stars of national reputation as the 80th Division had. If they can, let's hear from them." Anyone willing to accept this challenge?

One of our correspondents, more lucky than the rest of us, Commander L. B. Correll of Highlands Post, Avon Park, Florida, went direct to "headquarters" for his dope, as witness: "As you know, the St. Louis Cardinals have their spring training camp here, so I personally interviewed Mr. Alexander and find that he left France before May 17th, the date on which comrade Willard's outfit played its game in Camp Genicart. Alex arrived in the States about April 15, 1919, and left the Army at once, joining his club, the Chicago Cubs. He pitched the first ball over the plate in the opening game, but did not pitch the game. Alex talked of some games played near Camp Genicart, France, between a prison camp and a casualty camp and he pitched three or four innings for the prison camp—not that he was an 'active' member of the latter outfit." And Elmer J. Larson of Omaha, Nebraska, tells us that he recalls a game played at Pawnee Flats, a detention camp near Camp Funston, in which Alex the Great pitched—the game being played on the first Sunday in May, 1918. The camp at Pawnee Flats entertained new arrivals destined for the 80th.

In addition to most of the main facts given above, Legionnaire V. Z. Dorfmeier, of Dayton, Ohio, one-time Lieutenant of the 353d Infantry, 80th Division, quotes the following from the portion of the History of the 80th Division devoted to athletics: "The Division's departure in May (to return home) prevented its participation to any great extent in the baseball contests outside the Division. Great expectations for success in baseball had been entertained because of the fine showing in inter-regimental games within the Division. The 342nd Field Artillery especially had developed a strong baseball team with a wealth of fine players. A number of well-known players were on this team, among them Grover C. Alexander, the

celebrated pitcher of the Chicago Cubs, who had served throughout as a sergeant in that regiment. The team had met all comers while in the artillery camp near Bordeaux and had won every series."

We were all ready to hand this to the printer

when John Pelzel of U. S. S. Tampa Post of Tampa, Florida, just slid under the wire with a most interesting contribution to this symposium. Legionnaire Pelzel is another of those lucky Floridans who saw Alexander personally, as he tells in the following letter: "Alex the Great, at his hotel here in Tampa, gave me the following information regarding the A. E. F. baseball games: 'First of all let me send greetings to the Legionnaires. I did not play much ball in France—a game or two at Bordeaux, one at Pontiteau (we're not sure of this name), and part of a game at St. Aignan. Willard (whose letter was in the January issue) is mistaken about the game at Camp Genicart, as I landed in New York as a casual from St. Aignan about April 15th, being discharged immediately under special orders and left at once for Chicago. As nearly as I can remember Welch's letter in the April issue is about correct.'

"Alexander's entire overseas service, up to the time he sailed for home was with the 342d Field Artillery, 80th Division. He is very much interested in The American Legion, belonging to the post in his home town, St. Paul, Nebraska."

**F**REDERICK PALMER, in one of his pages in the old Weekly, one time described the Legion as "the most exclusive club there is. Money, power or influence will not buy your way in." He meant by that that only honorably discharged members of the service during the World War could become members. That same thing holds true with our Then and Now Gang, although we welcome to membership the relatives of comrades who failed to return from service and others who have retained their interest in veterans of the war. Many interesting contributions to these columns have been made by non-members of the Legion.

Let me introduce such a one to you and submit his application for membership. Down in the National Soldiers Home at Elizabeth City, Virginia, we find a soldier comrade, John R. Crawford, 75 years old, veteran of the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection, wounded in action at Catbalogan, P. I., and now an invalid in the home's hospital. We will let him state his eligibility for active membership in our exclusive Then and Now Gang:

"I gave four sons to the World War. One went over with





*One of the spots in Europe which are forever America is the American cemetery at Waereghem, Belgium, where rest almost four hundred dead of the 37th and 91st Divisions which late in the war fought as units of the Belgian army. Officially called Flanders Field American Military Cemetery, it is the one American cemetery in Belgium*

a Canadian contingent and was killed at Ypres. The others graduated from the Officers Training Camp at Fort Riley, Kansas, and chose our famous fighting force, the Marine Corps. One sleeps at Chateau-Thierry, one at Belleau Wood, and my 'baby boy'

fell on the morning of the Armistice, November 11, 1918, (can I ever forget it?) leading his men in action in the Argonne. They were fine manly boys, all over six feet tall, and their loss was a crushing blow to the 'Old Man.' But they gave their lives so that countless millions might enjoy the blessed boon of freedom, and I try, oh so hard, to become reconciled, but it is a long, long lane."

All those in favor of admitting Comrade Crawford to membership, say "aye." The "ayes" have it. Now let us see what we can do to help him pass the long, tedious hours he spends in the hospital. He tells us:

"Although physically disabled, my mind is active, and I have still one hobby in which I indulge myself—the collection of postage stamps, and this is all the pleasure left to me to brighten the sunset of life. I have a fair collection and have been adding to it a little each month by an exchange of United States stamps with foreign collectors and dealers, but my stock of United States duplicates has become depleted so that I have hardly any left for exchange purposes and I am hoping that you will aid me to replenish the same.

"There are, no doubt, many very desirable stamps hidden away in boxes and trunks in attics and garrets that are of no use to the owner, who would be only too glad to gather them together and send them to the old invalid soldier if they knew of his desire. I am sure that your readers will be glad to help an old comrade by cutting the stamps from old letters and envelopes and sending them to me. The stamps should not be peeled, as a mutilated, thin or trimmed stamp is worthless. If there are any letters or other covers containing stamps prior to 1922, I would like to have the whole envelope with the stamp attached, as I have one of the finest collections of 'entires' in the country. I would like also to have all the commemorative I can get as these stamps are very desirable for exchanging in foreign countries. I am also interested in precancels and want all I can get of these interesting stamps. In this way, I enjoy myself and life is still a pleasure and worth living."

Those of our gang who want to help Comrade Crawford may send stamps to him at the following address: John R. Crawford, Hospital Ward No. 1, National Soldiers Home, Virginia. We feel sure that the "mutual helpfulness" tenet of the Legion extends to our older comrades in cases like this one.

**LEGIONNAIRE** Joseph Mills Hanson told us in the March number of the Monthly about the "Rear Guard of the A. E. F." — those American soldiers who remained in France after the war or who have since returned there to live. How many

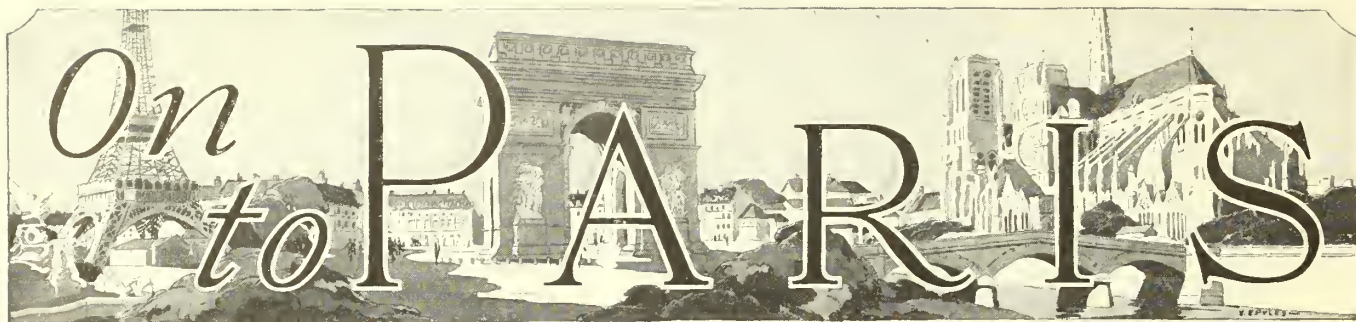
know that there is an actual rear guard of the A. E. F. still functioning in France? Although almost nine years have passed since the Armistice, the force of the American Graves Registration Service, Q. M. C., in Europe is continuing its work of locating the bodies of American soldiers who probably were listed among the missing in action, and of endeavoring to identify bodies which have been recovered. Readers of Then and Now have shown splendid co-operation in forwarding information in some of these cases.

We now have a request from Lieut. Colonel K. J. Hampton of the office of the Quartermaster General in Washington for assistance in the following cases, reported to him by the Paris office of the American Graves Registration Service. The investigator of the Service in the Chateau-Thierry-Soissons sector reports the finding of nine skeletons in a machine gun emplacement on a hill in the Commune of St. Thibault, Aisne. This town lies on the south bank of the Vesle River opposite Bazoches, west of Fismes, and in the sector occupied by the 77th Division during the fighting in the latter part of August, 1918. The report follows:

"The remnants of an O. D. Red Cross sweater and a .45 U. S. Colt automatic cartridge were found with the remains. The bones are in a state of decay which would indicate that they had been buried many years, for which reason same were not exhumed. No uniform or shoes were encountered. The mayor of St. Thibault stated that to the best of his knowledge no bodies other than those of soldier dead had been buried on the hill. The mayor of Bazoches stated that in the history of Bazoches and St. Thibault there had never existed a civilian cemetery at this place or in the vicinity. He also stated the remains of a deceased French soldier had been recovered from a hill north of Bazoches, buried naked, but identified by identification tag, the bones of which were in such an advanced state of decay same would have been refused by the French service had not the tag been present. The mayor attributes the condition of the bones to the peculiar terrain. Bones found in this same locality, but twenty meters away, that had either never been buried or had been disinterred some years ago, appeared as do most of those of deceased American soldiers now being recovered—buried over nine years."

Anyone who has information regarding the burial of any American dead in the vicinity of St. (Continued on page 86)





**T**HE big parade in Paris has already started. The marchers are marking time in Oneida, New York, in Sioux City, Iowa, in Lexington, North Carolina, and in other cities and towns throughout the country, the homes of Legion bands, drum and bugle corps and glee clubs. Each new week brings news of additional prize outfits which have already completed arrangements for taking part in the big pilgrimage to Paris and the march past the Arch of Triumph.

In mid-April the Iowa State legislature appropriated \$50,000 to enable three of the leading Legion outfits of its State to make the trip to Paris in the fashion for which Iowa has been famed at preceding national conventions. The three organizations are the Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, the Fort Dodge Post Drum and Bugle Corps and the girls' drill team of The American Legion Auxiliary unit of Davenport. The Monahan Post Band has been the official band of The American Legion for several years because of its annual victories in national convention band contests. It retained its title for this year by winning in competition with one hundred other bands at the Philadelphia national convention last October.

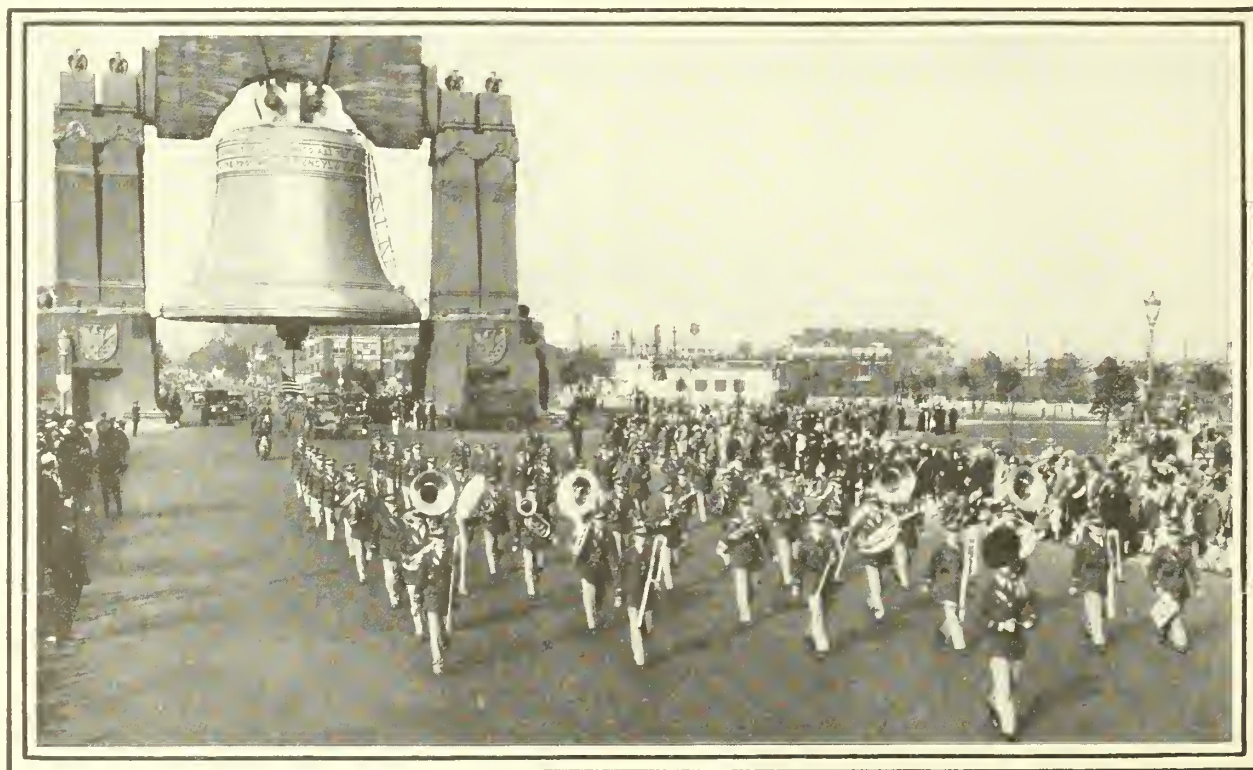
The Iowa legislature sensibly decided to give to the Legion organizations of its State the unexpended balance of an appropriation which originally had been made to advertise Iowa in the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The legislature's action was fitting recognition of the wonderful man-

ner in which Iowa Legionnaires have upheld Iowa pride at every previous national convention of the Legion.

When Governor Alfred E. Smith signed a bill passed by the New York legislature, the men of the official band of the New York Department began shining up their trombones and trumpets, ready for the march down the Champs Elysees. For the act gave \$10,000 to Oneida Post Drum and Bugle Corps which had won first prize in the band contests at the last three conventions of the New York Department.

The North Carolina Department of The American Legion Auxiliary is organizing a Department Glee Club for the Paris convention. Each unit in the State has been given a list of songs which the glee club will sing. When the Department's annual convention is held at Washington, North Carolina, in August, the voices will be assembled.

**A** SINCERE welcome from the hearts of the French people awaits the American Legionnaires who go to Paris in September for the Ninth Annual Convention, James F. Barton, National Adjutant, reported to National Commander Howard P. Savage upon his recent return from an inspection trip to Paris. Accompanied by Bowman Elder, National Chairman of the France Convention Committee, and John J. Wicker, Jr., National Travel Director, Mr. Barton, as Commander Savage's personal representative, left March 10th to check up



*The Iowa legislature appropriated fifty thousand dollars to send Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, and two other Iowa Legion musical outfits to the Paris Convention. This is the way the Sioux City Band, which is the official band of the American Legion, looked as it passed the Liberty Bell during the national convention parade at Philadelphia last October*



on arrangements which had been made in France.

"The sentiment in favor of the American Legion's convention exists in every French heart," said Mr. Barton. "Not alone among the government officials, not just among the Parisians, but among the people of the provinces as well, you find a real interest in our trip. In the battlefield and training areas, the French people retain an abiding affection for Americans.

"The French, though they regard the Paris reunion as a sacred pilgrimage, are planning a welcome that will become nearly a national holiday. Government officials, French veterans' societies, private citizens and international organizations are offering full co-operation.

"I personally inspected a score or more of the twelve hundred hotels we have engaged and found them to be of the highest type—the rooms, large, comfortable and very clean. Arrangements for moving the Legionnaires from the ports of debarkation to Paris have been excellently made. I feel sure that while this is the greatest overseas movement ever thought of in peacetime, it will be a full success.

"The parade route has been tentatively decided upon, and I cannot describe to you the thrill I got by visualizing the long line of Legionnaires swinging through the most historic part of Paris where millions of French citizens will see us pass in review.

"The parade will form in the Place des Invalides, a broad sweep of ground immediately in front of the Hotel des Invalides which houses mementoes of France's glorious history. Under the shadow of that dome, beneath the brooding figure of Napoleon, our sections will form and pass into line down the Avenue de Gallieni.

"Crossing the Pont Alexander III, described by some as the most beautiful bridge in the world, the line of march leads to the Cour de la Reine, and thence into the Cour Albert I. Through the Place d'Alma and up the historic thoroughfare, the Avenue President Wilson, named after our war-time leader. At the Place d'Iena, the line turns right into the Avenue d'Iena to the famous Arc de Triomphe. Here with bared heads in honor of the Unknown Soldier who symbolizes France's million dead, we pass down the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde.

"Here the parade enters the center of French business. Turning left into the Rue Royale we pass the Madeleine and the famous Place de l'Opera, continuing on down the Grand Boulevard, commencing with the famed Boulevard des Italiens. After continuing along the Grand Boulevard, the parade swings into Boulevard Sebastopol and thence into the Rue de Rivoli, which leads to the Jardin des Tuileries, where the parade disbands. The entire route is about four and a half miles.

"Along with others I had believed that the French (Continued on page 84)



# Try 10 cigars free!

Send no money - just mail the coupon

**N**O matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely free* a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

### This is "my treat"

Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full-flavored cigars, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

My famous Panatela, the cigar illustrated, is a full, five-inch cigar. The genuine Cuban-grown, clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. This cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to please smokers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

### You save jobber and dealer profits

For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

### Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 199 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 200 into \$858.00 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$4.29. In other words, it costs me \$4.29 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

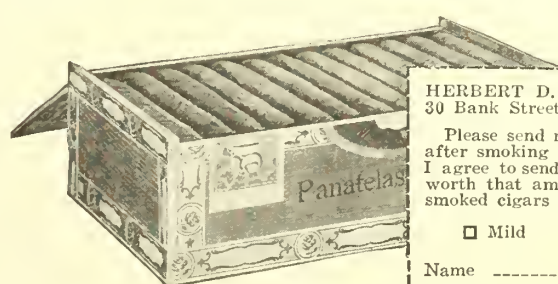
### Snap up this offer quick!

Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

### Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.



This coupon entitles you to a **FREE TRIAL** of my cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.  
30 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Reference \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Actual Size and Shape



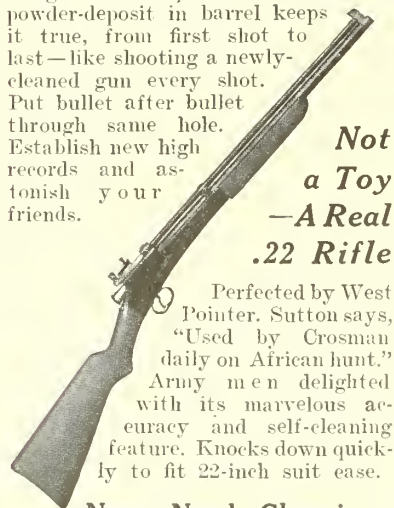
# The CROSMAN .22 Power without Powder

**and with an ammunition cost  
1/3 that of Powder Cartridges**

Here's the most remarkable gun that has appeared for years—a .22 rifle that uses no powder, is silent, has accuracy not obtainable in any other gun, abundant power, and never needs cleaning. The delight of men who glory in precision shooting and the ownership of a handsome, powerful gun.

## Accuracy that Surprises

Even seasoned sharpshooters find this new gun accurate beyond anything in their experience. Absence of powder-deposit in barrel keeps it true, from first shot to last—like shooting a newly-cleaned gun every shot. Put bullet after bullet through same hole. Establish new high records and astonish your friends.



**Not  
a Toy  
—A Real  
.22 Rifle**

Perfected by West Pointer. Sutton says, "Used by Crosman daily on African hunt." Army men delighted with its marvelous accuracy and self-cleaning feature. Knocks down quickly to fit 22-inch suit ease.

## Never Needs Cleaning

Powderless, smokeless, noiseless. Never needs cleaning—every bullet passing through barrel acts like swab—leaves it brighter and cleaner. Shoot all day, then put gun away and rest while your friends mess with oily, blackened rags. Next day out-shoot them again with your wonderful Crosman.

## Take It Along on Picnics and Outings

Target shooting affords friendly competition—it adds life to a picnic. Who is the better shot; you or your friends? The power is adjustable and the rifle makes no noise, so it doesn't matter if other parties are in the vicinity. A Crosman is a fine companion on a hike—a snake sunning himself, a chipmunk—all test your marksmanship and give added zest to a day in the open.

## Do Target Shooting at Home

Set up range in attic or yard. Powder adjustable for indoor shooting, with same superb accuracy, no smoke to annoy, no noise to disturb anyone, no shells dropping over floor. Simply shoot to your heart's content, any time you feel like it. Use perfectly legal in cities.

## Send for free Booklet NOW

Completely illustrated. Shows new-shaped bullet—explains superior accuracy—tells why saving in ammunition soon pays for gun—quotes Crosman feats that delighted owners—pictures penetration tests—reveals novel features—lists exclusive Crosman advantages, etc. Postal brings it. Write now.

Ask your dealer to show you the Crosman. If he hasn't one in stock, have him order one for your inspection.

**Crosman Arms Company**  
458 St. Paul St. Rochester, N. Y.  
70 W. King St., Toronto, Ont., Canada

# A Little Faster, A Little Farther

(Continued from page 45)

Wide, the Swedish school teacher referred to earlier, broke Nurmi's mile-and-a-half record at an indoor meet in April, and will be given a chance to go after the mile mark before he returns to Sweden. Nurmi and Wide will doubtless meet in next year's Olympics, and of course there will be other runners to force them to maintain a fast pace. It is a fact, and an amazing one, that the mile run record is slow compared with Peltzer's half mile mark, Wide's mile and a half, and Nurmi's two mile, the last two made indoors. Peltzer's two quarters, as shown above, averaged 55 4/5 seconds. Nurmi's four quarters in the mile averaged 62 3/5 seconds. Wide's quarter-miles in his mile-and-a-half record run averaged 66 3/10 seconds, and Nurmi's eight quarters in the two mile averaged 67 2/5 seconds. The four-minute mile does not look impossible.

Willie Ritola, a Finn, running in the old Madison Square Garden at New York in February, 1925, did the two-mile run in 9.03 2/5, smashing the world's mark of the Englishman, Al Shrubbs, by six and one-fifth seconds. A short time later Ritola saw Nurmi's heels on the same track in the memorable race which brought the record below nine minutes. Nurmi and Wide are both going after that record, but it is hard to see how the mark can get below 8.55.

From all this it will be apparent that nobody's running record is safe for longer than a few seasons. The oldest record in the distances from the hundred to the two-mile is that of Meredith in the 440, and that mark is only eleven years of age. The mile mark made by Nurmi in 1923 ranks next. The two-mile-under-nine-minutes of Nurmi is two years old. The others, the hundred, two-twenty and 880, were established last year. Only one of these, the two-mile, was run indoors. Shrubbs' mark is still the best for outdoor competition, in the two-mile run. The sole advantage of indoor running over outdoor is that the runner may be sure he won't have to buck a contrary wind. Nurmi's two-mile record, viewed from any angle, is an astounding thing.

What is responsible for the establishment of new records? Well, there are probably two factors that are more important than any others. These are, in order, mental attitude and improved methods of training. As youths reach the age of competition they see marks being broken every so often. A record is no longer a fetish, as the mile mark of W. G. George—4.12 3/4—used to be. The example of Nurmi in taking the lead at the beginning of a mile run and holding it all the way has had a big effect on runners in this country. Lloyd Hahn of the Boston Athletic Association, at the present time America's best bet for the mile run in the 1928 Olympics, defeated Edvin Wide, conqueror of

Nurmi, in the mile run at an indoor meet early this year by doggedly holding the lead throughout the race. As to methods of training, the groundwork laid by athletic club and college trainers since the early nineties has had a great deal to do with the pre-eminence of America in track and field sports. Most noted of these have been Mike Murphy, Keene Fitzpatrick, Jack Moakley, Lawson Robertson, Tom Keane, Dad Moulton, Walter Christie, Dean Cromwell, Johnny Mack, Pooch Donovan and Harry Hillman.

Any boy who can run as fast as most of the boys in his neighborhood is good material for track and field competition. If he is not quite fast enough to be a sprinter he can train for the longer distances, but it should be emphasized that for boys under eighteen it is dangerous to adopt the methods of mature men in the longer runs. A running career of promise can be ruined by wrong training methods, and grammar and high school pupils should seek expert advice before attempting long runs.

In the hurdles the marks made by Earl Thomson of Dartmouth College and Charles R. Brookins of the University of Iowa in the 120 and 220, respectively, are likely to stand the rigors of a few more seasons. Hugo Leistner of Stanford, running the 120, last year was caught in 14 3/5 seconds, a fifth of a second behind the mark established by Thomson in 1920, and Leighton W. Dye of Southern California did 14 7/10 and George Guthrie of Ohio State University 14 4/5. Dartmouth itself, maintaining a high hurdles tradition that has produced such notables as Stephen Chase and A. B. Shaw as well as Thomson, has a contender in Montgomery Wells, a sophomore who, according to the experts, is further along in development than was Thomson in his second year in college. Brookins' 23 seconds for the 220-yard low hurdles, made in 1924, looks even safer than Thomson's mark. Some idea of what these times mean may be gathered from the fact that Thomson, running his 120 yards and vaulting ten barriers each three feet six inches high, ran as fast as a sprinter who does the hundred in twelve seconds. And Brookins, striding over ten hurdles each two feet six inches high, did his 220 yards at less than ten and one-half seconds per hundred yards. How many men between eighteen and thirty can do a hundred yards without obstacles in twelve seconds? Probably not one in fifty. Yet these hurdling records, amazing as they are, will be surpassed. It may not be this year or next, but new marks are coming.

In the high jump, Harold Osborn of the Illinois A. C., who set the present world's record of six feet 8 1/4 inches in 1924, is still in active competition, winning his event consistently. But he



is not getting the height he got in that year or in 1925, when he established a new indoor mark of six feet 6¼ inches. W. C. Haggard of the University of Texas, competing at the meet of the National Collegiate Athletic Association last June, did six feet 7¼ inches. Nobody else in this country or in Europe has come near these marks. Osborn's record looks safe for a few years.

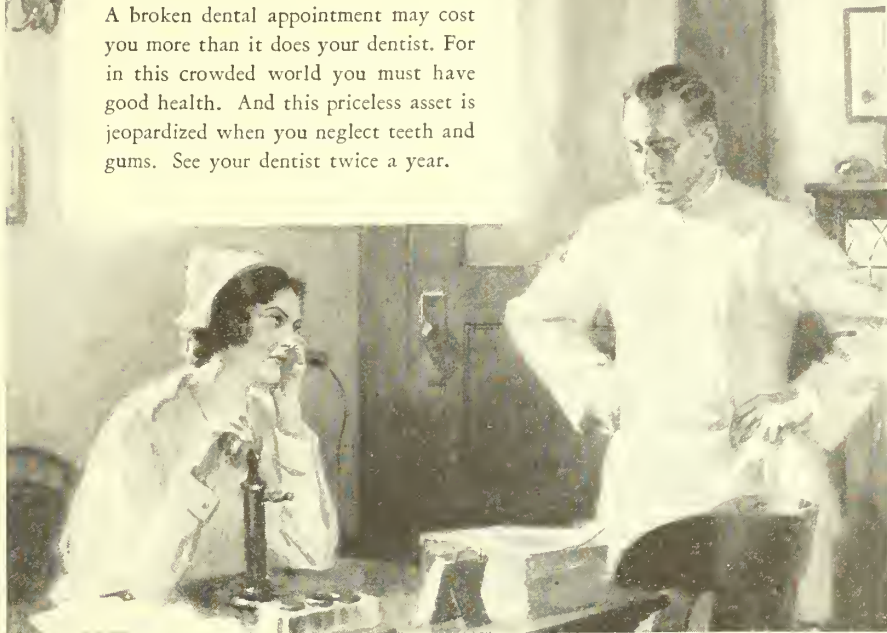
In the broad jump, the mark established by DeHart Hubbard, a Negro athlete of the University of Michigan, 25 feet 10 7/10 inches, looks safe. The broad jump is as good an example as any of the attitude of athletes today toward records that have stood a long time. In 1901 Peter O'Connor of Ireland, established a world's record of 24 feet 11¾ inches. It lasted until 1921, when Edwin O. Gourdin of Harvard University, did 25 feet three inches. Gourdin, like Hubbard, is a Negro. The Gourdin mark stood until 1924, when Robert LeGendre of Georgetown University, competing at Paris in the Pentathlon championship at the Olympic games, did 25 feet 6 3/16 inches. It was on June 13, 1925, that Hubbard made his record-smashing jump. Hubbard has done twenty-five feet and better more times than any other man. He is a better-than-ten-seconds man in the hundred-yard dash, and his tremendous speed is, of course, the determining factor in lifting him farther than his competitors. Some day mankind will see a twenty-six-foot jump. Hubbard may give it to us this year or next.

In the discus throw Clarence Houser last year did 158 feet 1¾ inches, surpassing the 1925 mark of Glenn Hartman by one foot ⅞ inch. It is quite likely that either of these men will better the present world's record. Weight men hold their form longer than track performers, jumpers and vaulters. In the hammer throw, for instance, Matt McGrath won his first A. A. U. championship in 1908. He won again last year. In all he has won the A. A. U. championship seven times. P. J. Ryan of New York City, who holds the world's record in the event with a toss of 189 feet 6½ inches, made in 1913, won the championship eight times in the span of nine years. The only runner who has done anything like that is Clarence DeMar, Legionnaire of Melrose, Massachusetts, who won his first marathon run in 1911, repeated in 1922 and has kept right on since that time winning or coming near the top. He was the A. A. U. marathon champion last year, won this year's Laurel-to-Baltimore long-distance race and as this is written is looking forward to the annual Patriot's Day run in Massachusetts in which he first made a name for himself. The hammer-throw mark made by Ryan in 1913 looks eminently safe. Fred D. Tootell, competing for Bowdoin College, in 1921 got a throw of 181 feet 6½ inches, but neither he nor anyone else has passed the 180-foot mark since then.

The shot-put record of fifty-one feet, established (Continued on page 62)

### *Another Appointment Broken*

A broken dental appointment may cost you more than it does your dentist. For in this crowded world you must have good health. And this priceless asset is jeopardized when you neglect teeth and gums. See your dentist twice a year.



## *4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims*

Pyorrhea wins because neglect triumphs over science every time. This enemy of good health strikes 4 out of 5 after 40 and many younger.

It is insidious. Its poison forms at the base of neglected teeth and if allowed to pursue its grim course, it may sweep through the body ravaging health and energy, often causing such serious troubles as neuritis, rheumatism, stomach disorders, and even loss of teeth.

### *An Easy Way To Protect Yourself*

There is a simple way to place yourself among the favored few. Don't wait for your gums to bleed and to shrink from the teeth. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination of teeth and gums. Do this at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly.

This scientific dentifrice contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It thwarts dread Pyorrhea or checks its progress, if used in time, and, too, it prevents trench mouth and gingivitis.

It keeps the gums firm and healthy. It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

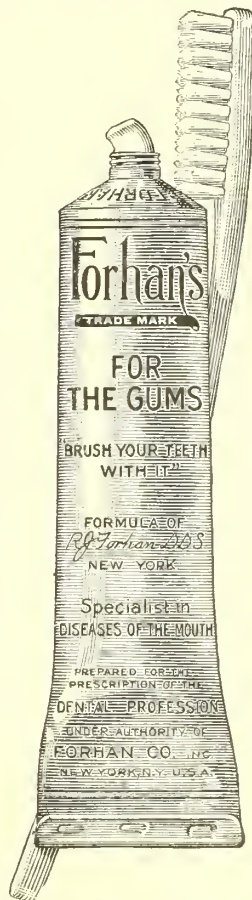
Children like the taste of Forhan's. It is the ideal dentifrice for the whole family.

Take no chances with your health. Start using Forhan's for the Gums today. It costs a few cents more than the ordinary tooth paste—a few cents that will declare rich dividends. It is insurance that protects your health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea. At druggists, 35c and 60c.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.*  
Forhan Company, New York

## *Forhan's for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



*We make  
this promise*



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it,





## Take Movies for Your Post in Paris

Every post should own a DeVry movie camera and should delegate someone to take movies of the convention in Paris this summer.

The DeVry uses standard theatre-size film. This allows you to sell movies of new events to the news reel weeklies—gives you a permanent, standard film negative—insures you movies of real feature film brilliance.

The DeVry can be loaded in daylight—requires no tripod or cranking—is easy to operate. With the DeVry camera, and the DeVry standard portable film projector, not only your own movies, but all the films of the world are at your disposal. The films obtainable from Legion headquarters and the free U. S. Government and Y. M. C. A. films are standard size.

Picture for yourself what an attraction a DeVry motion picture outfit would be for your Legion Post! And think how quickly it could be made to pay for itself.

### Send for FREE Book

The cost of the DeVry is comparatively low. It sells for \$150.00 and on easy terms. Write now for our new free booklet, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

**DeVry**  
Standard—Automatic  
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Please send me your new free book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

## A Little Faster, A Little Farther

(Continued from page 61)

by Ralph Rose of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, in August, 1909, has stood longer than any other world mark. It may go within the next year and a half. Three Americans have done fifty feet or better, and one of them, Clarence Houser, of the University of Southern California, and the Hollywood A. A., who holds the discus record, was within four and three-fourths inches of the Rose mark last year. Glenn Hartranft, rival of Houser through high school in California, and later his opponent in college and club competition, has done fifty feet, and John Kuck of the Kansas State Teachers College has gone a bit over that mark. Herbert Schwarze of the University of Wisconsin was last year a shade under fifty feet. Allowing for improvement, one of these may very possibly push the ball out past fifty-one feet. Doubtless we shall see several men do over fifty feet in the shot once Rose's mark is shattered, and it is within the bounds of reasonable possibility that some master of form will put the weight fifty-three feet.

Charles Hoff, of Norway, has the best mark in the pole vault, 13 feet 11 13/16 inches, made in 1925. Hoff, who came over to this country last year following his establishment of world's records for the pole vault, indoors and outdoors, is engaged in a controversy with the Amateur Athletic Union over his right to compete as an amateur because of his pole vaulting in vaudeville, and unless he can clear himself an American may be the first to do fourteen feet in that event. Sabin Carr, of Yale University, sailed over the bar at an indoor meet last February at 13 feet 9 1/4 inches, breaking Nurmi's indoor record by an

inch. Lee Barnes of the University of Southern California did 13 feet 8 inches last year, and Edmonds of Stanford, Graham of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and Harrington of the Boston A. A., are others who must be reckoned with in all pole-vault calculations.

John Kuck of Kansas State Teachers College has thrown the javelin farther than any other American, 214 feet 2 1/8 inches, a mark he made last year. The world's record of 218 feet 6 3/8 inches was made by Gunnar Lindstrom of Sweden in 1924. Kuck won the A. A. U. outdoor championship in the javelin last year with a toss a little under two hundred feet. In this meet Jonni Myyra, who won the javelin at the 1920 and 1924 Olympics while competing for Finland, represented the Olympic Club of San Francisco and placed fourth. Aside from Kuck's great toss, the best American mark last year was 207 feet 7 3/5 inches made by Northrup of the University of Michigan. Lindstrom did 215 feet and a fraction last year. The record should fall under the stress of Olympic competition next year, if it doesn't go before that.

What is the absolute limit in each of the fifteen standard track and field events? Nobody knows. Every so often competition turns up a freak, or to use the kindlier term of the biologists, a sport who, given the proper mental attitude and right training methods, runs or leaps or tosses a weight a little faster or a little farther than any of those who came before him. It's safer, on the whole, to predict that a given record will be broken within, say, five years, than to say it will not. And if track and field history teaches anything, it is that no record now standing is going to last for all time.

## First Prize, \$600,000

(Continued from page 27)

with monthly drawings. Tickets were twenty-five cents and the capital prize \$3,750.

It did not succeed. The competition of the larger lotteries, the toll of graft to the carpet-bag government and the promoters' lack of practical lottery experience kept it on the verge of bankruptcy. The backers had decided to surrender their charter and quit when an obscure employe asked for an audience with the management.

His name was Maximilian A. Dauphin, born in Austria of French parents. Monsieur Dauphin was a surgeon by profession, but for reasons apparently best understood by himself he had, on arriving in New Orleans, accepted a subordinate clerkship in the offices of the lottery. He was a self-effacing little man, middle aged and poor in health. He lived in the French quarter of town,

and did his small tasks well but without attracting the slightest notice.

Dr. Dauphin told his employers that he could make the lottery pay. He supported this assertion with a statement that took an hour to deliver. The clerk bewildered his superiors with an encyclopedic knowledge of lottery history and management in this country and abroad. He told what made some go and others fail. To put the Louisiana Lottery on its feet he asked for \$50,000 fresh capital, a free hand and a modest share of the profits. His terms were accepted.

The sick man supplied the touch of genius that resuscitated the broken-down Louisiana Lottery and sent it on its luminous way. One by one it eclipsed its predecessors and forced them to the wall. It drove foreign competitors from these shores and invaded their fields. It



ruled the State of Louisiana for twenty years, making and unmaking governors and United States senators. It entrenched itself in fifty cities and paralyzed the hands of the Federal Government when the latter made unfriendly gestures. With an astuteness never surpassed it dramatized the human weakness for speculation. Retaining the glamor that goes with gambling, it added an irreproachable facade of respectability. The Louisiana Lottery became the American Monte Carlo, and mysterious little Dr. Dauphin a counterpart of a fellow scientist, the learned Prince of Monaco.

This was not all done at once, of course. At first the situation was complicated by the drift of political events. The debaucheries of the carpet-bag régime had left the responsible white citizenry of Louisiana too stunned and humiliated for concerted action at first. Governor Wormath was succeeded by Pinckney Stewart Benton Pinchback, the son of a Georgia planter and a Negro mother. He had been educated in Cincinnati and was possessed of unusual abilities. He had no delusions as to social equality and told the Negroes so. He ridiculed their faith in the pretensions of Wormath. The Negroes respected Pinchback, but the carpet-bag whites thought this no way for a colored man to behave.

The native whites, however, took heart. They took a set of ballot boxes and elected their own state officers—and Louisiana had two governments. Then they took arms. Gatling guns raked and musketry rattled in the narrow streets of New Orleans. Barricades of paving stones were thrown up in true French revolutionary fashion. Federal soldiers looked on with their hands in their pockets. The carpet-bag constabulary was beaten in a skirmish or two and surrendered. The black and tan government capitulated and decamped. This was in 1874.

Lottery money helped finance the white rebellion, though the carpet-bag administration also was on the payroll so long as it possessed any authority. Ex-Governor Pinchback went to New York, where he rounded out his career at an expensive hotel on the proceeds of a share or two of lottery stock pressed upon him when the company's funds were low. The lottery dug in with the white government and got its charter embedded in the new state constitution. Dr. Dauphin was fast making his institution respectable.

Pierre Gustav Toutant de Beauregard is Louisiana's Lee, with six hundred years of genteel ancestry in Old France. The Civil War had taken the General's fortune. Being an engineer he had rehabilitated two rickety Southern railroads, but not being a business man someone else had got the money. Refusing the chief command of the Roumanian army he bore his poverty philosophically, playing chess at his favorite café and corresponding with French generals he had known during his student days in Paris. When Dr. Dauphin (Continued on page 64)

# Make Every Vacation Day Count!

Don't let a change in food and water rob you of one single glorious vacation hour.

When you pack for the "Vacationland Special" throw in a package of Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative.

No dull days, no "out of sorts" feeling with Feen-a-mint at hand. It is vacation insurance. It guarantees you a wonderful time.

No wonder Feen-a-mint is a favorite with travelers. It takes up little room and causes no trouble or embarrassment. You merely chew a tablet at your convenience.

Best of all you don't think of Feen-a-mint as a medicine but as a mint-flavored confection you enjoy. Yet thousands of physicians are recommending it as the world's finest laxative.

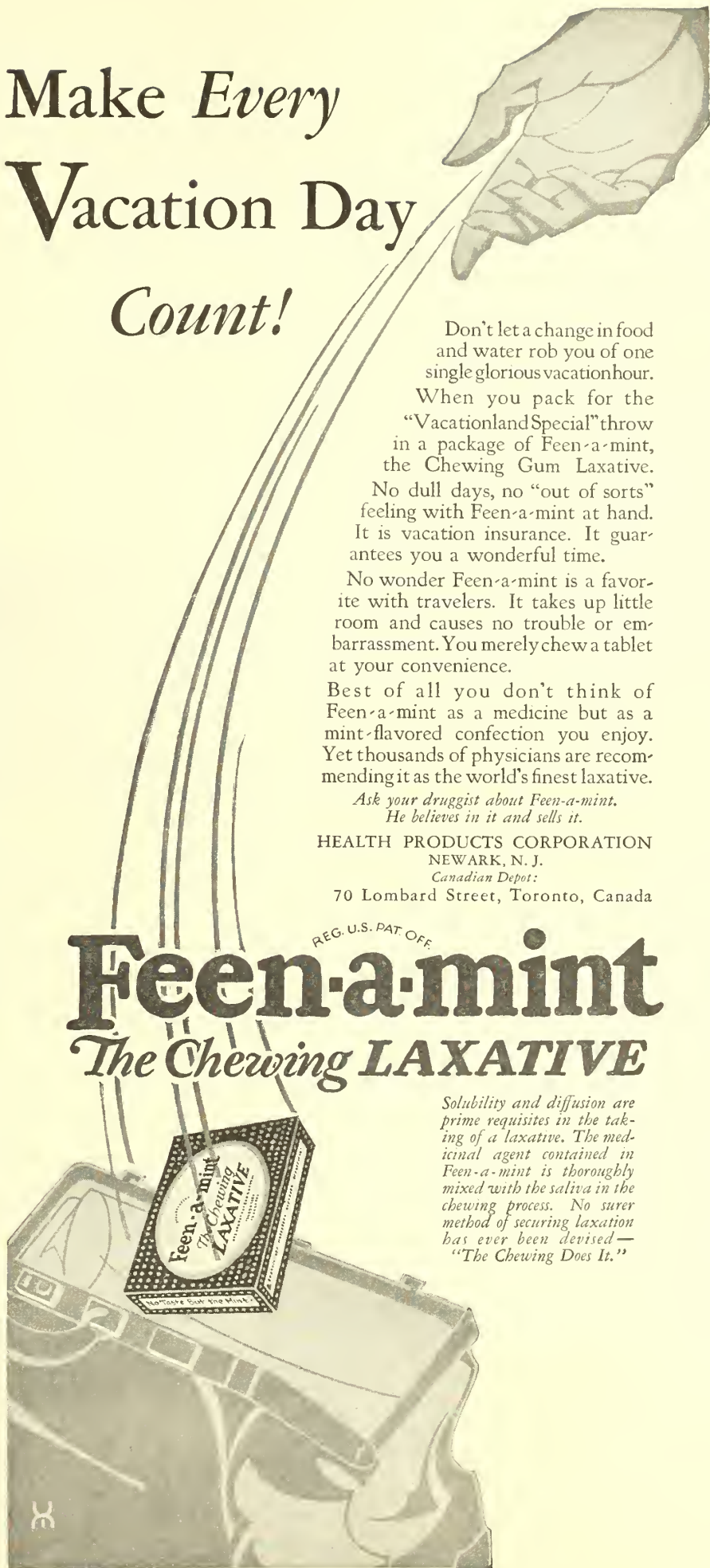
*Ask your druggist about Feen-a-mint.  
He believes in it and sells it.*

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
NEWARK, N. J.  
Canadian Depot:

70 Lombard Street, Toronto, Canada

## Feen-a-mint The Chewing LAXATIVE

*Solubility and diffusion are prime requisites in the taking of a laxative. The medicinal agent contained in Feen-a-mint is thoroughly mixed with the saliva in the chewing process. No surer method of securing laxation has ever been devised —  
"The Chewing Does It."*





## First Prize, \$600,000

(Continued from page 63)

offered him \$30,000 a year for a day's work a month he accepted. This was a great thing for the lottery. In Louisiana Général Beauregar' could do no wrong.

Inscrutable old Jubal Early was thundering at juries in Virginia, but not making his law practice pay. He, too, took the lottery's thirty thousand, and the publicity was worth millions of dollars. People came to New Orleans simply to see under such exceptional auspices two men who had written their names in history.

The lottery began to make money. The capital prize mounted—\$3,750, seventy-five hundred, fifteen thousand, thirty, seventy-five thousand dollars. As it made money it spent it. There was the state government, of course, and the trifling \$40,000 a year to the Charity Hospital. But its other philanthropies were enormous. It seems to have been a rule that someone connected with the lottery should subscribe to every public charitable fund, and that his name should go at the top of the list. When the Mississippi River levee broke lottery relief boats were first on the scene with money, food and clothing, with seed to replace washed-out crops and engineers to fix the crevasses. As the profits rolled in they were invested in banks, sugar refineries, cotton presses, newspapers, land. The lottery ring extended its grip to the social and industrial as well as the political life of Louisiana. It subsidized the French opera. One saw in New Orleans two magnificent churches said to be monuments, in part anyway, to lottery bounty.

Seventy-five to one hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand dollars drew the capital prize in the monthly drawing, and then the high stake in the semi-annual drawing was put at the fabulous figure of six hundred thousand dollars. The nation was playing the Louisiana lottery. Its profits will never be ascertained, but at its zenith the lottery received eight thousand letters a day, which was one-third of the business of the New Orleans post office. It distributed something like \$25,000,000 a year in prizes, which patrons paid \$48,000,000 a year to win. Running expenses were tremendous, but they could afford to be. An impecunious state senator voted "right" in one of the skirmishes that were constantly recurring, and had the misfortune to take suddenly sick and die. The undertaker turned back a money belt containing eighteen one thousand dollar bills.

Charles T. Howard was the nominal president. He cut a wide swath. There is Howard Avenue in New Orleans and on it the Howard Memorial Library, the finest in the South. An order of Confederate veterans elected him commander and he built a Civil War museum. When the stiff-necked Metairie Racing Club declined to admit him to membership he said he would make a graveyard of their track, and did. He built a club house for the Louisiana Jockey Club and one for the Crescent City Yacht Club, and was one of the angels of the Mardi Gras. Mr. Howard largely supported the New Orleans Fire Department also, and one of its fireboats was named for his daughter. He and his associates owned the city water works. His town house was next to the

city hall and only slightly less imposing. It is now the Howard Annex to the municipal building. When Mr. Howard was killed by a fall from a horse on his estate in Westchester County, New York, thousands of persons, rich and poor, followed him to his grave in the spite-

work burying ground he had had the crowning satisfaction of christening Metairie Cemetery.

There was always opposition to the lottery, which at first was brushed aside as so many buzzing flies. A judge on the bench in Texas said an honest lottery was a good thing and produced two tickets to show his faith in the Louisiana. A. K. McClure, the celebrated editor of the Philadelphia Times, refused to publish lottery advertising and finally succeeded in barring it from all newspapers in Pennsylvania. He came to New Orleans on a visit and was arrested for libel as he stepped from the train. His best friends said he was in a fix, but the suit was dropped through the intervention of friends of Mr. McClure who were also close to the powers of the lottery. Once a Legislature got out of hand and revoked the lottery charter, but the action was nullified by a Federal judge, whose authority is not yet clear to some students of our jurisprudence.

It would not do to say, however, that the lottery would have gone on forever had not Dr. Dauphin made the one mistake he did. Something would have revealed a vulnerable spot, but the thing that did undermine that incredible bastion of wealth and power was a two-bit "policy game" instituted as a sideline.

The smallest fraction of a lottery ticket cost a dollar, and a dollar in those days was more than a dollar is now. There was a demand for a smaller wager,



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The Durham Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—cutting your beard instead of scraping it off.

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Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France;  
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### Special Offer 25¢

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Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.  
(Address for Canada, 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I  
enclose 25¢ for razor and blade. Check type preferred.

Name..... AL6

Address.....

Town or City and State.....

I prefer Long-handled Type..... Safety Type.....



and this was met by the introduction of "policy," on which there were daily drawings. Few tickets were sold outside of New Orleans. In addition to any revenue thus derived the daily drawing afforded a means for giving more jobs to town politicians and tightening the bolts of the lottery's local political machine. It also put out of business and brought under the alabaster aegis of the great lottery a host of little gambling schemes that had sprung up in its shadow.

The daily drawing was held at four each afternoon at the lottery offices. From ten to thirteen numbers were taken from a wheel containing from sixty-eight to eighty numbers—the scheme varied on different days. The object was to guess the numbers drawn. Bets were laid at a hundred-odd "policy shops" about the city. They could be made for as low as a quarter, and there were four plays—"capital saddle," "gig," "saddle," and "all day."

Capital saddle was a wager to guess two of the first three numbers drawn. Gig was to guess any three numbers drawn. Saddle was to guess any two numbers drawn. All day was to guess one number. Odds varied on different plays, and from day to day.

Policy swept New Orleans like an epidemic. The receipts reached \$65,000 a day. The quest of lucky numbers was fantastic. Men stopped children on the street and asked their ages. To see a stray dog meant to play 6. A drunken man was 14, a dead woman 59, a dream of fish 13. Dreambooks were sold by the thousand. School children took quarters from the family till to play policy. Office boys embezzled their employers' postage stamps. Housewives skimmed their tables and the Negro population was demoralized. There was a wave of petty thievery.

The anti-lottery people had something tangible to fix upon. They argued that the policy shops did on a small scale what the lottery did on a large scale, and spoke of the careers ruined, the homes systematically impoverished by the lottery's spell. "Next time, next time I shall hold the lucky number." That was what the teller of a bank had said, but when he died his books were thousands of dollars out of balance and his trunk full of lottery tickets. He had begun in a small way, but the deeper he sank in the mire of defalcation the more reckless he became until he bought hundreds of chances on a single drawing. Yet he never won, and with concealment no longer possible he spent his last dollar for a pistol.

The story of the decline and fall of the lottery is as colorful as that of its rise and would take as long to tell. The fight was a national one. Fund-raising meetings were held throughout the country, and the President addressed a special message to Congress. The lottery management got rattled. It needed the inspiration of a Dauphin. But the little doctor was asleep in a marble mausoleum in Metairie Cemetery. Founder Howard was dead. John A. Morris was dead.

(Continued on page 66)

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IN THE UNITED STATES AND ABROAD



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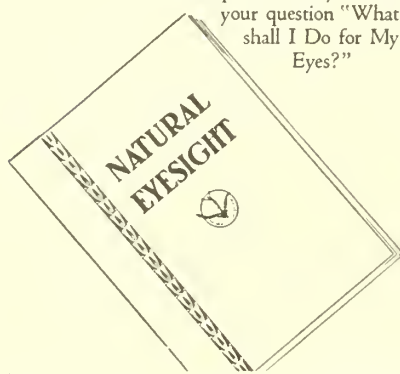
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# First Prize, \$600,000

(Continued from page 65)

Generals Beauregard and Early had passed to their rewards.

The best brains were with the opposition now and the country was in a crusading mood. The war on the lottery produced many notable and courageous figures. On the crest of the wave rose a mellow and portly Louisiana lawyer who was a terror when aroused. No legal sharp the millions of the lottery could oppose to him was his match. This was Edward Douglas White, whom a Republican President, Mr. Taft, appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

In 1894 the lottery was driven from Louisiana. It took refuge in Honduras and began a fugitive existence, selling tickets and distributing prizes in the

United States. Denied the use of the mails and of the express, its agents outlawed, hunted and harassed, the lottery maintained itself for twelve years more by a national system of counter-espionage. There were duplicate plants for printing tickets and duplicate systems for distributing them, as insurance against the seizures constantly recurring. An elaborate arrangement of codes, disguises, aliases and subterfuges confused the agents of justice and sent them over barren trails. But the end was inevitable and it came in 1907 when the surviving personnel of the management of the so-called Honduras National Lottery walked into court in Mobile, paid fines aggregating \$281,000 and called it a day.

# Why I Stayed in the Army

(Continued from page 19)

of opinion as to what Congress meant and what the War Department thought Congress had in mind. At any rate, the promotion list was arranged according to the length of service, between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, regardless of the rank held during the War. Thus twenty men in the school who had never been captains during the war, ten of them never even first lieutenants, most of them selected by boards of officers as second lieutenants, and none as captains, suddenly jumped to captaincies while I marked time.

I felt this blow quite keenly, and still do, but I had to stay in the Army in 1920 and play the soldier. Two years from now, it will make no difference. I consoled myself again.

The spring of 1921 somewhat renewed my faith in the Army. First I received word from the senior instructor of the Harvard R. O. T. C. that he was asking the chief of our branch to have me detailed to Cambridge as an instructor. I began to see light. I would work so hard and do my job so well that I would find time for study. With my favorite law school in my own back yard, so to speak, I would find some way of getting a legal education.

But the chief said, "No. A year's duty with troops is necessary for you to round out your training and then you will be better equipped."

"Correct," I thought and recognized the wisdom of his decision.

Several weeks later, the National Guard of my home town, undoubtedly urged by some of my friends, made a similar request but I had made up my mind to go with troops.

Just as the course was closing, I discovered that the school had asked for my retention on the staff of instructors. I tried to make it clear to the authorities that I wanted to go with troops and told them of my correspondence

with the chief, but the school, I was advised, gets the priority of consideration. On what basis I was selected, I do not know to this day.

Thirty miles from the army cantonment was located a college which could be reached in an hour and a half. I did not see how my job as an instructor was going to keep me very busy so I called on the dean of the law school and tried to map out a schedule of attendance for myself. I could not match my hours with the law school curriculum but I found that they fitted in much better with the academic course, so just to keep my brain active, I enrolled to work for a master of arts degree.

I was poring over "Europe Since 1815" one afternoon before the army school term had opened when I was called to the office of the commandant. The officer in charge of the post exchange had been ordered to the Philippines "on the next transport," and his property had to be taken over immediately. The post executive found me with no occupation at the time and ordered me to take over the job until he found another available officer. I took charge, but that other "available officer" has not appeared yet.

To my disgust I found myself at the end of two weeks counting shoe-laces, suspenders, chocolate bars and cauliflower. With an academic degree with distinction from one of the most distinguished American colleges, with five years' commissioned service to my credit, most of it in command of line troops, with a diploma from an army technical school where I had just spent ten months to improve my knowledge in my branch of the military profession, I had been relegated to the job of a country store-keeper in the Army.

Bickering with salesmen for special discounts on cigarettes, rushing off to



town to corner the turnip and spinach market, preventing "jawbone" coupons from being exchanged for cash at a discount by the soldiers and locating places where army women could get liberal discounts on lingerie became my occupation. The situation amused me.

Well, what difference did it make anyway, I argued. In less than a year I would be a civilian. In the meantime I might as well do this job to the best of my ability. The work was rather simple. Watching discounts here and there; keeping the stock turning over constantly, buying in quantity and a few other elementary business principles were applied and the dividends began to roll in. The business of the exchange averaged \$8,000 a month, and in nine months we declared dividends of more than \$10,000.

At first I worked late at night, Sundays and holidays, but at the end of a few months I found two hours a day sufficed. I handled personally all the matters of buying and price-fixing; honest men behind the counter took in the cash and coupons and the store ran itself. The exchange did not interfere with my studies in college, and I considered myself a fortunate student, working my way through school as a commissioned officer in the United States Army.

The commanding officer complimented me on the success of the store and told me I should have been a business man. I deeply resented the remark at the time. I had overlooked completely the fact that I was trying to do my best as a matter of loyalty but had had no business experience, that I did not want to run a country store, that if my ambition had been business I would not be in the Army, but a civilian and certainly in some more dignified enterprise.

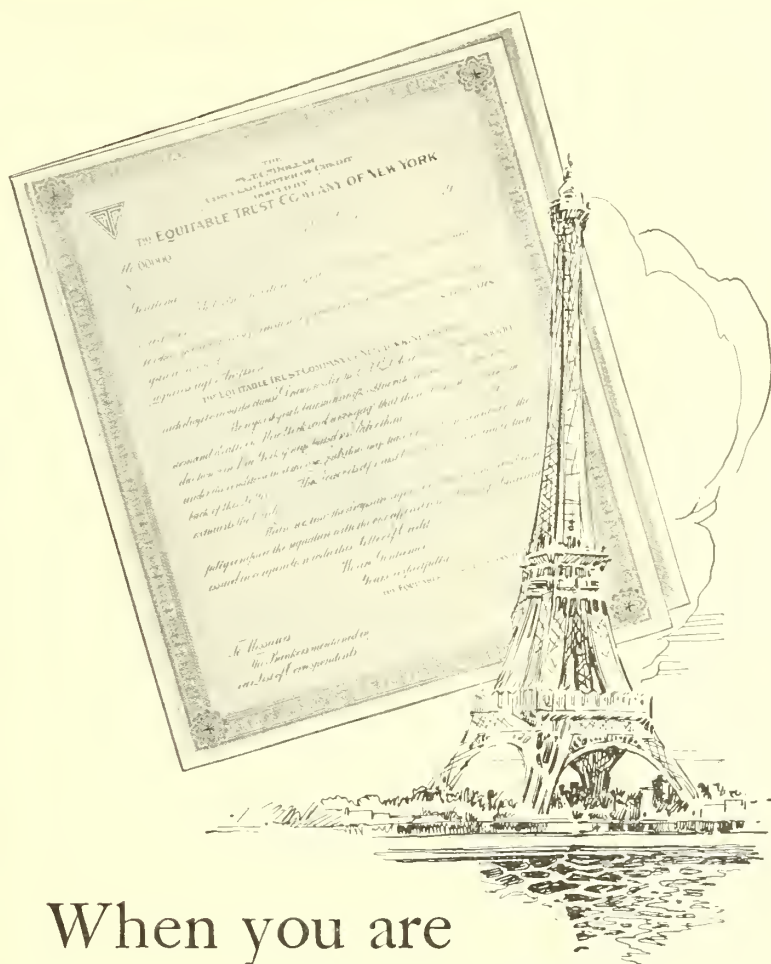
He followed up his commendation by turning over an officers' mess to me. Next to running a grocery store in a village, or even below it, I had always placed the busy-bee type of restaurant. Well, here I was running a restaurant and a grocery store. My luck of the exchange repeated itself, but I was careful never to tell a single civilian friend of mine the nature of my military duties. If one asked I still said, "I am retained on the staff of instructors."

The salesmen met me at the depot when I came to town in the morning and I made my purchase right on the spot. As post exchange and mess officer I was privileged to go to the city at any time and in that way no questions were ever asked, and very few ever knew that I was playing a double life as student and soldier.

As far as I knew I was carrying on my military duties to the satisfaction of my superiors. Now and then I complained about my ignominious assignment, and the encouragement received from one of the majors did a great deal toward giving me the proper perspective.

"After all," he told me, "it does not make much difference what a man's job is in the Army provided he does it well."

(Continued on page 68)



## When you are enjoying Paris

you don't want to be bothered with business details.

Wherever you go, let an ETC Letter of Credit provide you with the same convenience you would have in a personal checking account in your home-town bank. This convenience, combined with safety and economy, will eliminate all money worries. And for the benefit of holders of ETC credits, the Travel Bureau in our Paris office is prepared to obtain accurate information and arrange details of trips without charge.

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"The Bulldog doesn't burn very much more coal than my old stove used to, and it heats my whole 8-room house, where my stove would heat only the one room it was in." Ernest H. Marzoli, 72 South St., Milford, N. H.

## More Heat with Half the Coal

"I had a hot air furnace in our house before I got the Bulldog and our 7-room house was always cold. With the Bulldog it only takes *half* as much coal and we had weather below zero, and the house was nice and warm in the morning when we got up. We never have the draft on more than a half hour at a time, and it has the place red hot." Jess T. Conrad, Shamokin, Pa.



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If you are even thinking of a pipeless furnace, or any furnace, write for our free catalog. The Bulldog is one furnace you **MUST** investigate. **Comes completely erected, fits any height of basement, goes through any door, and you install it yourself!**

# No Money Down!

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The Bulldog is sent you for **free** inspection. Then, if satisfied, you make only small monthly payments, at our amazingly low price! Factory connections in both East and West. We ship from nearest point. Don't consider buying any furnace until you find out about the Bulldog. Write at once for our special offer and our free catalog together with the wonderful record of Bulldog success. Get ready for winter **NOW!** Mail this coupon **TODAY!**

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Babson Bros., Sole Distributors  
19th and California Ave., Dept. A-405 Chicago  
Without obligating me in any way please send me your free catalog and special offer on the Bulldog Pipeless Furnace.  
(Print name and address plainly)

Name.....

Address.....

# Why I Stayed in the Army

(Continued from page 67)

Before the year ended I got my captaincy back and was also given an organization to command. The exchange job then took on a new significance. I was not making money any more as a matter of duty or through a determination to avert failure on a military assignment, but as a means of getting dividends for my outfit. Dividends meant a better mess, a greater variety of food, ice cream and pie for my men when the twenty-five-cent ration made these delicacies out of reach. I found that I could work for my organization without any hope of reward. The recollections of my outfit in the Philippines still lived with me. For "my" men I was willing to be a storekeeper any time.

The academic year 1921-'22 ended. I received my master's degree in college. I closed up the exchange and mess accounts. I received word from my brother that he had been graduated from college and had a job. The family finances had improved considerably during the last year. The War Department had decided to cut down the Army by several thousand officers and offered a year's pay as an inducement. As a captain I could get \$2,400. I took a two-months' leave of absence to investigate the possibilities of civilian life.

First I went home and called on a number of my friends who were practicing law.

"Don't stay in this town," they advised. "There's no money for a lawyer here. If you want to make money go to

Pittsburgh or New York or some other big city."

"But I don't want to make money. Of course I want enough to live on, but I would like to stay in the old town, use the law as a stepping stone to public life, enter politics and perhaps accomplish something."

They all laughed.

"Say, where have you been these last five years? Don't want to make money? Enter politics and have your name and your private affairs dragged in the gutter at election time? You'll never make good that way. Now, take even George Lumpston, remember him? He just managed to pass his bar examinations by the skin of his teeth after two failures. Do you know what he made last year? Twenty thousand dollars!"

Success in the law was measured solely by the amount of money you made and the power of your clients, they all agreed.

I tried the larger cities, looked up some of my other classmates and found a similar attitude. Would I be using judgment to throw up the Army, struggle through law school for three years and then become money mad like the rest of these lawyers?

"We are not money mad," they protested. "It's the competition of life. It is the game—perfectly fascinating."

The more I investigated the more I realized that the law as a means of making a fortune never interested me. I wanted the law because I thought it the best training and the surest stepping-





stone toward public life. But even public life did not seem to appeal to these younger lawyers. Perhaps if I became a lawyer I, too, would lose my desire to be a public servant.

I looked more closely at my friends. They seemed tired. They seemed worn. I noted the beginnings of paunches and round shoulders. They were getting old. They seemed cynical. They frankly envied me. My back was straight. My eyes gleamed with the same spark of enthusiasm as in my undergraduate days. I was healthy and strong. I had already traveled more, seen more of the world, had more varying experiences in my short life than many of my old friends would have in their next forty years. Every year I was accumulating experiences which some day I knew would fit me for a big public job. These men may make a fortune, but I'll never starve, I reasoned. The army pay was enough to take care of my necessities, and what more did a man want?

I laughed at my civilian friends. Working for money, were they? Well, money meant nothing to me. Money did not count in the Army. Soldiers work for glory, for the love of the service, for patriotism, if you will, and get no other reward than the satisfaction of a job well done and an occasional pat on the back from a superior.

A soldier's life was the only life for me. The Army had transferred me to another school, out on the plains of the Southwest, remote from civilization, and I reported for duty before my two months' leave had elapsed. To add to my self-satisfaction the "prettiest, sweetest and most lovable girl in the world" agreed to join me later and share the Army with all its joys and heartburns with me.

Two months after I reported for duty I lost my captaincy again.

The War Department after discharging the least qualified members of the military establishment in the summer of 1922 was directed by Congress to take a number of them back. To make room for them, eight hundred of us who had not been weeded out had to step down in rank. This is another quirk in the promotion list that no one has ever understood. Had all this happened while I was on leave my whole attitude might have been changed, but now I was two thousand miles away from friends; it was too late to get the \$2,400 even if I did want to get out, and besides, I had been so positive that civilian life held no attractions for me that I could not execute an about face and retain my self-respect. The young lady in the case said it would make no difference to her if I were a corporal, and so we were married.

I found my supreme happiness at my new station. My wife fell in love with army life. My army pay sufficed to take care of two as well as it had one; in fact, it was three before the end of my tour of duty. My demotion meant nothing. The others understood. My professional responsibilities were increased.

In our (Continued on page 70)



## To "Show Me" Fellows

Let us show you that the claims men make  
for this unique shaving cream  
are true

—Accept, Please, Full 10-Day Tube to Try

### GENTLEMEN:

When salesmen call on us, we give them a courteous hearing—then ask for samples.

And since it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, we sell Palmolive Shaving Cream on that basis. We think you are entitled to a testable sized sample before you try it.

Will you accept one — a full 10-day tube? We'll thank you for the opportunity.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.



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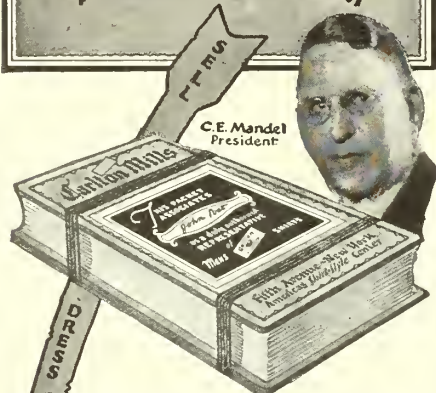
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1349, The Palmolive-Peet Company, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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We manufacture the famous and complete Carlton Custom Quality Line of Men's Shirts, to which has just been added an equally wonderful range of Underwear & Pajamas.

What an opportunity!

Through you, we reach an American market of 35,000,000 prospects. Ever new—never exhaustible!

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You are paid in cash daily. To those who are ambitious, we pay besides their big earnings, extra cash bonuses, and a share in profits.

Compact Sales Kit furnished free—goes in your pocket like the \$100.00 a week—so that you can conduct your business easily, with dignity and make more money in less time with least effort.

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If your policy bears the name John Hancock it is safe and secure in every way.

## Why I Stayed in the Army

(Continued from page 69)

small self-sufficient army community, shut off from the rest of the world, we learned to depend on ourselves for our amusements and recreation. We had our own little theater, our own newspaper, our own club and our own society. Life did not run harmoniously every day between all the members of the community, but we all seemed happy. Time to ride, time to play, time to dance, time to work and plenty of it kept us all satisfied.

My military assignments no longer concerned me. If the Army saw fit to turn over even a restaurant to me again I would not complain. "After all, it does not make any difference what you do in the Army as long as you do it well." I remembered the old advice.

Well, I got the officers' mess and restaurant—with its Chinese cooks, Mexican dishwashers, Negro waiters, and its international struggles the day after every pay-day. But that was not all.

The commandant placed me in charge of the school publications and reproducing activities. I

had to learn another new game, printing, editing and publishing. We had a small print-shop with a single linotype and one large press. New machinery had to be obtained. Paper had to be selected and bought. Line and half-tone engravings had to be made. In three years we established a complete self-sufficient unit with our own photo-engraving plant. For map reproduction we required a lithographic plant and succeeded in getting one which could be rolled out in a train of five trucks in the field and operate on its own electric power. For every job we always managed to find soldiers somewhere in the Army qualified to do the particular technical tasks. The plant grew from day to day, and I had the satisfaction of seeing an organization that had started from practically nothing develop into a unit which could function for the entire Army.

My work varied from day to day. Other duties came my way. At one time I supervised the post library, at another I edited the post paper. I managed a couple of the theatrical performances. The more work I got the better I liked it. If the commanding officer did not trust me to do the

job he would not have assigned me to the duty, I argued, and tried in every way to deserve his confidence.

I noticed, however, that most of my duties were of a business nature. The Army regarded me as a man of some business ability, evidently.

My accomplishments were judged primarily on a business standard. When I spent several weeks in selecting a variety of books for the library which would give the soldiers the tales of adventure they wanted and the serious students their complement of technical books and expected some praise for my all-round selections, the post executive complimented me on the number of volumes I bought on the small library allotment. When I ran the post paper,

the same thing held true. I heard nothing about its literary excellence, but the chaplain asked me, after each issue appeared, how much money I had made for the children's school which was supported by the profits of the weekly.

Toward the end of my tour of duty the War Department announced that

a number of officers who had shown they possessed business ability would be sent to the Harvard School of Business Administration to take the regular two-years' course. I put in for the detail and got an indorsement back from my chief that the assignment was not meant for officers in my service, since we belonged to the line and not the staff.

For four years the Army had forgotten my status as a line officer completely when it gave me one business job after another. Now when I tried to get a choice assignment it suddenly reminded itself of my commission. I had learned to take my duties as a soldier by this time and did not allow my disappointment to worry me. It was all part of the game.

Besides, the War Department selected me for another assignment which looked interesting. I was to go to one of the most sought-for stations in the Army, near a large city, to study the problems of recruiting. I knew we had men in the Army and I knew we got them some way, but I had never realized the details involved in getting them into uniform.

I reported for duty at my new station and began my studies. I found that I





had to acquire the point of view of considering the Army as a whole. I had to look at the problems of all the branches of the service. I had to learn about seasonal fluctuations of labor, unemployment, opportunities in the Army and the best means of disseminating that information to those who could utilize an enlistment in the Army to the best advantage. Travels to Washington and army posts on the east coast followed. At one time I went down to Porto Rico and Panama. Like every other job I ever had in the Army, I found a fascination in its novelty. If variety and travel interest a man, let him enter the service.

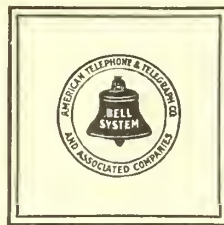
One obstacle stood in the path of contentment on my new assignment—my low rank. As long as I dealt only with army people they understood that all the men who came in during the war belonged to the same group and that luck played a great factor in the arrangement of the promotion list. Civilians, however, I found, ranked a first lieutenant as a nonentity. Every one of them who had taken a reserve commission after the war, even as a second lieutenant, and showed interest in his work was at least a captain, and many of them were higher. Every time I met one of my old friends who knew me as a captain during the war I would have to explain at great length my status as a lieutenant. I think a number of them still believe that I assaulted a major or went on a long drunk which resulted in my reduction. What they could not understand was how the second lieutenant in my company during the war, when I was a captain, was wearing two bars and talking about his promotion to a majority when I had not even got my captaincy back yet. I do not see any justice in the situation either, but now that a movement was started in the Sixty-Ninth Congress to correct the ridiculous results of the promotion act I am more hopeful about my future status.

Just as I had reconciled myself even to serve as a first lieutenant near a large civilian community, a new problem came up. The stork fooled me. Instead of bringing another boy, he brought two girls at one time. With three children to support, I am forced to ask myself all over again, "Can I afford to stay in the Army?" But there are thousands of parents "on the outside" who are struggling with that identical problem. It is a situation that can't be blamed entirely on the Army.

## *Toward a Better World*

*(Continued from page 15)*

our daily experience is a good one, indeed the only satisfactory one, for international relations. To have no respect for your fellows is to be deserving of none yourself. And any statesman who conducts national affairs without realizing this, not only in lip-service but with genuine conviction, should be removed from his job.



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## Travel Orders

(Continued from page 13)

the inevitable crash of breaking wood showed that the two were making good their threats.

"We can't have no more in here," remarked the Sidewinder, "an' if this is a sample of what it's gonna be all night we'll have 'em in here ten deep by morning. Hand me that there bayonet a minute." He took the bayonet that one of the men handed him and turned again to his door. There were two handles there, one a little below the other, to prevent the door being opened accidentally, since both had to be turned simultaneously. Between these the Sidewinder wedged the bayonet, so that neither could be turned from the outside. Then, working his way across the compartment, he took a rifle and fixed it against the sliding door that went into the corridor, between the handle and the jamb so that it could not be opened. He then returned to his old place and leaned out the window.

The corporal watched the proceedings listlessly. He was beginning to feel that a night on the train in that uncomfortable attitude would kill him, and he rather hoped it would. His chills were growing worse, and there was a tearing pain in his abdomen. He remembered the Sidewinder looking down at him with every appearance of disgust, but after that his recollection was very indistinct.

The train rattled on. The corporal really began to think he was dying, for he felt more comfortable. His legs had ceased to ache and itch, and he was surprised to find that he would awaken to the sound of a loud argument in the corridor and find that he had been asleep. He went off again and only half awakened at the next station, where the sounds of a small-sized riot disturbed him. At each station the problem of getting men on the train became more difficult. The corridor was jammed with soldiers, who had piled their packs against the doors in the form of barricades. Some of these men were dragged from the train by the police in order to make room for the new passengers at that station, only to find when the new passengers were aboard that there was no room for the old. In nearly all the compartments there were ten and twelve men, and it was humanly impossible to get any more in. There were fights between stations now, many of them, for a man would stand up to stretch his limbs and find his seat gone when he wanted to sit down. Battle would be joined at once. Only in the

corporal's compartment was there peace. The original nine were still there, and though the handle had been torn bodily from the door in efforts to wrench it open, the rifle still held it firmly closed. The corporal heard the men in the corridor cursing and the sounds of raging and yelling at the stations, as men hear sounds in their dreams, faintly. He went in and out of unconsciousness as a porpoise goes in and out of the waves. Withal he was fairly comfortable. He decided that he must be numb from the waist down.

The Sidewinder remained on his feet. During the corporal's period of wakefulness he could see the other swaying with the motion of the car, his face pale and drawn in the dim light. The corporal discovered after a while that his feet were on the opposite seat, in the

space the Sidewinder was supposed to occupy, but since the latter made no comment, the corporal left his feet where they were. He could sleep much more comfortably in that position.

"Here! What's this?" said a rough, cold voice. "Take that bayonet away from



that door! No wonder we can't get men on this train if this is a sample! Nine men in here!"

The corporal awakened suddenly at the sound of that voice. It was broad daylight, the train was at a standstill, and the corporal must have slept all night. He looked out of the door. There was an officer there, one of those men that looked like retired pugilists that were always selected to command units of the Military Police. With the officer were four or five M. P.'s, all big rough men, with the flaps of their holsters tied back, and the butts of their automatics ready to hand.

The Sidewinder, his face contorted in a snarl, removed the bayonet. The officer shoved open the door and looked in. "I'd like a dollar for every guard-house you've been in," he observed to the Sidewinder. His eyes roamed about the compartment. "Well, what the hell is this?" he shouted. "You!" He waved his finger under the corporal's nose. "Do you think you're on a Pullman? In all my service! Stretched out like a brigadier general, feet up on the seat and everything! D'yuh know there's a war on, do yuh?"

The corporal sat up, fully awake, and contemplated his own legs. Sure enough, six or seven packs had been piled under his knees, and his feet were on the seat opposite. That was the Sidewinder's seat, but the Sidewinder



was standing by the door, glaring at the M. P.'s, and the corporal could not catch his eye. The man who had sat on his pack against the door had moved to the other end of the compartment. "So that's why I've been so comfortable all night," thought the corporal, "no wonder! Why, it was almost as good as being in bed."

"Put down your feet!" barked the officer again. "The gravy train's off the track. We'll put four more men in this compartment. Send 'em in, sergeant! What do you mean putting your feet up on the seat?"

"I'm sick," said the corporal. "I've been sick ever since I left hospital."

The officer looked earnestly at the corporal. It was apparent without much examination that what he had said was true. "Awright," said the M. P. officer, "take him off an' send in two more men. Hospital for that bird."

"Hey, just a minute!" protested the Sidewinder. "He's got my travel orders with him. Give us my orders, corporal." The Sidewinder started to climb from the train, but he was shoved bodily back again.

"Wait till we get this bird off!" protested the M. P.'s. "There ain't no fire! Give us a little way, will yuh?"

The Sidewinder stepped aside and the corporal was carried out. Again the former started for the door, but this time a solid plug of humanity prevented progress. The six more men were being inserted into the compartment by the Military Police in much the same manner as hay is forced into a baler. Exit was impossible.

"My orders!" yelled the Sidewinder. "That corporal's got my orders! I been nursin' him half way across France so's I wouldn't get slapped in the mill for bein' AWO loose! My orders, hammer-heads! Ain't yuh got no ears?"

He tried to shove his way out again, but there were too many men in the compartment, and he was borne back with their weight to the center of the compartment. The short toot of the station master's horn, followed by the engine's answering shriek, mocked him. French station masters start trains from their stations that way, blowing upon a cow's horn, to which the engineer replies; and after a great deal of flag waving the train moves slowly on its way. The Sidewinder fought like a wild horse to get loose, but it availed him nothing. The last toot had sounded and the chef de gare had rolled up his flag and put it away long before the Sidewinder had gained an inch toward the door.

"The travel orders is gone an' the corporal, too, so yuh might as well stop kickin'," advised one of the other men.

"Well, how's chances on a seat?" demanded the Sidewinder. "First men in the car's entitled to seats, I guess. Any that ain't agreeable, speak up!"

"There ain't no seats!" said someone. "Make a pass at me an' I'll chip your egg with this intrenchin' tool."

The man spoke the truth. There were no seats. All stood, some on the seats and some on the floor, and they were likely to

(Continued on page 74)



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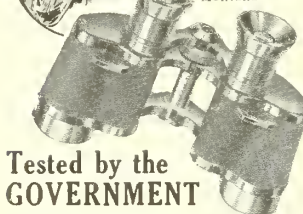




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Chicago, Ill.

No. 27 \$75 \$1.75 wk.

No. 852 \$37.50 \$1.00 wk.

No. 843 \$97.60 \$2.50 a wk.

## Travel Orders

(Continued from page 73)

stand that way until they got to Tours, four or five hours later.

"You was eager enough to stand up all night so's that limp-leather corporal could put his feet up," observed the man on the barrack bag. "One soldier, one seat, that's my motto. Ain't no call to let a guy put his feet up, sick or well."

"Now there," cried the Sidewinder, "that's what a man gets for doin' his duty. I been loadin' that bird on an' off trains from Contrexéville to Langres so's he wouldn't pass out an' leave me with no orders. The man I come up with from Genicart went loose an' a whole trainload of us lugged cement for a month for bein' absent without leave, just because that jasper had our orders on him. I ain't no handshaker! Mitt-glommin' never was in my line, but I

stick right around with the guy that's got the orders. If it hadn't been for fear o' gettin' shoved in the mill again I'd gone before now. I'd seen France, boy! If it wasn't fer the M. P.'s and the French it'd be a great country. An' now he's gone an' I ain't got no orders neither."

"An' you're out a night's sleep standin' up so's he could stretch out," observed the man who had sat on the barrack bag.

"Yeh, an' that, too!" roared the Sidewinder. "Last night I couldn't have set if I wanted to. I had a boil. But with all this shovin' an' pushin' it's bust now an' I could enjoy a seat. But there ain't no seats. A coot couldn't set here. Man, I ain't kiddin', war is hell!"

"Ain't it!" agreed the other men without sympathy.

## Better Be Safe—

(Continued from page 23)

the small investor is about as safe and as well-off as he can hope to be in the investment field.

Safety of principal should be the primary consideration of the small investor. Nowhere else in life is there more truth in the copy-book maxim that it is better to be safe than sorry. Every reputable investment banker recognizes that safety must be given the nest egg of the man or woman of modest financial circumstances.

But it is not always easy to give the small investor the safety he needs. Remarkably enough, the person to whom the rate of income on a bond is actually of least importance is usually the fellow who insists on a high rate of return. It is almost always the small investor—the inexperienced investor—who objects to the fact that a given security pays, let us say, only five percent.

"I want to get a decent rate of interest," he will insist—and the salesman has to talk himself blue in the face to show him that the rate of return is of little consequence in his particular circumstances.

The man who is in business for himself, or holding a job, is not losing any of the comforts of life just because his five bonds of \$1,000 denomination pay him \$250 a year instead of \$300. He could use the \$50, of course. Any of us can use \$50. But the average member of The American Legion is earning perhaps \$2,500 a year. And whether he gets \$50 more or less from a few bonds will not affect his health, wealth or happiness.

It is the larger investor who can afford to take longer chances with his money in order to get a greater rate of return. The man with \$100,000 in bonds gets an income from them of \$5,000 or

\$6,000, depending on whether he can get five percent or six percent investments. And if he plans to retire and live off his investment income the difference between \$5,000 and \$6,000 means a considerable difference in his scale of living. Consequently he is much more concerned—actually, though the small investor thinks that he is more concerned—with the income from his investments than is the man who depends for his living on his own activities, rather than on invested money.

Anyone who thinks that it is easy to pick speculations which will make him a big return with a small chance of loss may well be referred to the contents of the safe-deposit vaults of any successful business man when he dies. The foremost bankers and financiers leave, among millions of dollars' worth of securities which are worth face value or more, several hundreds of thousands' worth of "cats and dogs," stuff which has little or no value.

The man of considerable wealth can afford to take a chance, too. If a man who has a million dollars loses fifty thousand he is not endangering his future. But if a man who has saved ten thousand during his lifetime of hard work loses half of it by an unwise speculation, he may be placing himself and his family in actual want a few years in future.

All of which is offered to substantiate the original statement that safety of principal should be the primary consideration of the small investor. He can not afford to take chances with his nest egg.

After safety comes the need for marketability. In other words, unless an investment can be turned into money on very short notice it is not a wise investment for the man with only a few



thousand dollars. Some sudden need may arise, or an opportunity which must be grasped at once if it is to be taken advantage of. Then the man of comparatively small means can take a bond or a stock certificate, if they are of the marketable class, and quickly sell them for a price which is recognized at the moment as the market price.

Here again the man of large means need not be so concerned about marketability. If a considerable part of his investments are marketable, then he may profitably put some of his money into securities which cannot be sold on a minute's notice. The chances of the rich man needing his every cent are rather remote. Likewise, the wealthy man may borrow money more easily if an emergency need arises.

It is not possible to find the highest degree of safety and absolute marketability in a security combined with a high rate of return on the money. The reason is plain. If a company is so safe that its loans are sure to be paid, and if it is so well known to so many people that someone can always be found who will buy its notes (which is what a bond essentially is) on a minute's notice, then naturally that company does not have to pay a high rate of interest when it borrows money. And since it can borrow at a low rate of interest, the investor who buys its securities—which means the investor who lends the company his money—cannot get a high rate of return on his investment. If your credit is good, you won't pay somebody a dollar bonus to lend you five dollars until next payday. The same thing is true of corporations and government bodies borrowing in the market and selling their securities to you and me.

Since safety of principal is of first importance, marketability of second importance and rate of return comes only third, is it not plain that what the average small investor should look into is the safety first, rather than looking to see whether a bond pays five percent or seven percent?

I have already pointed out that the investor in a small community may well go to a local banker and take that banker's advice about an investment. If the investor is in a city which has investment bankers, then he can go to a high-class investment banker—or bond house, as it is more commonly called—and get the benefit of expert advice.

"But how can I pick out a high-grade bond house?" This question is asked rather frequently by those who do not know. And frequently the companion question is asked, "Is it safe to depend on those houses which advertise in reputable papers and magazines?"

To answer the second question first, "Not invariably." In general, the concern which is permitted to advertise in a reputable publication is itself reputable. But some perfectly reputable houses have speculative leanings which make them rather unsafe for the small investor. And I know that among the advertisements on the financial pages of the daily (Continued on page 76)

# I Was Bald!



and  
It  
Was  
No  
Joke



## Look at Me Now!

### You Can Grow New Hair Quick

I'm Vreeland. I take my own medicine. I practice what I preach. Look at my pictures above. Both bonafide photographs. No retouching. No changing of any sort. The first one shows me a bald headed man—getting bald every day. I dreaded to comb my hair—so much of it came out on the comb. Every shampoo left me a little more naked. The flies and mosquitoes bit in the summer and it got cold under my hat in the winter. "Gee, Vreeland, you're certainly getting bald," was tossed at me day and night. I looked 10 years older than I should.

At the beach I heard one sweet thing refer to me as "Old Baldy"—and I a little over 30. I thought everybody sitting behind me at the theatre was looking at my bald spot. Men, it was no joke to be bald. You who are bald know it. I'm not telling you a thing.

When I was bald I would have given \$500 for a head of hair. There isn't one among you who wouldn't do the same thing today.

But I'm bald no longer as my photograph will prove. Neither need you be bald unless you want to be. So keenly did I feel my baldness, made worse by my contact with other men who had full heads of hair, that I went to work on myself. If there was any way to make hair grow I was going to find it out. I set up a laboratory in my bathroom and there I tried out treatments originated by myself based on the soundest physiological facts. It was my hair and I could do what I pleased with it. I had a definite theory—and had not a lot of men like Edison done things which had not been done before? The details are not interesting. Disappointment, of course, at the start—then success.

My hair began to grow! I tried it on other bald heads whom I knew. Hooray—their hair grew! My friends and their friends were pop-eyed. I was almost mobbed by bald heads who wanted hair. Whether I'm the first to unearth the great hair-growing secret, I don't know—but listen to this—

#### Money Refunded

If I don't grow hair on any head under 45 years old if baldness was not caused by scars or burns.

## Pay Me Nothing — Nothing at All If You Don't Grow Hair by Using My Treatment

If you are a bald-headed man or woman or if you are getting bald—if your hair is falling out because of dandruff and you are afraid and think you might be bald some day, write to me and I'll send you all the proof you want—plenty of pictures of other hair-covered heads besides my own—heads which once

were as bald or balder than mine. If you are under 45, and if you did not lose your hair from burns or scars, I'll refund every cent of money you pay me if you do not cultivate a growth of hair even in advanced stages of baldness. No apparatus. Just a simple home treatment.

## Write Now—Just Send a Postal

You may not see this advertisement again because I don't do much advertising—so write while you have the chance to grow new hair quick. You can't get my treatment in stores yet—I'm too busy actually growing hair on heads that are bald. Write. I'll send you photographs, names and addresses of people who have actually grown hair.

**The Vreelands, A405 Euclid-Windsor Building Cleveland, Ohio**

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We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions. If you are at present employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.

If you are making less than \$150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income. It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

**ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept.  
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**\$1900 to \$2700 a year**



Long vacations with pay. Work easy. Travel on fast trains with all expenses paid, including hotel. No worries about the future. Ex-service men get preference.

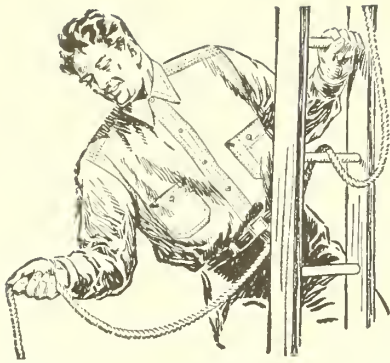
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Get my big free book about the Civil Service which tells all about the Railway Postal Service, and other positions, and how I can help you. Write today.

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Big Yank—wearers say—has always outworn two ordinary shirts. Now made even stronger. Rivets of thread reinforce every point of strain. Practically impossible to rip. Oversize throughout. No binding. Extra strong materials—triple-stitched. Big, loose armholes. Our huge volume makes possible world's greatest workshirt value. Guaranteed against defect in material or workmanship. Big Yank, Jr. gives same value in Boy's sizes.

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Tires in ONE minute  
Agents—Big—Quick Profits  
Tires hammered full of nails, leak no air. Amazing new invention banishes puncture trouble forever. Punctures heal instantly. Stops slow leaks. Preserves rubber. Increases tire life. Clean, scientifically correct. Not a Liquid.  
**FREE SAMPLE** Immediate—Tremendous profits. No talking—just drive nails in an old tire. **GET THE FACTS.** Territory going fast. Full particulars—Big Book and a **FREE SAMPLE** postpaid by return mail. Send No Money, just your name but **ACT NOW.**  
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### The Great War Novel

It restores the ideals for which men gave their lives. A pageant of character. Human, intense, true!

Of Any Bookseller — \$2.00

Chicago—Reilly & Lee—New York

## Better Be Safe—

(Continued from page 75)

newspaper which is generally credited with using the greatest care in this respect of any paper in the United States are a good many recommendations of stocks and bonds which I consider far from being conservative investments.

One good measuring stick is to learn whether an investment house is a member of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. Most good bond houses are. And while not every high-grade investment banker is a member, every member of the association is a high-grade investment banker, to the best knowledge of the association.

But whether or not the small investor has such an investment house available, or whether he must go to his local banker for advice, there is just one sensible course for such an investor to follow. Let him place himself in the hands of a competent, honest seller of securities. Let him put at this investment dealer's disposal complete information about his own financial circumstances, his holdings of securities, his average surplus income which may be invested regularly, and his income. Then follow the investment expert's advice—always, of course, reserving the right to veto a recommendation.

It is practically impossible for the small investor to know for himself what is a good investment and what is a poor one. Occasionally some misguided genius goes about selling bonds which are almost worthless, or at best exceedingly risky. The investor who does not follow financial affairs pretty closely cannot hope to know the pedigree and general reputation of a particular issue. And even the best of bond houses frequently offer for sale bonds which, if not sheerly speculative, are at least on the speculative side. These bonds are what are known as "business men's investments," which means that they are a good chance for the man who is in a position to watch very carefully any developments affecting them and who will not be harmed

materially if he loses on the transaction. They are at the opposite pole from "widows and orphans," the very safe securities which may conscientiously be recommended to the investor who cannot afford to stand a loss, who has to live on the returns from his or her investments.

Just as there are poor bonds and speculative bonds, so there are extremely safe and conservative common stocks. The common stock of a company which has a long history of earning profits and paying dividends, which is engaged in a stable and necessary line of business, and which has no excessive burden of fixed charges, bond interest or preferred stock dividends to meet before it pays dividends on its common—such a stock may be quite as conservative an investment as is a good bond. Take, for example, New York Central or Atchison among the railroad stocks, American Telephone and Telegraph or Commonwealth Edison among the public utilities, and a few large industrials. It must be remembered, however, that stocks are subject to general business cycles, and a conservative board of directors may find it advisable to cut the dividend in bad times, so as to conserve the assets of the company. As a general rule, it is unsafe to buy stock in an industrial company which pays out more than half its earnings to its stockholders. The investor who buys outright stocks of the classes mentioned and holds them is being quite as conservative as if he buys high-grade corporation bonds.

But it all nets down to three safe rules for the average small investor:

1. Never buy without getting the opinion of a competent and honest banker or investment banker.
2. Demand safety of principal and marketability; put return in its proper place of less importance.
3. Best of all, place your investment affairs in the hands of a high-grade investment banker, and follow his advice.

## One Month to Go

(Continued from page 49)

and only three enlisted men, the twenty-seven thousand men of the First Division subscribed for War Risk Insurance policies having a total face value of two hundred million dollars. The only other division which surpassed that record was the Twenty-Sixth Division, a National Guard division just out of civilian life, which subscribed, under the direction of Major James D. Rider of Philadelphia, for War Risk Insurance totalling two hundred and twelve million dollars while the division was scattered about Neufchâteau.

A hundred tales might be told of the eagerness with which service men in

those dangerous days grasped the insurance policies which Uncle Sam held out to them. Solicitation had to proceed at top speed because it was expected that any day might find the men of those earliest divisions in battle. As a matter of fact, many units of the divisions had actually moved into the trenches before the hasty canvass had been finished, and the insurance officers of the division had to complete their work almost within earshot of German lookouts—often working by candle-light in dugouts, up to their knees in water.

Congress had passed the law so recently and the divisions had moved so



rapidly that the divisional insurance officers sometimes found themselves working without official application forms and the other material they were expected to use. There was the time, for example, when the solicitation in the Gondrecourt area almost stopped because the insurance men ran out of application forms.

Word had come that the forms had left Paris on a Red Cross truck, but day after day passed and no truck had shown up. Finally, fearing to delay longer, Colonel Ijams and his assistants requisitioned a large supply of wrapping paper and improvised blanket forms. These were simply ruled paper having space for the signatures of the insured men, their serial numbers, the amounts of the policies applied for and the beneficiaries designated. These rough forms were passed from hand to hand in a company, each man signing his name. Later, when these rough rolls were checked up, the word "dead" was written after scores of the names of the men who had been insured so informally.

It was ten days after the Red Cross truck left Paris that it finally arrived in Gondrecourt, its driver, an elderly school teacher in civil life, shaken in body and soul by the horrors of his trip. He had had days of endless battling on bad roads against one of the worst snow storms of that hard winter of 1917. There had been breakdowns, traffic blockades and other trials. He told the First Division men he had been tongue-tied before the war. Whatever slight facility of speech he ever possessed had entirely vanished when he delivered his cargo and staggered into the nearest billet to find a place to sleep. It was by efforts such as this, however, that Uncle Sam accomplished his enormous task of placing insurance policies for a total of almost forty billion dollars in the hands of more than four million men during the World War.

In those days of 1917, truly, Uncle Sam had to use no forced salesmanship to sell his insurance policies. Colonel Ijams recalls that one man who somehow was overlooked when his company signed up for insurance caught the vision of oncoming death as he stood in a lonely trench. In desperation he wrote on the clay bank of his trench with a sharpened stick his application for Government insurance. This was his last act before a heroic death. A photograph of this scrawl, secured at personal hazard by an insurance officer, was presented in Washington and honored as a claim. The soldier's mother received payment of ten thousand dollars from the Government because her son had acted in the last hour left to him in life.

Incidentally, it is an interesting fact that more than fifty percent of all the more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand War Risk Insurance death claims which were paid up to 1920 were paid to mothers of service men. Fathers constituted the next largest group of beneficiaries, while wives composed only ten percent of the total. These

figures, of course, only confirm the generally known fact that the overwhelming number of men who gave their lives in the World War were unmarried.

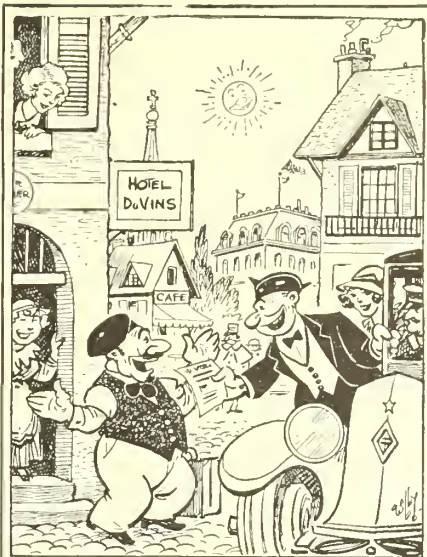
A study of the beneficiaries of the six hundred thousand Government insurance policies today would disclose that the overwhelming number of young bachelors who fought in the World War are now married and most of them have dependent upon them, not only wives but children as well. In fact every single payment of a death claim by the Veterans Bureau today carries its own sermon on the wisdom of holding an insurance policy.

Even a superficial inquiry into the present lives of the four million or more veterans of the World War will convince anyone that most of them have such heavy responsibilities toward others—wives, children or parents—that they cannot afford to pass up forever the insurance opportunity which Uncle Sam is offering them. That opportunity ends on July 2, 1927, little more than a month from now.

Until July 2, 1927, every Legion post and as many individual Legionnaires as possible should do everything that can be done to carry to the uninsured service man the gospel of government insurance, to get him to repent before it is too late. For the men who this year heedlessly reject their chance to get a government insurance policy at the lowest possible premium rate, a policy as good as is obtainable anywhere, are going to know real remorse later. They are going to realize some day just how careless they were. The first strong realization may come, perhaps, a few years from now when, due to increasing responsibilities, they try to purchase policies in private insurance companies. They will find then that they will have to pay much larger premiums than they would pay today for government policies. And when they have later bought policies from private companies they will be paying each year a heavy financial penalty for their present indifference.

It is up to the Legion to tell every uninsured service man today that this present chance probably never will come again. The United States Government entered the insurance business solely as a war measure, and it undertook to conduct its business at actual cost, with no charge to policyholders for the heavy overhead expenses which policyholders of private companies must pay. That cost-price government insurance will be obtainable only for one more month. If an uninsured veteran doesn't buy a government policy within this month, he cannot justly blame Uncle Sam later. Uncle Sam has given him warning after warning that he could sell his policies only for a limited time.

In the short time remaining any insurable veteran who has dropped his War Risk Insurance can repurchase any one of the seven forms of government policies. If he is in such physical shape as to render him uninsurable, in the ordinary sense, and his disabilities are the result (Continued on page 78)



## On From Paris!

AFTER three thousand miles of blue sky and water and only a week in Paris, a fellow isn't going to dash right back home! And there is no joy greater than that of traveling with congenial companions. The comfort and luxury of a private car—the advantage of an English-speaking chauffeur abroad—the charm and delight of knowing that you are utterly independent and carefree—all this may be yours. Itineraries may be modified to fit individual preferences. Every detail of your trip is arranged in advance, eliminating all the worries of foreign travel. An unusual opportunity is within your grasp, one that you may never have again. Reduced rates have made it easy for you to reach Paris and the Convention; they will make it just as easy for you to see something of Europe afterward. Write for the booklet "On From Paris." It will provide an excellent solution to your travel problem.

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At stores everywhere—50 cents a pair

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston  
How Did Your Garters Look This A. M.?

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"Stay-Frest" Trousers Presser sells quick to every man—thousands in use. Men and women are cleaning up big profits with this fast seller. Sells on sight. Priced low. Big cash profit for you. You take orders. We deliver. Your profit in advance.



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Puts perfect creases in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and hazy knees. Easy to use—takes less than half a minute. Folds into small size. Saves clothes and tailor bills. Nothing else like it—no competition.

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Jack Ames made \$24 in four hours. Randie sold 25 the first day. Mary Roberts made \$10 in one evening.

**FREE** Others making big profits in spare or full time. So can you. You risk nothing. We start you. Write quick for FREE selling outfit and full details of money-making selling plan.  
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Common education sufficient  
Mail coupon today—**SURE**

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Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, entirely free of charge, 32 page book with (1) A full description of the position checked below: (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable: (3) Send full information describing preference to ex-service men.

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--- Postoffice Clerk ..... (\$1700 to \$2300)  
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--- Bookkeeper ..... (\$1320 to \$2040)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## One Month to Go

(Continued from page 77)

of his war-time service, he also has this privilege. If he already holds a government term policy, the War Risk policy he took out in service, that must be converted before July 2, 1927, into one of the seven forms. Uncle Sam is offering a new level premium term policy which can be held for five years, at the end of which time it must be converted into one of the six forms of permanent insurance. The new level-premium term policy actually costs less than present term insurance, because its slightly higher premiums are offset by dividends. It has, of course, the disadvantage inherent in all term insurance—when conversion is made to a permanent policy later, the buyer must pay the premium for his increased age when the conversion is made.

The permanent forms of insurance are: Ordinary Life, Twenty-Year Endowment, Thirty-Year Endowment, Twenty-Payment Life, Thirty-Payment Life and Endowment Payable at Age 62. These forms are all standard forms, of the same general types supplied by most private insurance companies.

Holders of these forms of policies are entitled to dividends each year. At any time after the first year they may obtain in cash a substantial percentage of all the money they have paid in as premiums, if they wish to surrender their policies. At any time after the first year, likewise, if they stop paying premiums Uncle Sam will keep their policies in effect for a definite period. If they become totally and permanently disabled, Uncle Sam will start paying the insurance to them immediately. These and other advantages make the government policies as attractive as any offered.

The Insurance Division of the Veterans Bureau in Washington will send to any service man booklets explaining all about these policies, and it will send also application forms to be used in reinstating lapsed policies and converting term policies into permanent insurance. Any of the branch offices of the Veterans Bureau, located in the larger cities of the country, will also send this material.

During the war Uncle Sam was the largest insurance agency in the world. He had more than four million policyholders and the face value of the policies he had issued was almost forty billion dollars. The magnitude of his war-time insurance business may be appreciated by contrasting this sum of forty billion dollars with the total face value of all life insurance now held by American policy-holders, which is eighty billion dollars.

Today Uncle Sam has only six hundred thousand policyholders and their policies have a face value of slightly less than three billion dollars. Up to June 30, 1919, almost 120,000 death claims were received by the Government's insurance division, but each year since the war the number of death

claims has been comparatively small. The deaths of policyholders during 1926, for example, numbered fewer than six thousand.

Since he began his insurance business Uncle Sam has paid as benefits, either on account of death or total permanent disability, almost \$900,000,000. Of this sum, almost \$50,000,000 has been paid on claims from converted Government policies.

On June 30, 1926, monthly installments on term insurance policies were being paid to 11,802 permanently and totally disabled veterans and to the beneficiaries of 141,916 deceased service men. The average monthly insurance payment to disabled veterans was \$46 and to the beneficiaries of veterans \$51.75. The government insurance law permits payments to beneficiaries in a lump sum or in monthly installments over a period of years.

Tuberculosis was the cause of total and permanent disability in 4,423 cases in which term insurance was being paid to insured men in the middle of 1926 and was the cause of death in 14,314 cases where term insurance was being paid to beneficiaries because of the death of policyholders.

In the settlement of the tens of thousands of death claims, the Government's insurance representatives have uncovered countless tales of extraordinary human interest, tales involving heroism and sacrifice and unbelievable tangles in personal relationships.

Perhaps the strangest tale of all is the tale of the runaway North Carolina boy who died on a battlefield in France under a name that was not his own and is honored today by a marble fountain in a Texas town.

In 1924 C. S. Readings, a chief examiner of one of the Veterans Bureau insurance sections, was given the task of finding any possible surviving relatives of a youth who had been blown to bits by a shell in March of 1918. Previous efforts of Bureau investigators to learn the real identity of the boy had failed because he had entered war service in 1917 in a Texas town in which he had lived but a few years and nobody in that town knew whence he had come. Somebody did remember that he had once said that his parents were dead. All that citizens of the town could tell was that the youth had arrived in town quietly, had gone to work on a ranch, had won the good opinion of everybody, had entered service under the draft law, and had been heard from no more. There were good reasons for believing that the name he had been known by in the Texas town and in the Army was an assumed name.

Early in his investigation Mr. Readings had a bit of luck. By follow-up inquiries in Texas a man was found who remembered that he had once heard the youth say that he had been born in a certain little town in North Carolina.



Mr. Readings wrote to officials of the North Carolina town. Back came word that nobody of the name given had ever lived in the town. But the town postmaster happened to remember that a boy with another name had disappeared from the town in 1910—had run away and had never been heard from, although his parents had carried on a search for him year after year. His father was the pastor of the town's leading church.

It was the night of Thanksgiving Day when the postmaster knocked at the door of the home of the father and mother of the town's missing boy and delivered the message they had been awaiting for so many years. The minister and his wife wept as they read the description of the boy who died. They recalled the childhood birthmarks that his enlistment record showed. He had been away from home seven years before he entered the Army, and they tried to picture the change that had come in him as he grew from the boy they had known to the rugged and mature youth who had fooled the Texas draft board by saying he was several years older than he really was.

Bit by bit the whole story came to be told, rounding out an epic romance. First was told the reason for the boy's flight from home, an extraordinary reason. He was the youngest of three sons and his father had named each of the sons after a celebrated American minister. The two older sons had never a cause to regret the names their father's religious fervor had given them, but, by one of those mischances of boyhood, the name given the youngest son was one which his playmates employed in ridicule. They called him, tauntingly, by his full given name and to add barbs to their humor varied it with the nickname of "preacher." The more he suffered, the more they teased him. So at last he ran away—to become a cowboy.

## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 54)

other post whose membership-getting is lagging to follow the example of the post in my own town and appoint the postmaster and a drugstore keeper on the membership committee. A pair of Legionnaires like that can't be beaten. It's like the old story of the country doctor and the town undertaker—"you kill them and I bury them." It's all in knowing everybody and knowing when and how to see them to ask them to join. The drugstore man found he got best results by telephoning prospective members at their homes just after the evening dinner hour."

**H**OW can anyone keep the bugle and drum corps of Frankford Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, away from the 1927 national convention in Paris. After having won most of the honors in its own State, it is looking forward

In the Texas town there were new revelations. A few citizens told of the day the draft numbers were called, when the number came up of a man whom honor bade go but heavy family responsibilities would have kept away. This man would not have pleaded for exemption, though his friends urged him to do so. In his predicament, the quiet boy who had been working on a ranch came to him and begged him to exchange numbers. The ranch boy's number had not been drawn. The trade was made secretly with the help of draft officials.

The ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy of the runaway boy was awarded to his father and mother. They used it to pay off the debt on their church.

The citizens of the Texas town were so deeply stirred by the revelation of self-sacrifice that they erected a marble fountain in honor of the North Carolina boy.

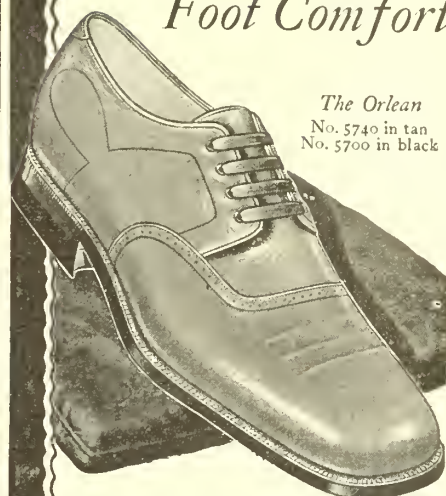
Cases such as this, of course, are rare among the tens of thousands of death claims which have been submitted by the Bureau. They are cases of the type which every insurance company encounters occasionally in its complicated dealings with assorted humanity.

Even though the time for reinstatement of lapsed term policies and the conversion of old term policies to the new form of term policy or permanent insurance expires on July 2, 1927, Uncle Sam is going to be in the insurance business for many, many years. He may not take on any new policyholders after July 2, 1927, except in the case of those now entering the service, but he may be depended upon to look after the interests of the service men who are carrying his insurance when the last minute of the final day for reinstating or converting policies has passed. Those men have the satisfaction of knowing that a government insurance policy will continue to be as sure and safe an investment as a government bond.

to that parade down the Champs des Elysees. The corps was declared the champion corps of Pennsylvania at the last department convention, and it started 1927 right as the official band at the inauguration of Governor John S. Fisher.

**F**OR more than six months, Frank Clay Cross, Director of the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, has been preparing a monthly book review under the title, "The Legionnaire's Reading." This review, published as a regular feature in a large number of department and post publications, describes approximately twenty books each month, including books on social problems, biography and history, travel and adventure, as well as fiction. Recently, as a part of the review, Mr. Cross has been designating one book each month as (Continued on page 80)

## Hot Weather Foot Comfort



The Ostron  
No. 5740 in tan  
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**L**IGHT—airy—comfortable—that's summerweight Ostron-path-ik. Add up-to-the-minute style for every taste—add four special features and you know why Ostron-path-iks are becoming increasingly popular. \$7.50 at your local dealer.

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"Walk for Health  
in  
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You walk on Cushions when—  
You walk in "Ostron-path-iks"



"Ostron-path-ik"

ALL GOOD LEATHER

## Agents-Just Out!

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**Make \$90.00 a Week Easily**  
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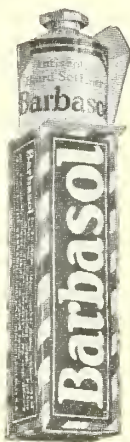
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## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 79)

of particular interest to Legionnaires. Mr. Cross believes that the interest shown in the book review proves that many Legion posts may advantageously undertake to assemble libraries of the outstanding books now being published.

"With a very small appropriation a post could buy one book or more each month for circulation among its members," Mr. Cross writes. "Operated on the circulating library plan, the library could soon be built up to a size which would insure that every member could find in it the books he likes. In some cases, purchases of new books might be financed by a daily charge of a few cents for each book taken out of the library by members."

Well, a hint is enough for most of us. But if anyone wants to know more about the monthly book review or the post library plan, the way to find out is to write to Mr. Cross. He is at National Headquarters, Indianapolis.

**LEGIONNAIRE** contributors—fall in! Heading the formation in this issue is Grantland Rice, a New York City Legionnaire, a charter member of one of the earliest Legion posts, organized by service men on the staff of the *New York Tribune* in 1919. Mr. Rice's poem, "Ten Years Later," recalls that ten years earlier Mr. Rice was an artillery officer training for his many battles. His poems written in France made him the poet laureate of the A. E. F.

Leonard H. Nason, author of "Travel Orders," is another pioneer in the Legion. He was a delegate from Vermont to the St. Louis caucus of the Legion in 1919 and served on the publications committee of that assembly. Later, in Vermont, he was chairman of the Washington County Legion organization and founded Moses Taylor Post at Northfield.

The author of "Why I Stayed in the Army" is a Pennsylvania Legionnaire, who prefers to remain anonymous for obvious reasons. So we won't give the name of his post for equally obvious reasons.

Marshall Field III, who is biographized somewhat fully in the Message

Center, is a member of Knickerbocker Club Post of New York City. Marquis James, Charles Phelps Cushing and Frederick Palmer all belong to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, Treasurer of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation, belongs to Paul Coble Post of Indianapolis, a large post composed entirely of physicians and dentists. He has taken a prominent part in national affairs of the Legion since its earliest days, serving on the National Distinguished Guest Committee and accomplishing several Legion missions abroad. He will attend the 1927 convention of the FIDAC in Bucharest, Rumania, as a delegate of The American Legion. During the war Dr. McCulloch spent fifteen months as a medical officer in the A. E. F., including a period as Adjutant of Base Hospital No. 32 at Contrezeville. Discharged with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, Dr. McCulloch is now commanding officer of Evacuation Hospital No. 18 of the Organized Reserve. In Indianapolis, Dr. McCulloch is in demand as toastmaster and after-dinner speaker. He is the personal physician and friend of two of Indiana's most famous authors, Booth Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson.

Alexander Gardiner is a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut. Watson B. Miller has been Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee since 1923. He served as National Vice-Commander in 1922. Peter B. Kyne was the first Historian of the California Department.

Members of four New York City posts contributed decorations or illustrations to this issue. The decorations for the poem by Grantland Rice were made by Herbert M. Stoops, a member of Jefferson Feigl Post. Kenneth Camp, who made the illustrations for Mr. Nason's story, belongs to Advertising Post. V. E. Pyles, who drew the pictures accompanying the article, "Why I Stayed in the Army," is a member of 107th Infantry Post. Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige, who made the drawings for Peter B. Kyne's serial, belongs to Willard Straight Post.

RIGHT GUIDE.

## As Old as the Hills

(Continued from page 33)

two columns southward down Arcadia Valley to make an assault.

But at the dramatic moment, another Union general arrived who took over the command and turned the columns back. Our "outranked" new brigadier left in a huff that night for St. Louis. From there he was ordered to Mis-

souri's capital, again to prepare defenses. That was his job for some time; they kept him jumping around from place to place in the Missouri Ozarks as a defense organizer. "All I fear," he wrote to his father, "is that too much may be expected of me."

Though for a while he was denied



action, he got plenty of it in the years to follow. On he kept with stubborn courage until in the end, by his bulldog war of attrition, he wore his opponents down to exhaustion and defeated the brilliant strategy of some of the most distinguished military leaders in all history. Many were the severe critics of his course, as when he vowed he'd "fight it out on this line if it took all summer." But President Lincoln stood by him stanchly: "I do not know General Grant's plans, and I do not want to know. Thank God I have found a general."

After Grant was ordered to other sectors many gory battles followed in Missouri. (One of them, a Confederate victory, right here in Ironton, where the survivors of Grant's old Illinois regiment later erected a statue upon the spot where their colonel had received his commission as a brigadier.) But in Grant's own opinion this later fighting, which left Missouri finally almost as devastated as parts of Belgium after the World War, was chiefly the fault of G. H. Q. "I believe now," he declared in his memoirs, "that there would have been no more battles at the West after the capture of Fort Donelson if all the troops in that region had been under a single commander who would have followed up that victory."

And so say our 40 and 8 orators. One of their main objectives in the present speaking campaign is to persuade Congress to preserve the Wilson Creek battlefield near Springfield, Missouri, as a national battlefield park. Goad-Ballinger Post, of Springfield, the largest American Legion organization in the State, is especially active in this effort. Professor L. E. Meador, of the chair of history at Drury College, is serving in the function of Service of Supplies for important facts.

Now for some of that "history thunder" which they're broadcasting. At the microphone, Legionnaire Lon Scott, of Springfield, so energetic a rooster for the Ozarks that he doubles in brass as secretary of both the "Shepherd of the Hills Association" and of the "Main Street of America Association."

If you think you have read about real battles, and perhaps have attended a few, he suggests, this Wilson Creek battle should challenge your admiration all the more for the desperation of the fighting upon both sides. "Nothing more heroic in the whole annals of American history. Between 20,000 and 25,000 men from Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri engaged in the fierce battle that began at daybreak, here where Schooler Branch empties into Wilson Creek, a few miles southwest of Springfield. It was here that on August 10, 1861, they fought on horse, on foot, with cannon, with musket, with sabre, with knives and clubs, at no time letting the line give way for more than a few rods on that bloody hill. It was here that General Nathaniel Lyon, of Connecticut, was killed early in the battle. Nearly every other general officer died fighting. Practically every colonel, lieutenant

colonel and major, on either side, sacrificed his life. Sixteen percent of the total forces were killed. Twenty-five percent of the men actually bearing arms were left for dead in heaps and rows upon the battlefield."

Thomas W. Knox, a war correspondent for the New York *Herald*, who was present at that battle, relates that a council of the officers of the Union army the night before the clash had decided that a defeat, "provided the defeat were not too serious," would be less injurious than a retreat without a battle. "To abandon the Southwest without a struggle," General Lyon had declared, "would be a sad blow to our cause, and would greatly encourage the Rebels. We will fight, and hope for the best."

Apparently, the battle ended in about as near a draw as could be imagined, for if the *Herald* reporter's account is accurate, the Southern commander, General McCulloch, "had actually given the order for retreat a few minutes before he learned of our withdrawal. Of course he countermanded his order at once."

Though the Southern troops had the advantage of greater numbers, they were not nearly so well equipped and armed. Their losses were so heavy that they did not follow up their victory with further successes. And the Union Army was allowed, when next it moved upon Springfield, to occupy this strategically important center without real opposition. In charge of the North's stores in the Springfield Q. M. department, then, was placed a highly efficient captain who later became almost as great a hero in the eyes of Northern soldiers as Grant. His name? Phil Sheridan.

But this isn't all of the story in which the Springfield sector takes so much pride. Another paragraph from Correspondent Knox's account of the Wilson Creek battle relates this further sequel:

"At that battle there was the usual complement of officers for five thousand men. Two years later there were seven major generals and thirteen brigadier generals who had risen from the Wilson Creek army. There were colonels, lieutenant colonels and majors by the score, who fought in the line or in the ranks on that memorable roth of August. In 1863, thirty-two commissioned officers were in the service from one company of the First Iowa Infantry. Out of one company of the First Missouri Infantry, twenty-eight men received commissions."

This is the same Missouri regiment which went into the Battle of Wilson Creek with 726 men, stood fast to the end despite 313 casualties, and "when they left the ground marched off as coolly as from a parade."


Of the merits of all the claims of the Ozark 40 and 8 orators in regard to Wilson Creek, no mere journalist can hope to judge. They put their case rather strong. They contend that this "first battle" (Continued on page 82)

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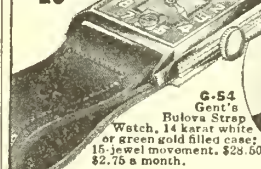
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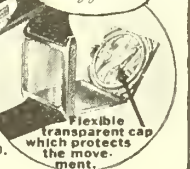
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## As Old as the Hills

(Continued from page 81)

fought by Southern troops on Northern soil" was a test of strength which by its valiant showing "saved Missouri to the Union"—and it was "thus the beginning of the end." With Missouri heartened and held in line, Union victories followed at Pea Ridge in Arkansas, at Fort Donelson and Shiloh. Steadily after that more territory on the Confederacy's west flank was cut away. Then Vicksburg fell and Chattanooga followed, making possible the conquest of Georgia and South Carolina and the final doom of the South's lone hope.

Be all that as it may. And more power to the 40 and 8 if the truth of history is on their side and the West's great role in the Civil War has been, as they claim, too long slighted. Of a certainty, this Wilson Creek field appears to deserve commemoration.

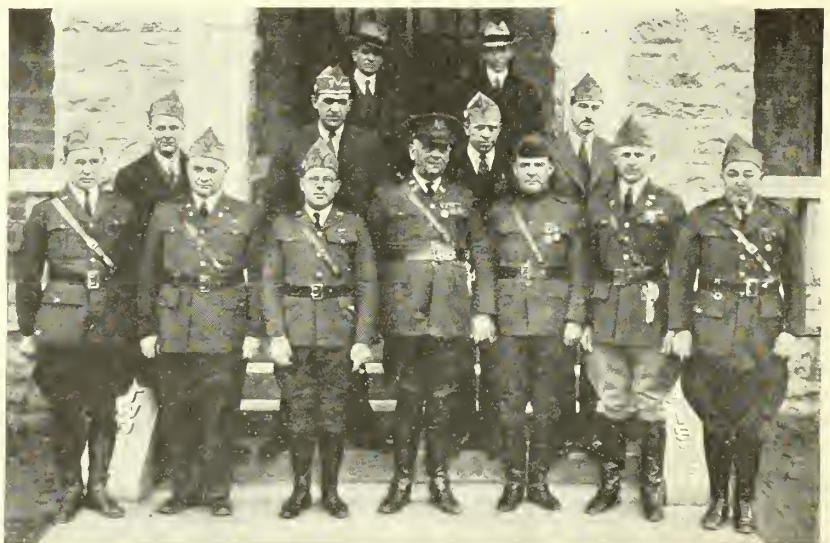
The Springfield of today, advertising herself as "the Queen City of the Ozarks," is as modern and enterprising a place as you'd be likely to find anywhere. In token, see among the accompanying illustrations the portrait with which Goad-Ballinger Post presents us, a bird's-eye from an airplane. Yet not far away, in the surrounding Ozark hills, the same plane from which this snapshot was made could easily reach in less than half an hour some isolated spots where, in contrast, "living conditions are more primitive than can be found anywhere else upon the American continent." The quotation is from Lon Scott. Perhaps he puts it too strong. But that "primitiveness" is passing so swiftly since the days of the World War that the point really isn't worth debating. Hurry if you want to catch even a last glimpse of it before it all vanishes. For today in the Ozarks it is literally true that you "can see history in the making while you watch."

Concerning the World War our Ozark friends advance no claim, as they do of the Civil War, that Missouri "won" it. With no undue modesty they confess, of course, that Missouri's old tradition for producing war leaders remains unimpaired. "Oh, yes," they observe, "we're still in the running. A Missourian named Enoch Crowder was picked for the most important job on this side of the water—organizing the draft. On the other side, a Linn County boy named Pershing led the A. E. F. Don't forget, too, that a Hannibal sailor lad named Robert E. Coontz, who had command in war-time of a division of the Atlantic Fleet, was shortly afterward promoted to Commander-in-Chief of the combined fleets of the Atlantic and the Pacific. And to bring the records strictly up to date, Dwight Davis of St. Louis is at this moment our Secretary of War."

But Missouri didn't "win" the World War. This time, quite the other way—the World War won Missouri. It completely transformed the State, and no part of it half so profoundly as the hilly Ozark section. In exactly the same manner and to the same degree it transformed the adjoining Ozark section of northwestern Arkansas.

The reference is to that life-and-death affair in modern civilization—a good roads system. This long had been opposed by the older hide-bound conservatives who dominated the governmental policies of both Missouri and Arkansas. In Missouri an "agitation" for highways had been started shortly before the war, but before it could make much headway another excuse for postponement stifled it. For as soon as America joined her cause with that of the Allies it became "impossible to find enough competent engineers left behind to do the job."

Here you have the real tip-off about



*Spellbinders of the Forty and Eight Historical Squad chosen from posts in the Ozark region*



who the men were who accomplished the road building later. In answer to a recent query about the personnel of the Missouri State Highway Department, R. C. Barnett writes:

"You will note that our Chief Engineer and most of our Bureau Chiefs are ex-service men. The road law provides that in the employment of help ex-service men shall be given the preference." He encloses "a partial list" of these veterans—upward of ninety names—and marks with an "L," as among the Legion members, T. H. Cutler, Chief Engineer; Lue C. Lozier, Attorney for the Department, and Edgar Shook, Assistant Attorney.

But lest we get too far ahead of our story, return now to the time when thousands of young Missourians, with a plentiful proportion of Ozarkers among them, went marching off ten years ago to do their bit. Before that call to arms many a young fellow from the hills never had been outside of his own county or neighboring counties just like it. Which is another way of saying that he may not have had much knowledge of the every-day usefulness of motor cars or any notion of what benefits cars might confer where first-class highways permitted them to operate efficiently. Opponents of good roads had done their best to prejudice him against such things, declaring that rich city folks, joy-riding in \$12,000 limousines, got all the benefits. But your farmer boy—and none more than a hill farmer—is an independent-minded fellow who does a lot of thinking for himself. He *has* to, or he can't get along at all; some new emergency to figure out crops up every day.

So he figured this out, too. He was sent to places in the homeland which had been blessed with good roads for several generations, or he went to France and there saw highways from which thrifty peasants had reaped profit since the days of Caesar. He used his eyes about that matter of the \$12,000 limousines and noted that it was a lot of applesauce—more than half of the cars in the world were lowly flivvers. Then he did some more figuring. In the hills a fellow living on a bad road could make only one round trip a day with a heavily loaded wagon, even if his farm was only six or eight miles away from the nearest town. But if he had a good road and a cheap motor truck he might do a week's hauling in a single day. No one could tell him any longer that "good roads did nobody any good but the city joy-riders." He knew better.

So it came about in Missouri that the young men in the small towns and on the farms got behind the flying echelon of the "city folks" of the state automobile club, and shortly after the war pro-

ceeded to rush the moss-backs plum off their feet. With the cash of a \$10,000,000 bond issue, work began in 1922. Today \$95,000,000 has been spent, and half of a 7,640-mile project completed, every county sharing the benefits upon a truly democratic basis. In all, by 1932, a total of \$206,000,000 will have been spent.

That is why you now "see history in the making under your very eyes." With good roads to break down the old barriers of ruggedness, the half of the Ozark region which lies within Missouri's boundaries is swiftly becoming modernized. Likewise is that additional third of the region across the line in Arkansas—for Arkansas is just as valiantly engaged in the same task.

Along with this, of course, are coming other transformations. On that point I'd like to end with a quotation from an expert—a College of Agriculture district extension agent. J. C. Caldwell is a circuit rider for the University of Missouri gospel of better farming. In his weather-beaten flivver he covers three of the most rugged of Ozark counties—Iron, Washington and Reynolds. He also is Adjutant of Edward Wendell Post of The American Legion at Ironton.

"That a profound change is coming over the whole Ozark section," he remarks, "must be apparent to anyone who has known them up to the time, say, of the World War. Today there is a new spirit here, a spirit of enterprise and accomplishment, and the ex-soldier has had a very big part in it."

"One of the first great moves following the war was the bonding of the counties and of the State for funds used in road-building. The ex-soldier who had been taken far from home, and who had come to know the value of good roads, was almost invariably a supporter of the good roads movement and had an important part in securing its passage.

"Much of the progress along other lines is due to ex-soldiers. One of the big factors agriculturally is the bringing in of agricultural specialists to help the Ozark farmer with his problems. Ten years ago there was hardly a county in this section that had much assistance. Now there are few that do not have the benefit of expert help if they need it.

"Many of these teachers are disabled soldiers who were trained at the expense of the Government. Three of them, J. F. Minnis, agricultural teacher of Appleton City; C. F. Maupin, district agent at Lebanon, and myself, at Ironton, were all members of the same battery, E, of the 342nd F.A., 89th Division. Numbers of others were ex-soldiers. Cecil Browning of Ava, George Hahn of Ozark, and many others are disabled soldiers. Most of them have been or are now members of the Legion."



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# On to Paris

(Continued from page 59)

battlefields had been plowed under and villages rebuilt on them; and that it would be necessary to visualize the old scenes rather than see their remains. While it is true that in the majority of cases, especially in the tilled section, the battlefields have been sowed with grain, there are still enough reminders of war to satisfy everyone.

"To satisfy myself that the war still lives, I made a trip through the Meuse-Argonne sector. On Montfaucon, that deadly hill of death which the Germans had made into a mountain of steel, we found the ruined town just as it was after our troops had captured it and gone on after the retreating Germans. A ruined chateau hangs gaunt against the sky and inside is the observation tower of the German crown prince, the slit through its railroad iron and concrete still commanding the regions for miles around.

"Pill boxes and trenches still wind around the hills, and the sides of the roads are piled with war debris, trench helmets, rotting equipment, old shells, gas masks, grenades, old bayonets and rotting gun butts. It will take another ten years to remove the debris that four years of war piled up.

"In Varennes, Nantillois, St. Meneshould, Vienne le Chateau and a score of other villages springing up out of the old ruins, we found French men and women eagerly looking forward to our coming.

"When our Legionnaires go up to Four de Paris, the jump-off place of the left flank of the Argonne, they will find the opulent, concrete dugout of the Crown Prince Rupprecht, just as it was when the Seventy-seventh Division men captured it. The French government has preserved it. His reception room remains intact, save that the soft carpets are gone, the electric light wires missing. The fireplace is still there, and in the back is the sixty-foot tunnel that dropped him safely into the earth and allowed him to visit army headquarters and other steel and concrete dugouts. The wooden walks in the woods which the Germans laid

are still there, and the convolutions of the reserve trenches are merely grass-grown.

"To those who go with The American Legion, whether they were in France in 1918 or not, I can safely say that the war will live once more, and they will be impressed by the magnitude of the American Army's task in capturing this German stronghold."

**E**ATING attains the exaltation of a religious ceremony in Paris, and the amateur epicure or semi-professional gourmet who once sacrificed his A. E. F. appetite upon the altar of the false gods, poisson d'Or and boeuf a la tincan, will have a chance to save his gastronomic soul during the Legion's national convention in September. He will be able to eat his way through Paris with the deliberation and pleasure of an art connoisseur visiting the galleries of the Louvre for the first time. At every step on the main boulevards, celebrated restaurants call to him. At every turn in the narrow streets of the older quarters of Paris, he will come upon the picturesque hole-in-the-wall cafe which serves something for which the wise hungry journey to it from afar. Let no one depreciate the real and great glory of Paris dinner hours.

Let no one now recoil from the menu written in language unintelligible to him, fearful that he will unwittingly order the snail when he wants lobster, tripe or eel when he wants roast chicken.

For dining in Paris has now been made safe for the apprentice epicures. Just as one may safely go mountain climbing in Switzerland in these cotton battered days, so may he now climb unshepherded and fearlessly the gastronomic heights of the capital of France. Everything has been made easy for him. Books and books tell him where he may find the greatest delicacies, how best to choose the right food combinations, the restaurants one should see to remember and talk about them.

Two recent books will be especially helpful to the Second A. E. F. pilgrim who expects to eat each new meal in a different restaurant in Paris. One is "Dining in Paris," by Sommerville Story, published by Robert M. McBride & Co. The other is the "Epicure's Guide to France—Paris, The Environs of Paris, Normandy," by Curnosky and Marcel Rouff, published by Harper and Brothers. Any book dealer, anywhere, can get them for the Legionnaire who expects to go to Paris in September. They are two tantalizing volumes, and even the First A. E. F. trenchermen who got about in Paris enough during the war to know a few good places to eat will want to read them or some of the older books of the same kind.

It is worth knowing that all the restaurants in Paris today are forced by law to affix their priced menus on the door, so that they can be read by anyone without entering. This sensible requirement ought to prevent any visitor from wandering unwittingly into a

famed restaurant charging the highest prices when he is looking for a place with only an average scale.

And remember this, the Parisian dish, par excellence, according to Curnosky and Rouff, is not a rare food of great cost, but that homely yet marvelous pomme de terre frite, more familiarly called the frite, in English French fried potatoes.

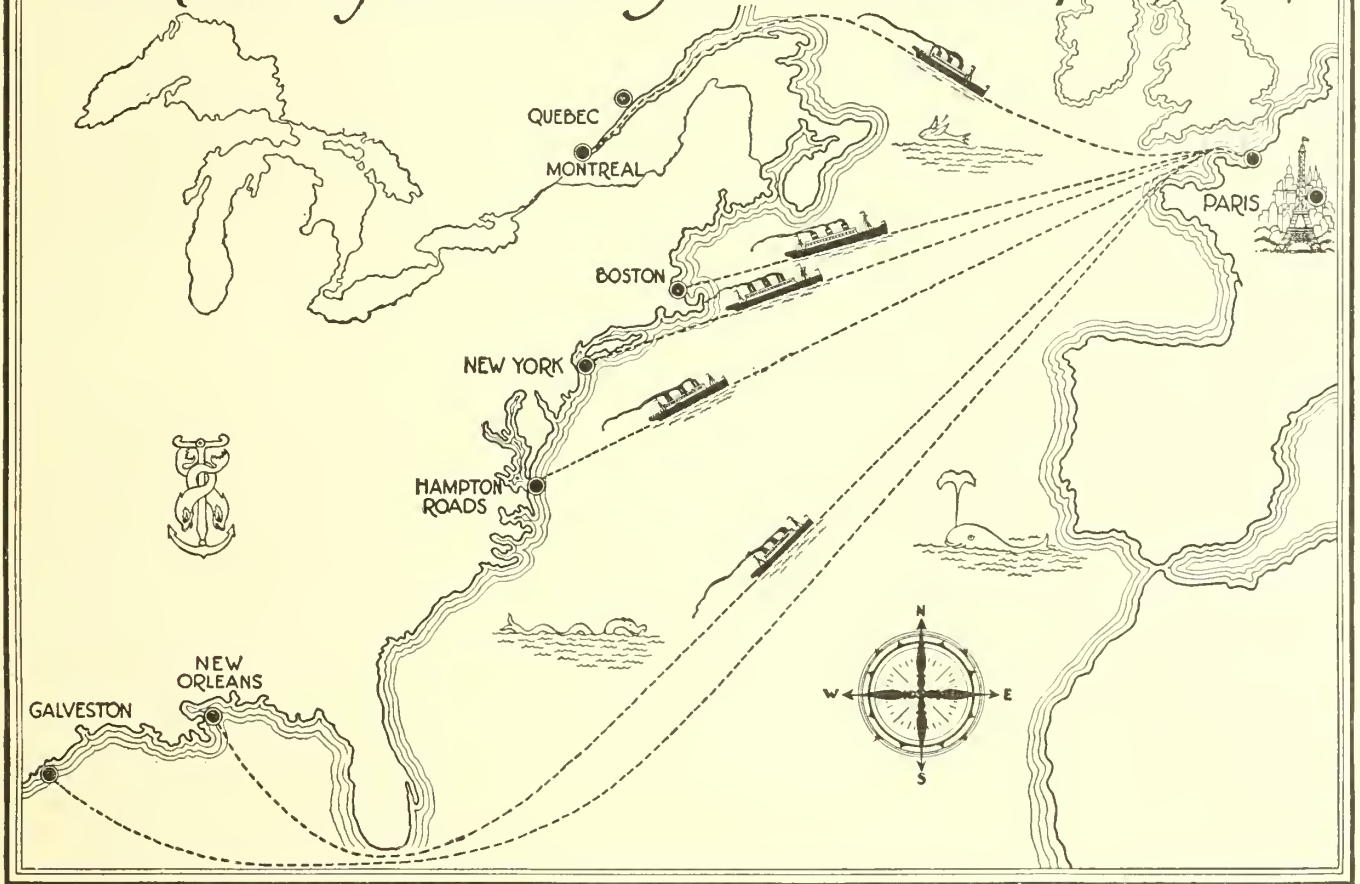
All in all, there is no salvation anywhere for the Legionnaire who will ignore opportunity and play safe by ordering ham and eggs in English during his stay in Paris.



*Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey signing the bill which authorizes thirty-day leaves of absence with pay for New Jersey State, county and municipal employes who attend the national convention in Paris. Department and post officials and other prominent Legionnaires witnessed the ceremony*



# The Route of the Second A. E. F. ~ Paris ~ Sept. 19, 1927



Here's the official route of the Second A. E. F. to Paris! This chart indicates the line, the official steamer on which your State delegation will sail, the port and the date of sailing. Go over it carefully. Write your France Convention Officer today for full details of the trip. This information is free. But act quickly, as the number who can go is limited.

STATE	FRANCE CONVENTION OFFICER	LINE	STEAMER	PORT	SAILS SEPT.	STATE	FRANCE CONVENTION OFFICER	LINE	STEAMER	PORT	SAILS SEPT.
Ala.	S. C. Crockett, P.O. Box 433, Montgomery.....	SEE FOOT NOTE				N.H.	Frank N. Sawyer, State House, Concord.....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th
Ark.	E. H. Vonderau, 623 Pecan St., Helena.....	SEE FOOT NOTE				N.J.	Geo. F. Fleming, State House, Trenton.....	Frs.	Savoie	N.Y.	9th
Ariz.	Robert H. Dickson, Box 422, Jerome.....	Frs.	Chicago	G.	1st	N.M.	Herman G. Baca, Santa Fe.....	Frs.	Chicago	G.	1st
Cal.	Al Chase, 4176 Montgomery St., Oakland..... M. A. Bessolo, Jr., 347 Pac. Elec. Bldg., Los Angeles	Frs.	DeGrasse	N.Y.	8th	N.Y.	Robert C. Lee, 5 Broadway, New York City....	Cun.	Caledonia	N.Y.	8th
Conn.	J. Frederick Collins, c/o Allen Bros., Greenwich.....	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d	N.C.	James Leonard, Lexington.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Colo.	E. C. Calhoun, Rm. 14 Capitol Bldg., Denver....	U.S.	Republic	N.Y.	7th	N.D.	Jack Williams, Fargo.....	C.P.	Montnairn	Que.	9th
D.C.	Joseph J. Idler, 2135 4th St., N. E., Washington	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th	Okla.	Fred W. Hunter, 418 State Capitol, Oklahoma City	Cun.	Antonia	N.Y.	8th
Del.	Lester P. Hudson, 2618 Van Buren St., Wilmington	Frs.	Savoie	N.Y.	9th	Ore.	Carl R. Moser, 207 Chamber of Commerce, Portland	C.P.	Montnairn	Que.	9th
Fla.	Rice King, 516 Graham Bldg., Jacksonville.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th	Pa.	James J. Deighan, 903 City Centre Bldg., Phila.	Cun.	Tuscania	N.Y.	8th
Ga.	Joe M. Carr, Rome.....	SEE FOOT NOTE	Frs. LaSalle	N.O.	2d	R.I.	Joseph Crump, 7 Waybosset St., Providence....	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d
Idaho	Lester F. Albert, 316 Capitol Bldg., Boise.....	C.P.	Melita	M.	9th	S.C.	Sam L. Latimer, Jr., 1224 Green St. et.....	SEE FOOT NOTE			
Ill.	Floyd J. Heckel, Bloomington.....	Cun.	Caronia	N.Y.	8th	S.D.	Walter S. Travis, 452 Broadway, Pierre.....	U.S.	Harding	N.Y.	9th
Ind.	Kleber Hadley, 777 N. Meridian St., Ind'p'ta....	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d	Tenn.	Guy H. May, Memorial Bldg., Nashville.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Iowa	R. J. Laird, 1003 Reg. and Trib. Bldg., Des Moines	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	8th	Texas	Allen C. Ater, 1116 Commerce Street, Dallas...	Frs.	Chicago	G.	1st
Kan.	Ernest A. Ryan, Memorial Bldg., Topeka.....	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d	Utah	Spencer Eccles, Logan.....	U.S.	Republic	N.Y.	7th
Ky.	Paul Jagielky, Crutcher & Starks Bldg., Louisville	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	8th	Va.	J. A. Nicholas, Jr., 201 State Office Bldg., Richmond	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
La.	R. L. Mouton, Royal and Conti Sts., New Orleans	Frs.	LaSalle	N.O.	2d	Vt.	Robert McCuen, Federal Bldg., Burlington....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th
Me.	James J. Boyle, 108 Main St., Waterville.....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th	Wash.	Jesse W. Drain, 509 Third Avenue, Seattle....	C.P.	Montroyal	Que.	9th
Md.	Kenneth A. McRae, Riverdale.....	Frs.	Savoie	N.Y.	9th	W.Va.	Jackson Arnold, Weston.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Mass.	Henry Nicolls, 158 State House, Boston.....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th	Wis.	Howard Dessert, Mosinee.....	C.P.	Melita	M.	9th
Mich.	Robert J. Byers, 214 Lincoln Bldg., Detroit....	C.P.	Montroyal	Que.	9th	Wyo.	E. A. Froyd, Midwest.....	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d
Mont.	O. C. Lamport, Helena.....	C.P.	Montroyal	Que.	9th	All States.....		U.S.	Leviathan	N.Y.	10th
Minn.	Edwin L. Lindell, Old Capitol Bldg., St. Paul...	C.P.	Montnairn	Que.	9th						
Miss.	John Anderson, c/o I.C.R.R. Sta., Jackson.....	SEE FOOT NOTE									
Mo.	Jerry F. Duggan, 3709 Broadway, Kansas City...	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d						
Neb.	Nels E. Johnson, Valley.....	U.S.	Republic	N.Y.	7th						
Nev.	F. W. Egelston, Reno.....	I.M.M.	(Arabic Celtic)	N.Y.	2d						

**Key to the points of embarkation and official steamship lines:**  
 Ports—M., Montreal; Que., Quebec; B., Boston; N.Y., New York; H.R., Hampton Roads; N.O., New Orleans; G., Galveston.  
 Lines—C.P., Canadian Pacific; Cun., Cunard and Anchor; Frs., French; I.M.M., International Mercantile Marine (including Royal Mail, White Star and Red Star); U.S., United States.

**NOTE—SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR ARKANSAS, ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI, GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.**  
 On account of the elimination of the Charleston sailing, Legionnaires and other eligibles from Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina have the privilege of sailing on any official line and from any official port they desire, but the same official line must in all cases be used both ways.



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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 57)

Thibault or Bazoches is requested to report to the Company Clerk.

IT WAS only a matter of time, we knew, until more of the former press agents or troupers of A. E. F. shows were smoked out. The Rimaucaourt Detail Dodgers, the Whiz Bang Troupe of Base Hospital No. 5, the revue "Let's Go" of Section 611 of the United States Army Ambulance Service with the French Army, have all been given laudation in this department by former members or boosters. And the Mo-Kan Minstrels, too, were mentioned in passing. Which reminds us that Legionnaire Jesse H. Stuart of Tampa, Florida, wants to get the words of the song, "Giddap, Napoleon, It Looks Like Rain," which the Mo-Kan outfit used in its show. Now, getting back to the shows, we can broadcast a report submitted by John L. Wood, otherwise Jack Wood, Radiotrician (there's a new word for you which we got from Jack's letterhead), of Maysville, Wisconsin. This latest contribution to our dramatic department follows:

"Glancing through the good old Monthly I read something about shows in the A. E. F. after the war, or, I should say, Armistice. I belonged to the 32d Division and took part in the 128th Infantry's 'Doughboy Barrage.' Our show consisted of a girl chorus with a first part of vaudeville made up of the Human Pin Cushion, George Travis in 'Paw, Maw and Me,' Northrup, Frazee and Brown in an Hawaiian guitar number, Chester V. Fraley in the Sentry Dance and Awkward Squad, and the writer in popular army recitations.

"The second part consisted of a farce comedy, 'Charlie's Aunt.' This farce was about as good as they went. All boys. 'Amy' was played by Albert Rodriguez and he certainly had them going. The show closed with the 'girl' chorus with 'Rush' Berg as the prima donna. I wonder how many ex-shavetails had him on their laps? Especially the looney from the 30th Infantry down at Mayen, Germany.

"Now let's hear from some of the ex-members of the good old 'Cantigny Players' of the First Division, the Fifth Division's 'Dustin' 'em Off' and the 107th Engineer show and others. I forgot to mention Eddie McCanon, the toe dancer, in our show. The fellows who returned on the transport *George Washington* in May, 1919, will remember the 'Doughboy Barrage' as it was played on that ship on May 4, 5 and 6, 1919. Let's hear from more of the gold-bricking show birds."

REQUESTS continue to come in from relatives of men who lost their lives in service for information regarding the death and burial of these

former comrades. Exceptionally fine responses have been received in a majority of the cases listed in this department and facts awaited for almost nine years by bereaved relatives are now being brought to light. Attention is directed to the following cases:

26TH DIVISION: Irving E. Lines, private, Company D, 102d Infantry, killed in action April 21, 1918, in the enemy raid on Seicheprey. Body has not been recovered.

35TH DIVISION: Ralph W. Griffith, motorcycle dispatch rider, Headquarters Troop. Reported missing in action September 29, 1918. Officially reported killed in action in the Argonne Forest on same date originally reported missing. Two years ago a signet ring which belonged to this man was returned to his family from Antwerp, Belgium, leading his mother to believe that he may still be alive, probably in some hospital.

42D DIVISION: Charles Prindle, private 1cl., Company B, 116th Infantry, killed in action July 15, 1918, Champagne-Marne defensive.

77TH DIVISION: Sigurd Lima, enlisted May 24, 1918, from Cooperstown, North Dakota. Left for overseas service as a private, Company H, 158th Infantry, 40th Division. Transferred September 21, 1918, to Company G, 308th Infantry. Records show that on January 4, 1919, it was reported that he had been sent to a hospital on October 10, 1918, but the medical records afford no information regarding him. Nothing has been heard of him since.

78TH DIVISION: Ward N. Hoffman, sergeant, Company M, 311th Infantry, died in Dijon, France, January 7, 1919. His mother would like to recover his watch, a 7-jewel Waltham, number 20581104, in nickel-brass case with leather wrist strap; also his testament which contained his name and the name M. Gazelle Hoffman.

81ST DIVISION: Walter H. Henning, private, Company F, 321st Infantry, killed in action November 11, 1918. Parents would like to recover watch which this man had given to a fellow soldier as security for a small loan.

87TH DIVISION: Al Seeland, private, Company C, 348th Infantry, reported killed in France, date not stated. This division trained in Camp Pike, Arkansas, crossed to France but did not get into action.

91ST DIVISION: Charles Abercrombie, captain, 363d Infantry, died October 7, 1918, of wounds received in action.

POSTAL EXPRESS SERVICE: Abram Doyle, enlisted May 8, 1917, at Fort Slocum, New York; assigned to Company I, 74th Infantry, sailed for foreign service September 1, 1918. Drowned November 26, 1918, while serving as Sergeant, Postal Express Service, First Division, at St. Aignan, France.



**I**N 1920 the Joint War History Commissions of Michigan and Wisconsin published a history of the 32nd Division, which was composed of National Guard troops of these two States. This volume, entitled "The 32nd Division in the World War," was presented without cost to all of the men who served with the division. Following the lead of Michigan and Wisconsin, the State of Ohio has now published "The 37th Division in the World War," an authentic history of the Buckeye Division, written by Ralph D. Cole and W.C. Howells. The first volume of the history is now ready for distribution and will be given free to every veteran who served at any time with the 37th Division. Applications for copies of the history may be sent to John Edwards, Secretary, 37th Division A. E. F., Veterans Association, 329 Stoneman Building, Columbus, Ohio.

With the advance of the summer months, reunions of the old wartime outfits are growing in number. Notices of reunions and of other activities of interest to veterans will be published in these columns provided information is furnished to the company clerk at least six weeks prior to the first of the month in which the announcement should appear.

**SECOND DIV.**—Annual reunion June 2-4 at Washington, D. C. Address C. O. Mattfeldt, secretary, Second Division Association, Washington Barracks, D. C.

**SEVENTH DIV.**—The History of the Seventh

Division, 1917-1919, is ready for distribution. Price, five dollars. Remittance may be made to the Seventh Division Officers' Association and sent to Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

**42D (RAINBOW) DIV.**—Annual reunion July 14-16 at Des Moines, Iowa. Address Cortez Souter, secretary, Rainbow Division Veterans, Room 20, City Hall, Des Moines.

**128TH INF.**—Reunion June 25-26 at Milwaukee, Wis. Address Gerald Hyde, secretary, 128th Infantry Association, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

**353D INF.**—Annual reunion July 24-27 at Junction City, Kas. Address J. B. Humphrey, Jr., president, Junction City.

**81ST CO., U. S. MARINES.**—Second annual reunion June 2-3 at Washington, D. C., in conjunction with Second Division reunion. Address Edward C. Bass, 1923-231 S. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill., or Captain George Bower, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

**401ST TEL. BN.**—Ninth annual reunion June 4th at Nantasket Beach, outside of Boston, Mass. Address T. P. Nilian, 245 State st., Boston, or Wm. J. Sullivan, secretary, 50 Olive st., Boston.

**CO. C, 58TH AMMUNITION TRN.**—Second annual reunion June 17-18 at Narragansett Hotel, Providence R. I. Address Capt. Thomas H. Hammond, 115 Pinhurst ave., Providence.

**ART. SECTION, ANTI-AIRCRAFT SCHOOL, A. E. F.**—Former members who intend going to France for the Legion convention and who are interested in proposed reunion in the Fort de Stains training area near Paris, are requested to write to William C. Cameron, R. R. No. 4, Kokomo, Ind.

**U. S. S. President Lincoln**—Annual reunion on Memorial Day, May 30th, at New York City. Address H. D. Carter, 165 Broadway, or Ben Schwartz, 348 E. 84th st., New York City.

**MILITARY ORDER OF THE WORLD WAR**—Baltimore, Md., Chapter will act as host to the seventh annual National Convention of the Order during the first week of October in the War Memorial Building, Baltimore. Information regarding the convention may be obtained from Webster S. Blades, 1206 Fidelity bldg., Baltimore, Md.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 41)

proper speeches of presentation at a formal meeting of the Connecticut Humane Society. This is why. Old John Schmidt, who had gone into the woods, was missing. Jack and Toddles had been with him. On the second day of the hunt one member of the search parties noted Jack, who refused food, barking about farm houses and running out toward the woods and back again. He followed Jack's leading and found Mr. Schmidt lying dead with Toddles guarding his body. Great dogs, Jack and Toddles. But the greatest dog remains your own; he is your best listener who always agrees with your views. Humanity owes much to the first primitive man who domesticated the wolf.

**TAKING HIS TYPEWRITER** in hand one evening to amuse himself, George S. McMillan of Alan F. Waite Post of Yonkers, New York,

wrote two pages, having a little fun with three dignified members. Passed around. A hit. So genially done that even dignity had to smile. Another edition, mimeographed copies, demanded. Now the *Post Pest*, as McMillan called it to excuse its light-hearted way, is large in real print, advertising paying its costs as the editor

makes his typewriter sing. He writes practically all, the other members being willing.

Kindly humor, the joke that glows and prickles but does not sting, is a mixture that best gets over in human fellowship anything serious you have to say. "Smile when you say it."

**ALL THE RESULT** of those two million soldiers in France. There is startling news from England. It stirs the War

Office and the councils of statesmen. Has "Americanization" even permeated national defense? Have British soldiers fallen for the awful American habit? There are the figures. The British army chewed three million sticks of gum last year, and consumption is increasing.

**What! Is It True?**

**Views Serve National interests.** If ours seem odd to some Europeans theirs seem odd to us in the European Disarmament Conference. They would scale down in terms of national wealth and resources instead of armies and arms to which we object. By that (Continued on page 88)

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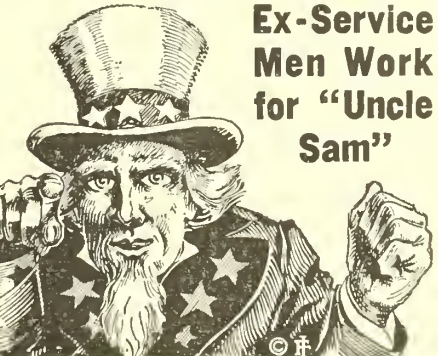
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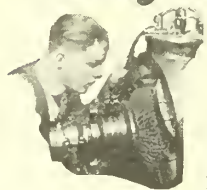
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## A Personal View

(Continued from page 87)

system the poorest nation might have the largest army, and the richest, with most to lose, would be without defense.

It DEPENDS How you do it. Consider Mobile. A flat first rule is that, from local post to national organization, the Legion shall not be

### Veterans In Politics

used to serve partisan or individual political ends. It guards our duty as citizens always to be interested in better government. In the recent election in Mobile, Alabama, which is under the commission form of government, veterans kept the faith in both respects.

Two of the six candidates for two commissionerships were Leon Schwarz and Cecil F. Bates, both Legionnaires. Men who served their country well in war ought to serve it well in peace. A Veterans' Good Government Club was

organized. It got behind Schwarz and Bates, published broadsides in the press telling of their war services. They won. In this year, when the Legion's programme is community betterment, Schwarz is in charge of fire, docks, public buildings and purchasing, and Bates of finance, parks, playgrounds, health.

A SLIVER of territory is little Delaware compared to the area of some of our States, a sliver even among the original

### Big Little Delaware

thirteen. Like every State she must be judged in what she does according to her size. She is the biggest in that sense according to the latest reports. Eighty percent of her posts have some community betterment programs in hand. Little Rhode Island comes second, Hawaii, third. The little departments are on top so far.

## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 37)

here we all are together again, and may the good Lord preserve us from seasickness. I've traveled far on transports, but I can't say that I ever got accustomed to it. If a soldier had any preferences I'd tell the cockeyed world I prefer more fresh air and sunlight. I understand we'll be cooped up here about twelve or thirteen days. . . . Well, we can stand that all right."

"How can we, Tip?" I demanded. "We're wedged in here as tight as sardines in a can. How are we ever going to lie down to sleep?"

"That's the Big Idea, Prof. We don't lie down. See that you don't try it either, because once you get down on a transport you never get up. If we should strike a bit of dirty weather you'll thank your lucky stars you're braced fore and aft and sideways so you can keep your feet. If you slip when the ship's pitching you'll be out of luck. Nine times out of ten the horse or mule that slips breaks his neck over that scantling across his breast, or else he breaks a leg. If you break a leg, my son, Rogan will come and put a pistol in your ear and then you'll be dragged out and up that ramp and tossed overboard to feed the fishes. And I don't know of any more inglorious finish for a battery commander's mount."

"But I've never slept standing up," I protested. "I doubt if I can do it—at least, not for twelve days and twelve nights."

Out of the accumulated wisdom of his adventurous past Tip assured me that I didn't know what I could do until I had to do it. "I never knew I could swim until a soldier passed my

haltershank to another soldier sitting in a boat; then two more soldiers shoved me off the ship and, by the corn of Missouri, I had to swim or drown! So I swam. I knew an old pack-mule when I first joined the service. He had been with Lawton in an Apache campaign, and told me that Lawton used to catch renegade Indians by marching his troops until they couldn't march another step, and then make them get up and march twenty miles more. That's soldiering, my son. It's the fighting spirit—the something that carries you forward long after you're done in. Don't worry. You'll stand on your feet twelve days or fifty, and you'll sleep, and you'll mind your step and not start shrieking or jumping when the ship pitches a little. Trust in old Pat Rogan and your master, Prof. They'll never leave us. They'll make their beds down on the hay in this hold and be ready, any hour of the day or night, to give help to a horse that needs it."

"Well," I agreed, "this is old stuff to you. You ought to know."

"I bet I ought," said Tip bitterly. "I went to Manila once in the sailing ship *Siam* with three hundred other mules. We weren't loaded right. It was the first time the government had shipped animals in a sailing ship I think. Well, we struck a succession of gales and the way dead mules were hauled up through the hatch and hove overboard would have broken your tender heart, m'lud. I went down at the first real pitch but fortunately I didn't break any bones and I had sense enough to stay down until the weather moderated. Only three of us survived that trip, and



what a sorry sight we were. Skin and bone, half our hide gone, ill with pink-eye and shipping fever. They hoisted us overboard in crates to a casco and then onto the dock at Binondo. When I felt Mother Earth under my hoofs again I bucked and pranced like a lunatic. Lord, how I cut up. Everybody was laughing at me. One of my comrades got down to roll and never got up. He was too weak. And the other walked a few blocks and died—of happiness, probably. But I managed to hoof it to the stables of the Sixth Field Artillery before I flopped—and providentially, Rogan was there. We'd met in Cuba and he remembered my brand, so he took charge of me. He let me stay right where I was . . . by the way, you'd never guess what was the first medicine he gave me?"

"What?"

"A quart of good whiskey. It warmed me up and put some pep into me; then it made me tight and I rolled over on my side and fell asleep. When I awoke I felt better and Rogan fed me hot oatmeal gruel in a long-necked bottle, and chopped feed with some molasses in it, and some oilcake meal and some good, hand-picked alfalfa hay, and pretty soon I began to pick myself together. I was up in a week and in sixty days I was off sick report and Rogan, because of his devotion to me, was made a corporal. The shipper said he'd saved the government a mule worth all of sixteen hundred dollars. Yes, that's what they used to figure a mule or a cavalry mount worth by the time they'd gotten him to the Philippines. And," Tip added thoughtfully, "from all I can hear about this new war, she's a big brute and no mistake, and I'll probably be worth two thousand dollars when they get me there."

## CHAPTER XIX

No matter how blue the prospect, it was simply impossible for me to feel down-hearted around old Tip. He was a philosopher, he had learned discipline and he had esprit de corps. To him the job was all that counted; to flunk the job, to quit when one had no reasonable excuse for quitting was to Tip the most despicable of crimes. O'Malley, there's something about the service that does things to you. It makes you forget yourself. You quit thinking about how important you are and concentrate on the importance of the job. It's a sort of religion, I think, and civilians will never understand it. So many civilians look down on the regular army and call them peace bums and say army officers can't have very much ambition or they wouldn't be working for the sort of salaries the government pays them. What these damnable critics don't know is that it's the job and not the wages that count. Somebody has to do the thankless task, somebody has to hold the torch of duty and patriotism high or it would go out and the country be left struggling in darkness. But the country doesn't know that until a war comes, and then it pays for its education for the

next fifty or hundred years—and forgets again. Tip had a great contempt for civilians and at first I used to think he was prejudiced, but I have learned since that he had ample grounds for his contempt.

However, to get back to my story. About dark they finished leading horses aboard and the electric lights were turned on in our quarters. The remount men en route to France assisted the soldiers of the quartermaster's department to feed and water us. There was a detail on duty continuously and our quarters were kept spick and span.

The Major came down after dinner and found Rogan and Ern Givens sitting on a bale of hay. They jumped to attention and he grinned.

"I just dropped around to see if you two scoundrels are being well cared for," he announced.

"The enlisted men's mess isn't half bad, sir," Rogan replied. "An' as for our shleepin' quarters, I've slept in the mud an' wather too often to turn up me nose at a pile av loose hay."

The Major laughed and went prowling away, looking at the horses.

Sometime that night we pulled away from the dock, and by morning there was a gentle motion to the ship. We soon accustomed ourselves to it, however, and at Tip's suggestion I braced myself with my front feet and leaned back heavily on the stanchion across my quarters; and in this position I awoke after a long and refreshing sleep, and found Tip grinning at me.

"Why, I've been asleep," I declared. "A horse, like a mule, gets used to many things," he replied.

That was a tiresome trip. My muscles ached from being in such cramped quarters and after I had stood on my feet forty-eight hours I felt that nothing would give me more pleasure than to kick the back out of a barn. I stamped a great deal to take the kinks out of my muscles.

Presently the ship settled down to business. The heaving and pitching ceased and Tip said the sea was, undoubtedly, as smooth as a pond. Ern Givens had been very seasick—so sick, in fact, that he was unable to attend to me, and Rogan, who had crossed the Pacific half a dozen times, spoofed my poor master unmercifully, although I observed that he did all in his power to make Ern comfortable. Poor Ern's squawking and sighing and moaning filled the air. As soon as the ship ceased to heave, however, Ern ceased heaving, too, and presently he came and rested his face against my nose and remarked to Rogan that he wouldn't be surprised if he lasted till spring after all.

An hour later he had a bright idea. He unbolted the stanchion across my quarters, backed me out of my stall and walked me up and down the alleyway for two hours; when he put me back in my stall I felt great; all the ache was gone from my legs. Then Rogan took a pasear with Tip. Of course this was strictly against orders, so we never took our exercise until it was possible to do so without (Continued on page 90)



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## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 89)

interference from some non-com officer. Rogan had been a sergeant so long that he knew how to carry his authority, but while a private on that transport he suffered cruelly under the niggling interference and rawhiding of the military Johnnies-come-lately who knew little and were busy trying to conceal the fact by shooting off their mouths. Ern, too, suffered, for his had been a free life and the restrictions and inhibitions of army life irked him no little. It is terrible for a man blessed with good sound hard common sense to have to remain a private. However, as Rogan often remarked in my presence, sooner or later such men come to the top, like cream, and are skimmed off and made into something better.

Throughout the voyage Tip and I heard considerable talk among our handlers and managed to piece together some idea of our progress. It seems we were not sailing in convoy, like the troop ships that carried soldiers. It was a case of every horse transport for herself and the devil take the hindmost. We were just freighters, and armed with a four-inch rifle aft and a couple of light guns up on the bridge, whatever the bridge may be, for I never saw one to my certain knowledge. In case of attack by a German submarine we were supposed to defend ourselves as best we could. We had navy gun crews aboard to handle the guns.

On the twelfth day I learned from the conversations going on around me that our ship had entered the submarine zone and I gathered that a submarine is a ship that steams along under water and fires torpedoes under water; occasionally she comes up to shell a ship to stop her until she can get close enough to make sure of a hit with a torpedo.

There was considerable nervousness and excitement among the men, with the exception of Rogan and Ern Givens. Rogan didn't know what it meant to be nervous or excited about anything, although I heard him tell Ern that he had been badly frightened in the first half dozen engagements he had participated in, but that eventually he had gotten over this fear. If Ern was apprehensive he did not show it. He was that sort of man. Nor was he addicted to talking about himself and airing his emotions.

All day long that day we entered the submarine zone and I could hear men saying to each other: "Well, Bill, what'd you do if a fine big fat torpedo should crash through the wall where you're settin'?" And Bill would titter and say: "Guess I wouldn't have time to do any serious thinkin' on the subject, Joe," and then the other chap would titter too. This sort of foolish persiflage finally got on old Rogan's nerves, and he cursed the lot out roundly and told them they reminded him of a young ladies' seminary.

In the midst of his rawhiding a loud

report echoed through the ship and I distinctly felt her tremble a little.

"Ah-hah, me brave laddybucks," Rogan yelled delightedly, "get set for that torpedo. The four inch gun aft is in action." He ran up the ramp to the main deck with everybody following him and Tip and I gathered, from the wild bits of conversation that floated down to us, that we were being pursued by a submarine which had fired a shell at us as a signal to stop. Our navy crew had promptly opened on her and the captain was crowding on all the speed he had, while the wireless operator sent out calls for help. From a great distance Tip and I could hear the sound of the submarine's gun.

I was tremendously excited and broke out into a sweat. Tip, on the contrary, merely cocked his long ears and listened gravely. "If it's in the books that we're to get it, Prof," he assured me lightly, "why we'll get it. If it isn't in the books we'll not. Hah! We got it that time."

There was a tremendous explosion up on deck, accompanied by a tearing, rending sound.

"Corner of the bridge shot away and the skipper with it," somebody yelled. And then I heard Rogan's gruff voice, raised in the note of command—although he had no command.

"All you men down below! Quick, damn you, and no back talk."

There was some back talk from one of the Q. M. non-coms and the next thing I knew that non-com and Rogan came rolling down the ramp, locked in each other's arms and striking each other at every roll. At the foot of the ramp Rogan got up and dusted himself, while the sergeant lay there.

"I'll take command here," Rogan growled. "You're not fit for it, ye ass. One of your men's been hit—and still you'd let the others stand around gawkin' under accurate shell fire."

He seized a short-handled manure shovel and ran back up the ramp; a few seconds later he returned herding the men before him. "Now thin, curiosity kilt the cat," he cried, "but I'll not have it killin' ye, although God knows 'tis shmall loss that same would be. Ye've a shteel deck above ye. Be grateful for it. What d'ye think this is? A vaudeville show?"

There were more explosions on deck and more rending, crashing sounds. The submarine had the range and the hits came with great frequency now. Rogan was lost in admiration of the German marksmanship and desolated at the marksmanship of our navy gunners. Finally he could stand it no longer and went on deck to investigate.

"They're outraging our gun," he explained upon his return. "The deck's a ruin and a shambles and two of the navy gun crew are down. Do ye come wit' me, Ernie, me lad, and we'll give the gobs a hand. I've a notion I was



long enough in the field artillery to know something av direct fire, an' this navy gun of ours is simple to handle."

Ern Givens got up quietly from the bale of hay he was seated on and silently followed Rogan up on deck. Tip gazed pridefully after them. "Nobody will ever have to send for those two, Prof," he declared. "Aren't they the flowers of the flock?"

I thought so.

## CHAPTER XX

As nearly as I can recall, it was sunset when the submarine opened on us, and when darkness fell the firing died away on our ship. Presently Rogan and Ern came down the ramp and in response to the eager questioning of the other men Rogan informed us that the four inch gun was almost out of ammunition and was saving what was left

until the sub should get to closer quarters. The sub had a searchlight bent on us and was still hammering us with light shells, some of which had gone through the deck forward and raised the devil among the horses quartered there. About twenty of the crew of our ship had been killed and the ship was now in charge of the second officer. There were several holes in our hull at the

waterline and the pumps were busy; all of the life-boats had been wrecked by shell-fire and the outlook was very dubious. But although the electric light plant was out of business the engines were still intact, and the ship was still going at full speed. The wireless was dead but just before it died two British destroyers fifty miles distant had wirelessed that they were coming. Rogan said that if we could last another hour we would be saved; that we appeared to be well down into the English channel and that he could see a smear of lights off to port. He guessed they must be houses on the coast of France.

About that time the submarine ceased firing. After five minutes of silence Rogan shook his head dolefully. "She's closing in on us now," he declared. "Going to take a chance in the darkness before those British destroyers can come up, pick her out with their searchlights and drive her off with depth charges."

The men stood around in the darkness talking in low tones for an hour. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion in the center of the ship. It seemed to lift her out of the water; she trembled and lay over at a sharp angle almost immediately and Tip and I found ourselves, without any volition on our part, leaning heavily forward against the breast stanchion. Loud shouts came

from the deck—and the throb of the engines ceased; faintly from the decks below I could hear the wild frightened screaming of horses in mortal agony, and the men on duty in those quarters came running up the ramp. That is, some of them did. There were a number who died there.

"Well, that's the end av the shitory, lads," Rogan spoke quietly. And even as he spoke we got another torpedo. "All hands on deck," he commanded. "No need to die here, like rats in a trap."

I could hear the rush of feet as the frightened men scrambled up the ramp, and Tip and I were alone in the darkness, trembling.

"Steady, Prof, steady." Old Tip's voice was as calm as ever. "Nothing should quite become a soldier's life so much as his manner of leaving it. We're due for our honorable discharge, so let's

go down like disciplined veterans and not like a pair of untrained recruits."

Two men came running down the ramp again. They were Rogan and Ern Givens. Ern struck matches and by their feeble light Rogan, with an ax, sheared away the rear stanchions that held us in our compartments. Then they came around in front, untoggled our chain

haltershanks, backed us carefully out and led us up the ramp to the deck. It was hard going, for the ship was heeled over to an alarming degree.

In the dim starlight on deck I could see men madly putting life rafts over the side. There were not enough rafts for everybody and in their demoralization, sailors and soldiers fought like madmen for shelter on the few that were intact. I heard shouts of command and frenzied cries—curses, sobs, a note of defiant laughter and a voice that said: "Keep cool. Be sure you all have your life preservers on. Don't get excited. Those destroyers aren't far off now. You'll all float around until you're picked up."

Ern passed the chain haltershank up around my neck and looped it there. I noticed he was wearing a life-preserver, and I noticed, too, the glimmer of distant lights along the French shore.

"Ready, Pat?"

"Aye, lad. It can't be more than ten miles to those lights and maybe there's a beach. We'll swim for it, Ernie." I saw him reach up and stroke old Tip's mealy nose. "Now, thin, Tip, me bhoy, show thim how we swum ashore at Dacquiri, in Cuba, nineteen years ago."

"By the corn of Missouri, we've got a fighting chance yet, Prof," Tip brayed softly. (Continued on page 92)



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## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 91)

"While there's life there's hope." I saw Rogan scramble up on Tip's sleek back.

"But I've never done any swimming, Tip," I told him.

"You'll do it now. Go first, or I'll kick you overboard," Tip commanded ferociously. "You first and Pat and I will follow. For the honor of your thoroughbred ancestors, don't flunk it."

Ern Givens was up on my back now and I felt his hand along my neck, soothing and comforting me. Then his knees closed on me and I felt the touch of his heels; Rogan struck a bunch of matches and held them high over Tip's head and I could see the ship's rail with the water beginning to come in through the scupper-holes. Still I hesitated and Tip came behind me and with his breast shoved me violently forward. "Show your thoroughbred blood," he brayed.

The taunt stung me and I ran forward three steps and cleared the rail, with Tip's cheer following me. I went down, but came up again promptly and as there was nothing to get my feet on, I commenced to struggle; instantly I discovered I could keep my head and withers out of the water by struggling and that the less effort I put into my struggles the easier it was. And I was moving off through the water!

I heard a splash behind me and a wild yell from Rogan; a moment later a black head came up beside me and old Tip blew a shower of salt-water from his nostrils.

"Steady-y-y!" he commanded. "Route Step! Don't make hard work of it, Prof. Just imagine you're trying to travel on water. Stretch your head far out, lad, and take long easy breaths. Got to get far enough from this ship so we'll not be sucked down in the vortex when she sinks."

I had sense enough to listen to reason and in about a minute I was surprised at the ease with which I kept up with Tip. "Poor Dandy," I said to him. "We'll never see him again."

"To hell with the last that dies. This is war, young fella, m'lud."

"It'll be a long pull, Ernie," said Rogan. "Slide off an' grip the loop av the halter-shank. What wit' the life-preservers on, we'll float nicely an' our mounts will tow us along. See to it that the Professor doesn't get excited an' start swimmin' in circles. Slap him alongside the jaw to guide him—now, better shtill, hold him up a bit till I get in front wit' Tip. Then he'll follow."

"See that you do," Tip warned me and swept swiftly out in front. "Head for those distant lights. Take it easy. A slow stroke but a steady one. Lights at night deceive one so—and those lights may be twenty miles away. I've never swum more than a quarter of a mile, but by the corn of Missouri I'll do it tonight or die trying. I just can't go back on Rogan."

"And I can't go back on Ern Givens,"



I panted. "The only two men on that ship that forgot to think entirely of themselves. They wouldn't desert us, Tip."

"Their kind never go back on a bunkie, old son. Hello, there's something in front of us. Right oblique! Change direction by the left flank when we've rounded it."

Something long and gray and bulky rose out of the sea, dimly visible in the starlight, dead ahead. I could see a sort of tower well up toward the front of it, and as we approached a door opened in this tower, letting out a flood of light. Then three men in overalls stepped out of the door and stood staring off toward the horse transport.

"There's the devils that done us in," Rogan growled back at Ern. "Bear off to the right and pass around her stern. I think she's hove to."

"Bear off yourself and be damned to you," Ern Givens retorted. "I heeled myself with my forty-five before we started—just couldn't let a good gun like that go down with the ship—and here's my chance to pay something on account."

He leaned forward, slapped me on the right side of the face and headed me straight for the submarine again. When we were within twenty feet of it I felt Ern's left arm go around my neck, felt him heave himself up out of the water. Then, right back of my ears a six-shooter commenced barking—and one after the other those three men on that submarine's deck fell forward on their faces and slid down the sloping deck into the water. A fourth man thrust his head out the turret and Ern Givens put a bullet through that man's head . . . and just then my nose touched the side of the submarine, so I turned and swam along its length, cleared the stern and straightened away again for those lights in the distance.

Fearful of losing Tip and Rogan, I neighed, and Tip's friendly bray and Rogan's shouts answered me. I redoubled my stroke and caught up with them.

Ern slid off me, back into the water, his left arm crooked in the loop of the halter-shank, his fingers clasped in my mane while with his right he paddled, striving to help me along as best he could.

## CHAPTER XXI

How far we swam that night I do not know. I only know how long we swam. According to Rogan's wrist watch, which had only had one brief immersion in water and which kept right on ticking, we were in the water five hours. I thought we'd never get there, but Tip's faith never faltered. "Those lights are getting closer," he kept on saying, over and over, "and it's a gorgeous night for a swim. Not enough sea to rock a canoe."

Rogan, too, seemed to think we were swimming under most fortunate conditions. "Lucky for us we give Tip an' the Professor a bit av exercise, comin' over," he shouted to Ern Givens, "otherwise they'd be muscle bound now.

Glory be, I'm cowl. Have a care, Ern, me son, would ye're hand get so numb ye'd lose ye're hold. Take a half turn av the haltershank around ye're wrist, or change hands."

"You run your own party, Pat. I'll manage mine. How are you making it, old timer?"

"Well, I'm not as young as I used to be, but I'll do for another two hours. If I dhrop off go on wit'out me. There'd be no sinse strivin' to save me."

We plugged along. I was bitterly cold and my legs ached. Little waves kept slopping into my nostrils and I was snorting continuously to keep my pipes clear. Also, in the excitement of the fight Rogan and Ern had forgotten to give Tip and me our evening drink and I was consumed with thirst. My legs moved automatically; I felt that each stroke would be my last. In my day I had known what it meant to be leg weary—at least I thought I had—but the hardest day I had ever put in on the range was just a bit of light exercise compared with what I was undergoing now.

"How about you, bunkie?" Tip brayed from time to time.

I could think of no answer more appropriate than the one my beloved master had made to a similar query from Rogan. "You manage your own party and I'll manage mine, Tip," I whinnied back.

Tip wasn't the least bit annoyed. "There spoke your thoroughbred blood, my boy."

"Too bad you haven't some of it in your veins, Tip," I taunted him.

"Don't get dirty, Prof. I have. I'm descended, on my father's side, from a wild Algerian ass, and nobody ever ran one of those critters down with a mere horse. I'm little, but I'm tough—and oh, so doggone tired."

The lights crept closer and closer and presently Rogan cried out that he could see the outlines of the shore. Then, suddenly, we heard the sound of breakers and before you could say Jack Robinson we were into them.

"Hang on," Rogan yelled, and then a big breaker picked me up on its crest and swept me in fifty feet with the speed of a troop train. As it passed from under me another wave came up in back and swept clear over Ern and me. "Hell's fire," I thought. "That one will do for my buddy." But it didn't. When I got my head up again I heard old Tip's bray:

"Oh, kid, how about you?"

I didn't answer. I'd swallowed a barrel of saltwater and couldn't. But I kept on swimming. Wave after wave picked us up, rode us for a brief space or permitted us to ride them.

"I'm drowning," Tip called to me faintly. "I'm all in. I can't make it. Good-bye."

A wave swept me up alongside him just as he and Rogan went down. Then I felt a hand close on my tail and I knew I was towing something. That something was Rogan and Tip. Rogan had grasped my tail and was holding on like a bull-dog (Continued on page 94)

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## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 93)

with his right hand while his left clasped the chin strap of Tip's headstall. Tip was done, indeed. He couldn't get his head up. He was drowning. He got it clear once and let out a despairing sort of scream, then another wave rolled over us and blotted out his mournful protest.

Ern Given's hand was beating me along the neck. "Good horse," he was shouting. "A little bit more, brother, a little bit more. Another fifty yards. Don't quit on me, little horse—"

I gathered all the strength I had and swam as I had not swum before. Rogan still held my tail and by the burden behind me I knew that Rogan still held Tip. I felt myself going... I was half full of water... my front hoofs touched bottom for a moment... I collapsed... another breaker rolled me over and over... with a final effort I scrambled erect and found myself standing on all four feet, with good hard sand under me.

Ern Given let me go and I staggered ashore and fell in a heap where the last of the surf beat against the shore. Warily I turned my head and gazed seaward. In the dim starlight I could see Ern Given and Rogan, each with a grip on Tip's headstall, half dragging, half-towing the old warrior ashore. Tip wasn't dead, but he was mighty close to it. He just had life enough left—consciousness enough left—to try to scramble along on his knees for a little way, then he, too, collapsed. He was too weak to hold up his head and I assure you, O'Malley, he would have drowned in a foot of water if Ern and Rogan hadn't stood by him and held it up for him.

How did they do it? I don't know. Ern did most of it, for he was young and hard and tough, but I'll say this for old Rogan, half drowned as he was. He held up his end and he managed to do this because he wasn't the quitting kind. He had the fighting spirit and that fighting spirit gave him something it had kept in stock for him long after he was done in. I knew then what Tip meant when he told me of that something that training and discipline gives to soldiers. It's the soul of the warrior!

They stood there for an hour, holding poor, weak, half-drowned old Tip's head up. "I won't let him die," I heard Rogan cry wearily. "By God, I'll not. He carried me through this night. Do you stick wit' us, Ernie, lad." As if Ern Given needed urging. So there they stood, in water up to their buttocks, sagging weakly against old Tip's jowls and against each other; cursing, whimpering a little with desperation, but—holding on. And as they fought for Tip's life the tide slowly receded; an hour after we had landed Tip was lying high and not very dry, so Rogan and Ern let him stretch his tired old head out on the sand and strive to recuperate. Then they staggered up the

beach and fell headlong, even as I had fallen, and thus we lay while the stars paled and the gray light began to show in the east.

Ern Given was first to get up. He staggered up the beach and returned with an armful of driftwood. Then he staggered away again and returned with some dry grasses and seaweed. Next he took a matchsafe out of his pocket and discovered he had dry matches. So he lighted a fire; then he lighted another and when he had both blazing high he dragged Pat Rogan up between them and undressed him, cursed him lovingly and called him an old fool and told him to thaw out and quit making such a row about it, which seemed a trifle unjust, since Rogan was as silent as the grave and couldn't have uttered a word if his life had depended on it!

Having started Rogan along the path he should follow, Ern stripped and warmed his own chilled body. Then he dried out Rogan's uniform and put it back on Rogan, half dried his own and dressed and announced that he was going to look for help.

There was a little path leading up along the face of the yellow cliff that buttressed the beach and it was light enough now to make out this path clearly. "That path must lead to a house, Pat," Ern declared, and started toward it.

Suddenly I saw him stop. Down the path a girl was coming, and half way down she halted and gazed down at us.

I suppose we were a strange sight there in the early dawn-light. My yellow hide was covered with sand and shreds of seaweed, my mane and tail were tangled and wet. Tip, apparently lifeless, lay prone just beyond low-water mark, Rogan, sockless and shoeless and with his trousers unlaced at the calves was lying flat on his back between the two dying fires and Ern Given, capless, with rumpled hair, but otherwise with his uniform intact, was standing on the beach, with his legs spread apart, bracing himself, while he stared up at her.

The girl called to us something in a language that I did not understand.

"You'll have to come again, miss," Ern croaked back at her. "I don't get you. We're American soldiers."

"Ah! Amerique—soldats Amerique," the girl cried, and fled up the path and out of sight.

Ern plodded after her. In about ten minutes he came back with her and in each hand he carried a long black bottle.

"Have a shot of rum, Pat," he yelled. "I'm two ahead of you, so fly at it."

"Glory be," murmured poor Rogan, and Ern stuck the bottle to his buddy's blue lips. I thought Rogan would never let it go, but when he did he sat up and looked around. Just then old Tip groaned and tried to raise his weary head.

"It's good for man or baste, Ernie,



lad," Rogan mumbled, and crawled away down the beach toward Tip. Ernie followed and together they lifted Tip's head, jerked open his mouth and stuck the neck of the bottle into the corner of it. Nor did they stop until they had emptied it into the old boy. Then, leaving him to digest it, they came to me and slipped me what remained of the other bottle.

It all but set me afire inside and made me cough considerably but it put new life in me. In a few minutes I felt a warm glow all through me and tried to get up. With the assistance of Rogan and Ern I did get up and moved over toward the fire, where the girl came up and stroked me on the nose and said things to me that I didn't understand. She was crying softly, but when she saw what a hard job Ern and Rogan were having trying to get old Tip up on his feet she forgot her tears and, like a good sport, went down to help them. If I hadn't been so tired I would have laughed to see that sweet girl get hold of Tip's tail and lift on it; when Tip got his forefeet under him and was sitting up this strange girl cheered madly and cried "En avant, mon camarade, en avant."

They let Tip rest a few minutes and gather himself; then with Rogan steadying his head and Ern and the girl lifting at his rear, they all heaved together and up came Tip. He would have fallen again if Ern and that fine girl hadn't steadied him on both sides.

Well, they all went at Tip with their knuckles, kneading and punching life and circulation back into him. The rum and the rubdown got some of the chill off him and presently, well supported on each side, he staggered up the beach beyond high water mark and lay down in the dry sand.

The girl cheered again and shook hands with Ern and Rogan. "My good Gawd," breathed Rogan, "what a fine young woman she is, to be sure. And here I am, head over heels in love wit' her, and divil a word of her lingo can I speak or undherstand, bad cess to me. Well, Ernie, me lad, I'll promise ye wan

thing an' that's this: If I survive this war I'll marry that one if she'll have me."

"You sentimental Mick," roared Ern Given. "Not that I blame ye, Pat, because she's sure one lalalalooza, but has it occurred to you that I might want to court her myself?"

"Age before beauty, me lad. Glory be, but would ye look at the black eyes of her? And her lips like ripe shtrawberries."

"I think we're in France, Pat. Got any money. You'd ruined a craps game just before the battle started."

Rogan pulled out a wad of wet bills. "Fine," said Ern Givens. We'll buy some fodder for Tip and The Professor and bring it and a couple of buckets of water down here for them. Perhaps this damsel will sell us a couple of blankets to put on them. Then we'll invest in another bottle of rum and pay her for the two we've had already. After that we'll buy some eats and rent a feather bed and turn in. There's a little village up yonder back of the bluff."

Rogan sighed. "I wonder if there's a doctor there, Ernie. I'm unwell."

With the girl leading the way and Ern supporting Rogan, they clambered up the path in the face of that yellow cliff. As they disappeared old Tip raised his head and looked at me comically. He wagged his right ear forward and his left ear did "to the rear! March!" He was all lit up like a cathedral.

"Well, you swimmin' fool," he demanded, "what do you think of this little old war as far as you've followed it?"

"It's terrible, Tip," I admitted.

"Terrible, hell," Tip brayed sarcastically. "It's better than no war at all. Oh, lord, I'm cock-eyed! For the second time in my long service. And Rogan did it both times. He's terrible—and I love him. Rah! for Pat Rogan. Rah! Rah! Rah! Tiger!"

And he rolled over and immediately slept the sleep of the conscience free and the weary.

(To be continued)

## The Man Who Was Going to Brazley

(Continued from page 21)

go back up there next spring an' I'll git it then. If I git some money together I may go prospectin'. I don't know. I'm obliged to you for ridin' me down here. Maybe I'll see you again some time."

He stumped briskly away down the street. I don't know where he was going. I don't think he did either. To spread his blankets and rest at the edge of town probably. It didn't make any difference. He had spoken a moving truth when he said: "One place's as good as another." He was old and worn, poor and homeless, but he carried his head high and there was no whine of self pity in his voice. He was clean and neat. The lightning of luck had

hit all around him throughout his wandering lifetime and left him untouched, but there was hope in his old heart and a dream in his mind. He'd get some money together sometime and go prospecting again. He knew some likely country over in Nevada. He might hit it yet. And meanwhile he walked the world erect, unafraid, clean of bitterness, the material reward of a lifetime in a pack on his back, paying his modest way tending lawns here and there. There was courage in all that. A courage that was all the finer for being unconscious. Somehow I appreciate it more than the smugly recalled fortitude of the well fixed who brag at ease of their bravery in a lean day past.

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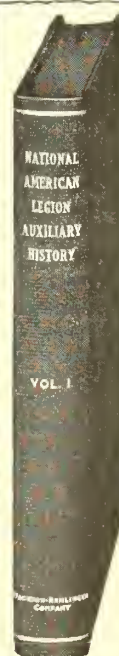
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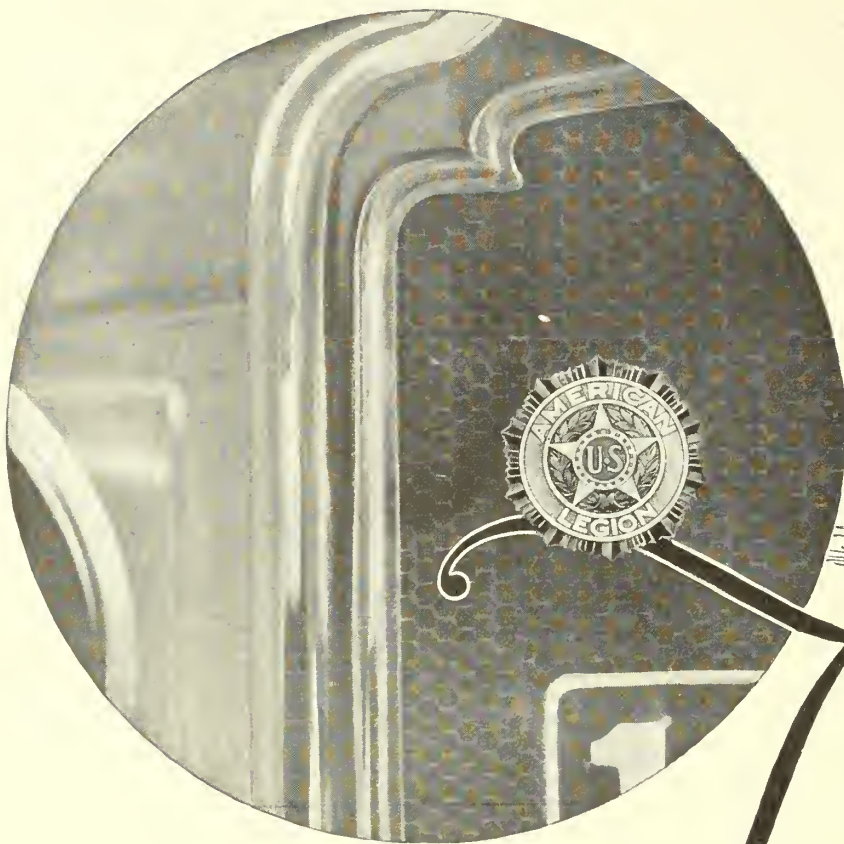
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